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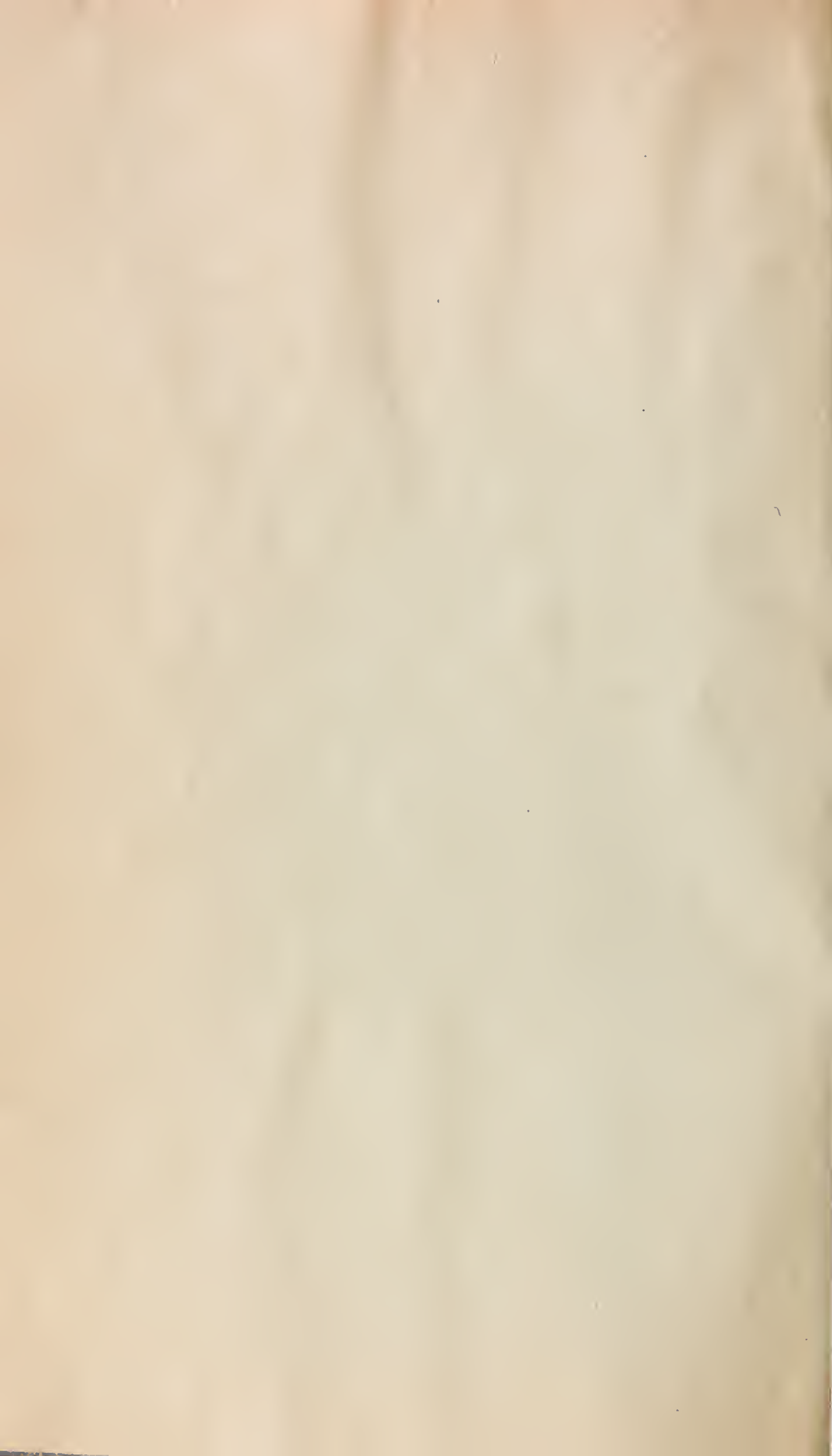

LEAVES FROM A WAR DIARY

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For General James G. Harbord,
whose loyalty and friendship I esteem more highly
as the years go by, with affectionate regard,
John J. Pershing.

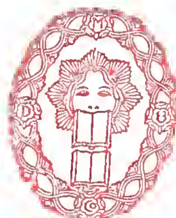
Leaves From a War Diary

By

MAJOR GENERAL JAMES G. HARBORD

U. S. ARMY, RETIRED LIST

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS



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The Leaves From a War Diary were intended for the eyes of one woman, the wife of one soldier and daughter of another. Under the censorship they could not be sent through the mail and they were written from time to time when I would hear of some friend returning home from France who was willing to deliver them to my wife. There was then no thought of their publication. Their appearance now in this volume is dedicated to Emma Ovenshine Harbord, for whose responsive and understanding mind they were written.

J. G. H.

215957

FOREWORD

One day late in July, 1918, the Chief of Staff of the American Expeditionary Force at Chaumont gave me an order addressed to the "Commanding General S.O.S." authorizing him to give me every assistance in the preparation of a series of magazine articles about his branch of the service. As he handed it over he said: "The 'C. in C.' is making a change which you will discover when you reach Tours."

Two days later I presented the order to Major General Harbord. It was the first that he received in his new capacity as chief of the Services of Supply—the army behind the army. Such was my introduction to the man whom it was my good fortune to encounter in varying and dramatic circumstances throughout these remaining months that decided the war of wars.

I intrude this personal experience to show how I met the author of this illuminating book, and incidentally to indicate my intimacy with one phase of the great work he performed in France. During the three preceding years I had followed the far-flung Allied fighting front that stretched from the bleak waters of the North Sea down to the sun-lit shores of the Adriatic. My particular work had been to study supply systems and more especially the British Army Service Corps.

When I reached the S.O.S. I was able to appraise it by the seasoned and experienced standards of the Allied units that had been going and expanding concerns from the moment the world saw red in 1914. What General Harbord achieved was

a miracle of service and efficiency. We had originally planned to send half a million men overseas. He was ultimately called upon to feed, transport, and supply generally, four times that number.

It was a performance that somewhat paralleled in detail and difficulty the building of the Panama Canal but over a wider area. Like that huge gash across the Isthmus, it dramatized the spirit, courage, and capacity of the American race. The inspiration of the kindling record that the S.O.S. wrote into the annals of the most stupendous of all conflicts was the example set by the man at the head.

General Harbord brought to his service in France a long and honorable record as fighting man. Nor did he depart from this tradition as his brilliant and all-too-brief command of the famous Second Division attests. Here he differed from his colleagues in the other armies notably the late General Sir John S. Cowans, who was Quartermaster General of the British forces. Most of these men had been trained and operated solely in supply. General Harbord, on the other hand, is the line officer who proved his mettle as administrator as well.

This book was originally wiitten in the form of a diary not intended for outside eyes. It therefore embodies a wealth of intimate and naïve comment. Combined with this is a deep insight into the men and conditions that marked an epoch. The revelations are rich and not without permanent significance. Best of all they disclose the vision and character of a soldier as modest as he is capable. What follows is a genuine contribution to the history of the world war.

Isaac F. Marcosson

CHAUMONT

CHAUMONT est une petite ville propre et coquette bâtie à l'extrémité d'un plateau assez élevé qui vient se terminer au confluent de la Marne et de la Suize. Ce n'est pas, comme le dit M. Elysée Reclus, une ville essentiellement bourgeoise, sans industrie et sans commerce, car sous ce rapport elle a fait de rapides progrès. A part la vieille ville, le reste est animé et commerçant, et notre chef-lieu acquiert chaque jour plus d'importance grâce aux chemins de fer.

See monuments sont: la Tour Hautefeuille ou Donjon, bâtiment carré du XIe siècle qui touche au Palais de Justice et sert de prison; l'Église St. Jean Baptiste dont le portail, les clochers et la grande nef appartiennent au XIIIe siècle, les chapelles latérales au XVe, et le chœur au XVIe. Le magnifique sépulcre qu'on y admire date du milieu du XVe siècle. L'Hôtel de Ville et la Préfecture sont modernes.

Chaumont possède un musée, un lycée, une école normale de garçons et une de filles, des casernes et de jolies promenades (le Boulingrin). A l'entrée de la promenade qui se trouve près de la gare (magnifiques avenues de tilleuls), on a élevé récemment une statue à Philippe Lebon de Brachay, qui découvrit les propriétés du gaz d'éclairage.

Les Chaumontais sont sympathiques et affables. Parmi les hommes célèbres nés à Chaumont, nous devons citer l'Évêque de Senlis, Guillaume Rose, 1542–1602, un des promoteurs de la Lique; le poète Pierre Lemoyne, 1602–1672;

le sculpteur Edmé Bouchardon, 1698–1762; le duc Decrès, amiral et ministre de la marine sous le Premier Empire, 1761–1820; le comte de Damremont, tué au siège de Constantine, 1783–1837.

* * * * *

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PART I

The journey to Europe—The first days of the American Expeditionary Forces—Paris in the Summer of 1917.

LEAVES FROM A WAR DIARY

May 29, 1917.

"THE President designates you to command all the land forces of the United States operating in continental Europe and in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, including any part of the Marine Corps which may be detached for service there with the Army. . . . And in general you are vested with all necessary authority to carry on the war vigorously in harmony with the spirit of these instructions and towards a victorious conclusion." These are the instructions almost as wide as the world and as far-stretching as the horizon itself, under which General Pershing sails for Europe. They mark the end of an era in which America has preserved the traditional policy enunciated by George Washington of avoiding entangling alliances, and begin a new epoch in which our feet may travel roads now undreamed. Jason and his Argonauts, searching for the Golden Fleece, sailed on no more romantic errand than that which takes Pershing to Europe. He goes to return the visit of Rochambeau, as M. Jusserand put it the other day. In the facile phrase of the President, he goes "to make the world safe for Democracy." Meantime, with labor unions rampant; with railroad unions forcing Congress less than a year ago into fixing hours of labor or rates of wage; with the Shipping

Board in the saddle and scores of ambitious patriotic societies "milling around," as Howard Coffin states it; with War Department bureau chiefs regaling dinner guests with secrets supposed to be sacred; with the Pershing party hiding its heads around the capital for two weeks, avoiding its friends and looking mysterious when Europe was mentioned; with the clever staff departments shipping its supplies to the White Star pier in New York to lie there for hours with "General Pershing's Headquarters" stenciled in box-car letters for the whole world to read,—meantime, one wonders while we are making the world safe for Democracy, who is going to make Democracy safe for the world. However, with Woodrow Wilson, Poincaré, King George of England, Peter of Servia, Nicholas of Montenegro, Victor Emmanuel of Italy, Ferdinand of Roumania, the Japanese Mikado and other leading democrats, we will take up this safety-first program from the world side.

All sorts of wise bromides about bad beginnings making good endings were brought out by the weather yesterday morning as our party assembled at Governors Island in the pouring rain. I left my hotel with an abundance of time but my taxi was so often held up by the bony finger of the traffic policeman that I arrived at South Ferry a few yards behind the Governors Island Ferry, and waited half an hour. We have about one hundred persons in the party, about fifty of them officers, many clerks and about fifty soldiers, orderlies, enlisted signal and engineer specialists. The new reserve officers are distinguished from the regular by a certain nervousness, and the desire to get into new shiny uniforms as quickly as possible. At Governors Island a group of ladies,

led by the major general lately commanding the women's service camp out at Glen Echo, had decided it would be fine to accompany the General down the harbor to Gravesend Bay where we were to board the *Baltic.* The M.G. was accompanied by her daughter the lieutenant colonel, and by her daughter-in-law, the wife of her son who, in response to a swan-song request of his father made of General Pershing, accompanies us. The way the General's iron jaw clamped down on the proposition of the ladies to accompany us to Gravesend confirms my faith in the wisdom of the President in selecting him for France. The ladies disappeared, and if they had insisted I fear one captain's connection with the party would have terminated on the pier.

We got away from Governors Island at noon promptly, and an hour brought us to Gravesend Bay, where we bounced around for three hours waiting for our ship. Our ferryboat had no anchor and we had to keep steaming around for three hours. It was a little rough, and people had qualms which they knew were premonitory either to seasickness or to starvation, and were doubtful which. Finally the *Baltic* arrived, —"delayed by the Navy," the Captain said. The Captain has the good old Charles Dickens-sounding name of Finch, and is a red-faced old salt with a rolling gait, and a waist measurement of about four feet. Our ferryboat reeled around a good deal when we were trying to board the *Baltic,* and it took about an hour to trans-ship the party. Four M.R.O. officers in shiny uniforms, two of them having been with us from Baltimore on Sunday, had been by the Depot Quartermaster brought on our ferryboat and given passage on the *Baltic.* They felt the importance of their new responsibilities;

did not realize that the ferryboat had any other mission at that time than to get them on board. I gave the Chief Surgeon the task of rounding them up and bringing them up to meet our General, fearing that unless they met him they might beat him to the gangway, and be greeted by the red-faced Captain as commanders of our armies in Europe. The General rather shortly told the senior one of them to "Report to the Chief of Staff." I told Colonel Ireland, the Chief Surgeon, to take charge of their education. The senior came to me this morning and showed me their letters, which revealed him to be a very eminent man in medicine and surgery. The Medical Department officers are swarming over Europe. We have a list of over two hundred over there. From past observation of that astute body of politicians, I think they are making Army doctors look scarce in America, so Congress will be justified in giving them another increase.

The afternoon was dark and rainy and when finally, at something after five, we got under way for Europe, it was nearly dark. There was no inspiring view of the New York sky line, no Napoleon-on-the-Bellerophon-gazing-at-the-fast-fading-shores-of-France for us, for it was cold and raw, and a fog like a pall settled over the green shores of Long Island. A little necessary negotiation with the deck steward for chairs and rugs, at four shillings each; an interview with the Hindoo bath steward; and the matter of seats in the dining room occupied us until the attendants came around to close up the ship to prevent showing lights. A piece of dark paper is fastened over every porthole; all doors are kept closed at night and smoking or lighting a match on deck is strictly forbidden.

The ship is so scrupulously dark at night that I could even see the wisdom of a dark bath steward.

The General has his own table in the dining saloon. Eight of us are gathered there at the second sitting,—9 A. M., 1:30 and 7:15 P. M. All the rest of our party are at the first sittings. The Chief has a nice stateroom to himself; his Aides are on one side and I am on the other. My room has a double or three-quarter bed; a settee, a clothes closet, a table, a reading light, and is generously provided with lights. The remainder of the staff is scattered along the corridor, the lesser ranks being two to a room.

The general aspect of things is very different from the days before the war. Our party forms the majority of the passenger list. No one on board has the appearance of being here because he wishes to be, or for pleasure. Every one is here because he is sent. There are half a dozen women, one of whom, Mrs. Frederick Palmer, I have met. She is with her husband, the correspondent, and is going to Red-Crossing again in England, I believe. They say women are not given passage unless on very urgent excuse. I can see the reason for it. When a torpedo strikes and you stroll up to a lifeboat expecting to take a seat in it, it must be very annoying to have your toes stepped on by a lady who beats you to it.

Coming over from Europe, the *Baltic* was narrowly missed by torpedoes twice on her trip of which ours is the return. One passed just behind her, and another between her and her escort. Indeed, said the man who told it, "if the ship hadn't responded just right it would have been all up with her." I

said I hoped her responding department was still in good working order.

At nine this morning we passed the lightship on Nantucket Shoals bobbing around in the trough of the sea. What a wretched life it must be! All night, nearly, our whistle was blowing on account of the fog, but I soon got so I did not hear it.

This afternoon at four we are to meet in the dining saloon to organize for such study of French as can be had going over. We have four high-class interpreters, one of them Winthrop Chanler of New York. One or two of our Reserve Corps officers have had automobiles put on board; just thinking they might be useful to supplement those we have for official use.

Meantime, the solemnity of our errand to Europe, its historic significance, my good fortune in being selected to play a part in it which I approach with much apprehension, are mingled in my heart with the vision of a small one-story woman in an eleven-story hotel in New York, whose tears I fear obscured the shining path we are to follow. We are going to "return the visit" of Rochambeau, now overdue a century and a quarter. In a smoking-room conversation last night with Frederick Palmer and a British officer, it was remarked that Nivelle, Pétain and Haig were none of them in the first line-up of generals when the war began. I wonder what the future holds for us. I am convinced that to make Democracy safe for the world as far as our party is concerned, the President will have to make use of Wood, Bell, Barry and Liggett very soon, and give Pershing more rank in order to give him senior-

ity; otherwise somebody will be starting little backfires behind us.

Decoration Day—May 30, 1917.

The utmost secrecy is maintained as to our whereabouts. No latitude or longitude is posted, as is the custom in time of peace. No questions are answered as to whether our itinerary is to include Halifax or not. Judging from the few fleeting glimpses of bright sky yesterday, I fancy we are getting too far east for Halifax. They speak of the way the British Navy manages sailings from Halifax in a way that makes one wish that the *Baltic* may go that way. Ships are boarded at Halifax by a British Naval Officer who hands sealed orders to the Captain. No one in the world but the Naval Officer knows the orders which he has sealed to the Captain, but which the latter, on opening a stated number of hours later, finds direct him to proceed to a certain latitude and longitude. When barely enough time is left for a convoy to reach the same stated point, the Naval Officer cables to the Admiralty and the convoy is sent. It is said that no ship thus secretly routed has been sunk by submarines.

The conversation on the *Baltic* runs largely to submarines. It is evidently much on the nerves of some of the party. Efforts are made to change the subject but it seems inevitably to drift back to the subs. One thinks of the candidate for the Quartermaster Officers' Reserve Corps who, appearing for examination, was asked as his first question: "What disposition is made of the dead bodies of officers after a battle?" He did not know, but was equal to the occasion, remarking

cheerfully to the interrogator: "Why not start with something more cheerful?" That the British have the submarine possibility in mind is shown by an order directing us to appear at a stated later hour for boat muster, dressed in life preservers. I am assigned to boat No. 4, which contains nothing but majors, among them the neat-looking O.R.C. officer who was on the chair car with us from Baltimore to New York last Sunday, and who is said to be a leader in the surgical world on his specialty,—urology, of which he is professor at Johns Hopkins. The purser states that while in the danger zone he sleeps with his clothing on, and carries his overcoat to the lifeboat, though he does not fasten his life preserver on over his overcoat. Many deaths after submarine attack have occurred from freezing in lifeboats. We have boat capacity for 2600 people, and have actually about 600 souls on board, so there is no lack of boat capacity. All lifeboats, except those swung from davits, are so placed as to float when the ship goes down.

One officer has discovered, he thinks, a German waiter who ministers to his wants in the dining room. Report has been made to the purser, and the matter is being investigated. The man was taken on at New York, and answers to Jorgenson, which sounds like a Norwegian name.

French goes on apace. The class conducted by Major Robert Bacon, late Ambassador to France, and later Secretary of State, is the most popular, and I have succeeded in getting myself in it. Colonel Alvord, as a former French instructor at West Point, is in general charge of French instruction.

Weather still cold and foggy. Whistle blowing at three-minute intervals all last night.

The Journey to Europe

May 31, 1917.

To-day is the first day we have been able to travel without the foghorn blowing. It is also the first day we have made our advertised speed. The expedition as far as the military are concerned is very busy with French and professional subjects. The classes in French meet at 10 A. M. and 4 P. M. At 3 P. M. we had a lecture from Colonel Puckle of the British Army Service Corps on the subject of supply; the Colonel having been in charge of the supply of one of the five British armies in France for thirteen months, and having come to America with General Bridges and Mr. Balfour. His delivery is a bit halting but he evidently knows his subject.

The passengers met to-day for instruction as to conduct in the danger zone in case we are torpedoed. We are assigned to boats. Fourteen other majors and myself are assigned to boat No. 4. A ship's officer and boat crew are assigned to each boat. In case the ship is so struck that she lists violently to one side or the other, all passengers go in boats from the same side; otherwise, if she goes down by the head or by the stern, we leave in boats from both sides. After the lecture, or talk, we all assembled at our boats with life preservers on, and the roll was called. The purser informed us that we shall enter the danger zone about midnight next Monday night, the fourth of June. The blowing of five blasts on whistle, or by bugle, calls all passengers to lifeboats with life preservers on. He cautioned us to wear our warmest clothing, as some people had frozen to death; or rather, had died of exposure from being adrift in small boats some hours or days. He further suggested a small flask of brandy. He says this

ship, if struck, may be expected to keep afloat some hours, so that there will be plenty of time probably. He suggests the advisability of being dressed on account of the possibility of being struck at night and the lights being disabled, in which case there might be some confusion. I fancy we should have no particular trouble in getting off if struck, but do not view with composure the possibility of landing in a foreign country with nothing except the salt-soaked clothes I may have on my back.

June 1, 1917.

It was nice to get the baseball scores by wireless this morning, and seemed homelike to notice that the news came via the Arlington Station, so far and yet so near. The order by the President transferring thirteen of the German seized ships to the Navy looks as though sane counsel had prevailed in the matter of getting our troops to Europe. The Captain received his orders at Halifax night before last to go via the north of Ireland, and that our escort will meet us at a certain latitude and longitude. Meanwhile every one is getting his woolen clothing out for emergencies. Our war ideas are expanding as we near the theater. Officers whose lives have been spent in trying to avoid spending fifteen cents of Government money now confront the necessity of expending fifteen millions of dollars,—and on their intellectual and professional expansion depends their avoidance of the scrap heap.

June 2, 1917.

The temperature is twelve degrees higher than it was yesterday. We are getting out of the drift of the icebergs.

Night before last we passed at comparatively short distance an iceberg as large as the fatal one on which the *Titanic* met its fate. It shimmered and shone like glass in the moonlight, being, as we French students would say, a veritable *montagne de glace.* Last night a large ship passed us going towards Europe. We presume it to have been the *Olympic* from Halifax, bound to the British Isles, having on board Mr. Balfour and party. The *Olympic* makes some twenty knots per hour to our fifteen or sixteen.

Colonel Puckle, of the British Army Service Corps, gave us a lecture yesterday afternoon on transport. In delivery it was much like the one of the day before, but his concluding remarks rose to a higher level, and gave us a little glimpse of sentiment. He said, in substance, that he would close with a word about the British officer with whom we might have to deal: "He is never demonstrative. He does not show his feelings. He does not wear his heart on his sleeve. He will shake hands with you when presented, possibly on parting, but probably never again. You enter his office, he may ask you to take a seat, and he may not, but he will nevertheless be glad to see you. You must not misunderstand his attitude for hostility, for it is not. To those of you who knew the British regular officer of other days I may say that you will find many new strange types that you will not recognize. The Old Army has passed away. It has gone forever." So, too, I fancy we shall be saying a year from now, of our Army. Many of that old Army of ours, of which we have grumbled and complained so much, and with which we have found so much fault, but which we have all the time loved so well, will lay their bones in the soil of France.

June 3, 1917.

Last night there was given the concert or entertainment which on all British ships on which I have ever traveled is invariably given in aid of Seamen's Orphanages during a voyage. Our General was the patron, and our Adjutant General presided. It was really a very interesting affair, and as an entertainment *per se* was excellent, but there was more to it than that. The Ship's Surgeon opened it in advance of Colonel Alvord taking the chair, by alluding quite gracefully to the presence of General Pershing and Staff, and called on all Britishers to rise and give three cheers for the American officers, which were given with a will, followed by "He's a Jolly Good Fellow." That brought General Pershing to his feet, who made a very neat little few minutes' talk, describing among other things the last similar concert he had attended when he and Sir Ian Hamilton were traveling together between Shanghai and Hongkong during the Russo-Japanese War. There are several opera singers on board and two or three veteran actors. One of the latter gave a Shakespearean recitation or two, and responding to an encore craved permission to depart from Shakespeare and gave the speech of Sir Francis Drake to the London populace, whom he was ordered by Queen Elizabeth to address. The bold sailor, fresh from the Spanish Main, halted in speech, hesitated, and stood before the crowd in obedience to the Queen. He began in low tones, the tones of a man unaccustomed to the forum or to facing crowds in speech; spoke of his unpracticed tongue; asked, "Is it any wonder that we have gladly fought and gladly died for such a land and such a Queen as this?" Then,

visualizing the ages of Britain's dominion of the seas, he charged them "Our work is done, yours is just begun. Cherish, my countrymen, the heritage we give you." I cannot pretend to give even a small part of it, but it brought before you the vision of the gallant sailor of nearly four centuries ago turning over the finished work of clearing the Spanish Main and establishing Britain's supremacy of the seas, and appealing to the imperial Britons to "carry on,"—and you cannot but feel that they have done so, whether you care for them as individuals or not.

Mr. Frederick Palmer gave a very good talk on America's entrance into the war, etc., with one story of the British arrival in France when the Highlanders, the Black Watch, walked down the gangway at Boulogne in their kilts. The French fisherwomen had never seen anything of the kind, and wondered. One said, could they be women, since they wore skirts? Another said no, for they are bearded. One finally said she knew what they were for that officer over there with the twinkle in his eye had told her they belonged to the Middlesex Regiment.

The singing was very good; the singer, Miss Helen Juta, with the bearing and ponderosity of the conventional prima donna, sang extremely well, a very rich mezzo soprano. The songs were two little soldier songs composed by the son of the other opera star. Everybody joined in the chorus of each. One was "Keep the Home Fires Burning":

Keep the home fires burning, while your hearts are yearning,
Though your lads are far away they dream of home,
There's a silver lining, through the dark cloud shining,
Turn the dark cloud inside out till the Boys come home.

The other was "Laddie in Khaki":

> Laddie in khaki I'm waiting for you,
> I want you to know that my heart beats true.
> I'm longing and praying and living for you,
> So come back, Little Laddie in Khaki.

Mr. Charles H. Grasty, of the *New York Times,* made the appealing talk for money, saying that it had been conveyed to him that he was to touch the hearts; that, like the colored preacher, he was to "define the undefinable, explain the inexplainable, and unscrew the inscrutable." He really made a very good talk for the sailor, who has always won for others but lost for himself. Finally, we all stood up while the prima donna sang "La Marseillaise," in French of course; "My Country 'tis of Thee," and "God Save the King." Dorothy Gish, the movie star, and a couple of others of the more or less fair sex, passed the hat and three hats seemed filled with bills. The amount was $315 and some cents.

To-day divine service has been held twice, and people went who never go, outside the Danger Zone. Mr. Lyn Harding, the actor, read the gospel and put new meaning to it. Prayers were for the President and Allied Rulers, as well as for the King, and for the success of the Allied Armies. Miss Juta sang "Ave Maria," and the evening services closed with "My Country 'tis of Thee," and "God Save the King."

June 5, 1917.

Yesterday was a dopey day. We were all shot with typhoid or paratyphoid inoculation on Sunday. Some had fever

yesterday, some had chills, all had sore arms, and generally all felt drowsy. The trip is stringing out and everybody is getting tired. French was a drag; we are trying to learn "La Marseillaise" in the French, to read it if we cannot sing it, so that on occasion in France we shall be able to join in the chorus:

> Allons, enfants de la patrie,
> Le jour de gloire est arrivé!
> Contre nous de la tyrannie
> L'étendard sanglant est levé:
> L'étendard sanglant est levé.
> Entendez-vous, dans les campagnes
> Mugir ces féroces soldats?
> Ils viennent jusque dans nos bras,
> Égorger nos fils, nos compagnes!
>
> Aux armes, citoyens!! formez vos bataillons!
> Marchons, marchons!!
> Qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons.

Thus runs the first stanza which roughly is translated in English prose to the effect of: "Forward, sons of the country, the day of glory has arrived. Against us the bloody standard of tyranny is raised. Can you not hear in our fields the roar of the ferocious soldiers; they come even within our arms, to kill our sons and daughters. To arms!! Citizens. Form your battalions. March! March! That the impure blood shall not soak our soil." It is a stirring thing to see John Henry Parker sitting at the piano pounding out with one finger and a touch like a tackhammer the sacred strains, and

roaring, at the top of a voice accustomed to bawl out the 24th Senegambian Infantry, "Allons," and "Marchons, Marchons!!!!!!!!"

The ship's wireless has just caught the message from the British Admiralty that the *Rowan* and the *Tucker* are on their way to meet us at our rendezvous where we expect to pick them up about daylight to-morrow. They are two of our own destroyers, and we shall all feel more comfortable after that. A submarine can take no prisoners because she has no means of caring for them. It is inconceivable that a German submarine knowing that General Pershing's Headquarters were aboard would permit them to get off in open boats and possibly escape to lead troops against Germans. Solution: Shoot 'em up. Once under escort of our destroyers we might be torpedoed but there would be no opportunity for any military executions, so we shall feel much more at ease when we pick up the escort. We shall be lying off the bar at Liverpool Thursday night about ten if all goes well, and run in Friday morning.

June 6, 1917.

Last night, our first in the Danger Zone, was a most beautiful moonlight night. The sea was calm, there were no clouds in the sky, there was little wind, and if there was an ideal night for submarine murder, we had it. I had a group in my room until after midnight discussing the scheme for staff organization at General Headquarters, but took a final look around on the darkened deck before retiring. No lights have been shown since leaving New York, but with the brilliant

moon last night the mere dark loom of the *Baltic* must have been visible for miles. It is just that a kind God has preserved us for better things. Every one was advised to sleep in his clothing in the Danger Zone, but I consider myself such an expert in dressing that I arranged my day apparel for quick access, put a box of matches in my pocket, for there is always the danger that if a torpedo strikes the ship may lose her lights instantly, and went to bed. All night I could from time to time hear people tramping the deck outside my stateroom and there must have been many who did not retire at all. The next I knew, after arranging my plunder and my box of matches, was a knock at my door and "Bawth's ready, Sir," from Peter James, the Cingalese bath steward. Hurrying out on deck after dressing I shared the satisfaction of many others in seeing a good little American destroyer steaming along on either bow, half a mile or so away, the good old Stars and Stripes floating out from one mast while in the lookout at the other sat an American sailor scanning the seas for submarines. The strained look has disappeared from many faces, particularly from those of one or two mothers with children. We know that while it is possible that by accident a submarine might start a torpedo for us and even strike us, the boats would speedily be picked up, and there would be no military execution of American soldiers because it was impracticable to take them prisoners. The old *Baltic* is zigzagging in her course, doing a regular hesitation waltz, going first on one diagonal, then the other, making "legs" of varying length so that she presents the least favorable target and constantly changing.

June 7, 1917.

Safely through another night, and this morning we have added a third destroyer. One now steams gayly along in front, while to the right and left front, or starboard and port bow, one steams on each side. The chances of Fritz doing anything to us grow beautifully less as we steam up the Irish Sea, and at eight o'clock to-night we shall be out of danger. The ship is busy with packing, and people are running to and fro, getting English money, tipping the entire personnel of the *Baltic,* rushing to the hold with bundles under arms, blooming out in uniform. Stewards grow more obsequious. *Mañana, gracias a Dios,* we shall be on the soil of Merry England.

June 9, 1917.

I do not suppose that a more effusive greeting has ever been given a foreigner landing in England than that extended to General Pershing at Liverpool yesterday morning. The ship had anchored in the Mersey River late Thursday night, and there were yesterday morning the usual arrangements, hurry and bustle for going ashore. Tugs steamed alongside with late papers. Rumors of *S.O.S.* signals the day before from vessels sunk by the submarines flew around, with statements that the number for the current week had been about fifteen so far.

The American Military Attaché, Colonel Lassiter, met us. The Lord Mayor of Liverpool, the local Admiral, Lieutenant General Sir William Pitcairn Campbell, K.C.B., several dozen assorted staff officers, some fifty newspaper men, sev-

eral movie cameras, and a score of private cameras came on board and welcomed us to Old England. The ranking dozen of us went off with the General and stood attention while the band of the Welsh Fusiliers, which was drawn up on the platform, played "The Star-Spangled Banner." The General made a hit by stopping in front of a young soldier who wore the vertical stripes on his arm which indicate twice wounded, and asking him: "Where were you wounded, my man?" The newspaper men told me that made a great impression. When the Admiral came aboard he formally welcomed the General and party to the port; the Lord Mayor welcomed us to Liverpool; the General also welcomed us to the Kingdom. When we crossed the gangway the old Lieutenant General faced around formally,—he had been leading,—and when General Pershing reached the solid soil, welcomed him to the soil of England, shaking hands with him with great formality. The mascot of the Welsh Fusiliers is a venerable-looking white goat with a silver plate between its horns, and led by a soldier, it stood out in front of the company just near the captain and slightly behind him. This particular goat has been in France. There was a perfect battery of cameras as we walked around the Fusiliers, and moving picture machines grinding steadily. We returned aboard the ship to wait while the baggage was being handled, which by the swift methods in vogue in our motherland here took over an hour, when our orderlies could have walked off with it certainly in fifteen minutes. The celerity with which the British handled it, however, quite surprised themselves, and I was given the impression that no foreigner landing in Great Britain had been handled with such suddenness since perhaps the late J. Cæsar came ashore

some time ago. The Lieutenant General was surrounded by a staff of Britishers of all grades. The rank badges are a little confusing to us, as are ours to them. One man, a lieutenant colonel, talked to me some time under the idea that my silver leaf was a star and that I was a brigadier. I have the venerable appearance and the leaf is hard to make out as a leaf, and they always stumble on why a major has gold ones and his next senior a silver pair, and none of us know. On board the *Baltic* the General had an audience with about fifty newspaper men whom we herded into the lounge. He has the political instinct well developed, and realizes the necessity of playing up to the British public a little, or perhaps I should say "a bit," now that I am an ally. He thanked the Captain who brought us through the submarines, in front of a movie camera. We all posed for a group, *all* being the heads of the several staff departments.

Finally, we got off for London in a special train, the baggage hopelessly mixed up under sheds, in vans, in the hands of porters, no one of us having his baggage with him. I had an orderly who carried my overcoat and dispatch case laden with precious documents, it being temporarily the record case of the American Expeditionary Force. The train was a very good one, the General and immediate party having some government coaches; in fact, as the Lieutenant Colonel told me in those happy confiding moments when he still thought I was a brigadier, it was a Royal train, one in which the King had come up to inspect some weeks before, and which was so convenient that "the equerries had their bawth the same as at 'ome." Rural England is most beautiful at this season. It had seemed very good to us the day before to gaze on the

green coast of Wales as we steamed up the Irish Channel, each turn of the screw carrying us farther out of danger from submarines. The journey from Liverpool to London was very attractive. We came into Euston Station, and were met by the American Ambassador, Admiral Sims, Field Marshal Viscount French, the Lord Mayor of London, and many lesser dignitaries. At a suggestion from his Chief of Staff, General Pershing had sent for the engineer and fireman on arrival to thank them for bringing him down safely; the grimy pair were ostentatiously brought up and he shook hands with them, ruining a new pair of gloves. At request of the moving picture man the performance responded to an encore, the gloves were entirely put out of running, and the camera immortalized the Chief's democracy.

Elaborate preparations for our entertainment had been made. The General and twelve others are guests of the British Government at the Savoy; the remainder, of the officers of some other clubs or societies, but all are here at the Savoy. The soldiers were taken to the Tower for quarters, and the clerks are at a near-by hotel. Brigadier General Lord Brooke, the future Earl of Warwick, is A.D.C. to General Pershing. He is a youngster of perhaps thirty-five, not of great height, rather plump, with a very handsome pair of eyes, and a rather more expressive face than the average Britisher. He won his brigade on the west front, and was wounded in the left hand by a piece of shell, and is still denied full use of the hand. He has been in America several times, once getting as far west as Pittsburgh, but knows New York and Palm Beach better than the great country west of them. His Brigade Major is a Montreal man named Boyer, also

wounded, and he is assisted in looking after the General by a Major Maitland Kersey, once manager of the White Star Line and C. P. R. R. in New York, who quite understands the Americans, and is a good type. Of course, there is no need to point out the ancient lineage of Lord Brooke, the descendant of the old Kingmaker who, in *The Last of the Barons,* stands up to Edward IV, he of York, and tells him when the King threatens him, that on the third day after the fulfillment of the threat his retainers would "look round broad England and miss a King." He is a very attractive type to me; is extremely polite; keeps the General's room piled with flowers with the "Compliments of Lord and Lady Brooke," and his Major, who sat next to me at dinner last night, seems to worship him, telling me over and over what a fighter he is.

An informal dinner was given by General Brooke last night, here, to which our heads of staff were asked, and to which came as guests Sir Reginald Brade, the permanent Secretary of the War Office; General Caldwell, representing the Chief of Staff who is over in France just now; General Sir Nevil Macready, Adjutant General; Lieutenant General Sir G. Macdonough; General the Earl of Scarborough; General the Earl of Erroll; Colonel the Earl of Denbigh; General Childs; Colonel James, a former attaché in Washington. There was no speechmaking, and afterwards we went to a little sitting room, and stood up and talked for two hours, due I think to the fact that our General was standing and waiting, perhaps, for some one else to ask him to sit down. No one seemed to know how to end the party and it was after eleven when we finally terminated it. I was fairly talked dry. I sat by Lord Brooke's Brigade Major Boyer from

Montreal and a young Brigadier who told me he was a lieutenant in 1910, is now a brigadier, a brevet colonel and an actual major in the 32d Line Regiment,—such is their inextricably mixed up system of local and temporary rank.

June 10, 1917.

We were rounded up, the Aides, and principal twelve, to be known hereafter as the Staff in these memoirs, and with General Brooke, Colonel Lassiter and Major Maitland Kersey, drove in the motor cars, which have been assigned for our use, to Buckingham Palace, where George V was to receive us at ten-thirty. The drive took us through an historic part of London, up the Strand, along the Mall, past Old St. James, once a favorite royal residence, and the Court to which our Ambassadors are still assigned, but now broken up into suites and assigned by the Crown to needy and indigent relatives. When the danger of offending our Russian allies is over, I fancy that Nicholas, once Czar of all the Russias, and his Czarina, now referred to here as the Boche Czarina, may here find a room and "bawth." The great Victoria Memorial looks down the Mall in front of Buckingham, and one of the royal parks is to your left as you approach. We were met and conducted through a waiting room to a drawing-room which has a sort of veranda, awning covered, which looks out directly on the beautiful palace gardens, grounds which existed several centuries before the palace did. There is a lake now drained to avoid its glimmer at night attracting wandering Zeppelins; and a hill said to be artificial which has trees grow-

ing on it which must be two centuries old. Waiting was tedious. A king's anteroom is no better place for me to cool my heels in than that of many a man of less degree for whom I have waited. I am rapidly getting to be a professional waiter since I joined this staff.

At the appointed hour the General was ushered in to an adjoining apartment and had perhaps twenty minutes with the King, and then the remainder of us were ushered in, in "column of files," the personal staff first and then the others; the etiquette, as we were told on inquiry, being to bow at the threshold and again when the King shakes your hand. As we shook hands we spread out in half-circle to the General's left. The King said in substance that he was glad to see us all; that it had been a dream of his to see the two great English-speaking peoples fighting side by side for civilization; that with such a cause, the best that could exist, he was sure we should be victorious. We all then shook hands again and filed out.

The King is a small man. He has a good manly voice and either speaks readily or had well learned something some one had prepared for him. He has a nervous habit while speaking of shaking his left knee, his legs being very thin. He wore the service uniform of a British field marshal. His nose is rather red, though it is said that he has not been much of a drinker. I am obliged to say that physically he does not at all look the king. The General, however, tells me he had a most satisfactory talk with him, and that the King is thoroughly in touch with events, policies, etc. He considers him to be exerting a real influence on events.

From Buckingham we drove to the American Embassy,

where we were joined by the members of the staff who had not been received by the King, and were presented to the American Ambassador, Walter H. Page, who amassed a fortune running a popular magazine and is a democrat.

From the Embassy we drove to the War Office, that is, I took various members of the staff there who wished to look up official matters. The General went with Lord Brooke to make a call in a different direction. Finally, we wound up for luncheon at the Savoy.

We have been obliged to open an office here, and I spent the afternoon doing that and attending to the constant stream of people and telephone inquiries, etc. Among the callers was our old friend Billie Poland, now head of American Relief Work in Europe. In the evening we dined at the Carleton with Major Kersey and General Brooke; the General, the two A.D.C. and myself going later to the London Hippodrome where we saw a comedian named George Robey and a big company in a musical extravaganza called *Zig Zag*. We had a box and were observed considerably from the audience, being in uniform. Perhaps ten per cent. of men in the audience were in uniform, generally British invalided from the front. The manager came at once to the box, and offered his services. My observation is that our young friend Lord Brooke, the General's Aide, gets the right of way in most places we go. Some of it is due to the stars of the American Major General, but some of it is what our British friends give to their upper classes. At the end of the performance, before playing "God Save the King," the orchestra played "The Star-Spangled Banner." Naturally we stood to attention and so did every one else through both anthems.

There were a number of novel things in the performance, a dance in the dark on an electric carpet which was very pretty; a supposed scene from the Stone Age in which the chorus figured clad in skins (other skins than their own); a ladder scene where they marched up and down ladders in a zigzag, very pretty; and a telephone performance, an adaptation of some we have seen before, where they talk to each other, being visible only while speaking, only this time it was a girl who asked Central to give her "Somewhere in France," and when the man answered, it was "Somewhere in France" in the trenches, and he was in uniform.

June 11, 1917.

The General and nine of us attended service in old Westminster Abbey at 10 A. M. yesterday, the usual Church of England service, conducted by the Archbishop of Dublin. It would be useless to tell or attempt to tell the impression given. We entered by the door where on the left you pass Pitt, of the "eagle glance and outstretched arm," and were ushered to seats in the choir. In front, piled high on one of the figure groups, are the banners of regular regiments gone to the war, which by old custom are deposited here for safe-keeping, a splendid show of color, a constant reminder, and a very pretty custom; colors piled at the shrine of the oldest temple of their faith, where lie so many of England's royal and illustrious dead, where their kings are crowned, and a shrine which in one form or another has survived almost since the time of the Romans in Britain. The sermon was good, as was the singing. The collection,—never forgotten in any

church that I have ever attended,—was for the British sailor and soldier orphans, a worthy cause.

From Westminster our arrangements began to run counter to the plans of our Ambassador apparently. Three days before General Brooke had made arrangements and accepted an invitation to luncheon for General Pershing at Sir Arthur Paget's, a country place just in the suburbs of London, to meet various dignitaries. Balfour was invited, Field Marshal French, General Cowans, the Quartermaster General of Great Britain, and a number of others. Sir Arthur is a full General in the British Army, a very distinguished soldier, now in command of all mobile forces in southern England intended for defense against German invasion. The Ambassador was told of the engagement, but late Saturday night announced that he had made an engagement for the General to lunch with the Waldorf Astors, the son of the Lord Astor, the expatriated New Yorker, and his wife, "a clever politician" according to one of our British friends in attendance. General Brooke suggested that we might lunch at Lady Paget's, as that had been already arranged, and motor to Cliveden for dinner with the Astors, and was allowed to arrange it by telephone with the two ladies. Yesterday morning, however, the Ambassador announced that the General would accompany him to the Astors' and come to the Pagets' for tea. This was telephoned to Lady Paget who had to send word to Balfour, French, and one or two others, that General Pershing would not be there, and release them as they were men coming solely for him.

Colonels Alvord, Brewster and myself went to the Pagets' for luncheon, and spent as lovely a day as I ever expect to

spend outside my own little home. Sir Arthur Paget is a very handsome soldierly man of somewhere in the sixties, a fine type, of whom and his brother Lord Brooke remarked, in relating an incident of the South African War, "None of those Pagets is afraid of anything." Lady Paget was Miss Stevens of New York, but has lived for thirty years in England and has three sons, officers, at the front. She is charming, and a woman of influence with various peoples in this great capital. She had asked American women, one or two besides a guest or two she had. An American woman married to an Irish artist of fame named Lavery; Mrs. Leeds, the American who visited Baguio in 1912 with the Duke and Duchess of Manchester, about whom we had a letter from General Edwards at the time; Mrs. Jack Astor, not the one with whom the Ambassador mixed us up; and Lady Drogheda (pronounced Droida) who is a Scotchwoman married to an Irishman. I sat at Lady Paget's right, and to the left of Lady Drogheda, who is an enthusiast on airplanes, etc., and really seems to know a good deal about them. Her husband is in the War Office, and I believe is one of the Irish Earls.

After luncheon every one did about as he pleased. Some played tennis, some walked alone, some sat,—perfect freedom. The grounds, "garden" as they call it here, comprise perhaps, I should judge, about ten acres with century-old trees, masses of rhododendron, a mass of color, tangle of ferns,—the most beautiful private place I have ever seen. I walked and later talked with Lady Paget and Mrs. Leeds. Lady Arthur is very lame, walks with a cane, and gets about

with difficulty, having fallen down an elevator about ten years ago, and broken some bones.

Tea time came, to which General Pershing had been promised by the Ambassador, but no one came. It was served for the rest of us, and Cliveden was telephoned to know if a car should be sent, to which reply was received that the General had been "ordered" to make a speech at a Canadian Hospital, a pet of Mrs. Astor's, but would be there for dinner at seven-thirty. Of course, we were asked for dinner too, and when eight o'clock came no General had arrived, but pretty soon he came, with the Ambassador and Mrs. Page. The Ambassador announced that they were going on to town, but I took the General aside and told him he simply had to stay, which he realized he should do, and really wished to do. When we then told the Ambassador, he said they would also stay, and take the General in afterward.

That program was carried out, the Ambassador watching his watch after dinner and carrying the General off as soon as he could get him started. They say the Embassy retires at nine-thirty. By great effort I managed to interest Ambassador Page about himself and got the General a few minutes' talk with Sir Arthur Paget, who has promised to turn out a full division in a trench attack for us Tuesday morning. I got back to the hotel about midnight, for it was after nine when we finally sat down at the Pagets' to dinner. In this far north it is still very light at that hour. It was rather a trying day as far as the tact required to explain our Ambassador and our General was concerned, but otherwise a very delightful one.

In the interval between tea and dinner General Brooke took Alvord and Brewster and me for a run to Hampton Court and Richmond Park. Hampton Court is the magnificent palace which attracted the cupidity of Henry VIII in the last days of Cardinal Wolsey's power, and rates as the most valuable present ever made by a subject to a king. The Cardinal's arms are still visible over the door; trees planted in time of Charles II; an addition erected by William and Mary, etc., etc. It is a tourist show place, but the flowerbeds are planted to potatoes. Brooke seems a "good sort" as our friends here would say, not at all impressed with himself, and not taking for granted that every one knows about him. Speaking of trouble with tenantry, labor, etc., he said: "Our family, Warwick, you know,—you may have heard of a person called Warwick the Kingmaker,—were Roundheads is time of the Civil War and fought with Cromwell. The Lord Brooke of that time raised a regiment from the tenantry, and their descendants are still on the place. We can't evict those people, you know. Our people are all right and stay with us. They still have a lot of those old Roundhead names like Praise-God Barebones, etc."

June 15, 1917.

After our Sunday at the Pagets' our Monday was taken up by an attempt to get some necessary articles such as boots, etc., a luncheon which Lord Brooke had prepared for us at the Savoy, and an official visit in the afternoon to Sir William Robertson, the Chief of the British General Staff, followed by a dinner at the Ambassador's in the evening.

Shopping in London shows that the war is a reality. In all the crowds along the streets there is a fair sprinkling of officers and men in uniform; many people wearing mourning; recruiting signs still abound; here and there you see signs of organized relief of one sort or another; even in Trafalgar Square at the foot of Nelson's monument there was exhibited during our stay a shell-torn ambulance. The different kinds of uniform are numbered by the score. Here and there a smart booted British officer, the well-known type of other days, while perhaps at his side an Anzac with his hat pinned up on the side, and in some cases with a feather in it. Anzac means Australia-New Zealand Army Corps. The Canadians are much in evidence with an air that seems to wish to announce that they are from over seas. There is no doubt that our proximity to them is a tie that draws us to them over here. They at once come up and include us in their personal pronoun, to the effect that "We" are all Americans, etc.

American officers in the British service, especially among the Canadians, are quite numerous. I have not heard of any yet who is not reported as being a good soldier. Many of these men, however, are now seeking to enter our own service, and the Government will be foolish if it does not accept their services. Thousands of trained men are not to be lightly turned down these days because it gives the A.G.O. trouble, or necessitates a few changes in Regulations. Officers of all kinds are applying, and it is by no means confined to our countrymen. Officers of the British service from full generals down to privates are actually applying. While I was in Zamboanga in 1904 a British officer of the North Borneo Constabulary came over there for a day or so. He

is now a captain in the Army Service Corps somewhere in Britain and recalls his acquaintance and writes for service with, or as he puts it "under," me.

Prices are higher in London than in the United States on uniforms, boots, etc. Boots cost fifty dollars in London to from twenty to thirty in the States. Uniforms which we think dear at a good tailor's in Washington are considerably higher here, though the better cloth and the smarter fit somewhat compensate for the difference.

The food economy strikes one in several ways. On the *Baltic* we had potatoes but twice in eleven days. In London there are thousands of signs greeting your eye everywhere of "Eat less bread," and they say it has resulted in a saving of three hundred tons daily, though that sounds a bit large, and it may mean per week or even month. Liquors are not served after 10 P. M. Sugar is scarce, comes in tiny envelopes to your plate, and I noted that Sir Arthur Paget carried a tiny phial of saccharine tablets on his watch chain. The streets at night indicate war. Lights are at long distances, and are shaded above to prevent attracting stray Zeps or airplanes.

Since we left London there has been an air raid which killed some seventy-odd persons and injured about four hundred. The British generally have, through their reconnaissance service, a notice that the German air attack is coming, four or five hours before it strikes. The British airmen are on the alert and fight them off. Any day we were in London you could look up and see airplanes or captive balloons in readiness.

The General lunched with King George and Queen Mary

on Monday, the only other guests being the American Ambassador and his lady. That evening the Ambassador gave a dinner to the General to which half a dozen of us were invited; while at the Embassy offices the remainder of the principal staff officers were invited to dinner by lesser officials of the Embassy, all coming to the house of the Ambassador later, for a reception. The dinner at the Embassy was served at two tables. General Pershing and myself were the only members of our party at the "head table," and we sat down with an aggregation rarely equaled in the English-speaking world, or perhaps in any other part of the world, in its type of men.

The American Ambassador, of course, headed his own table, if any one can head a round table. On his right sat David Lloyd George, the little Welshman, prominent before the war as a Radical, almost a Red Radical, and now as Prime Minister, the practical dictator of the British Empire. To the left sat the cultured and elegant Arthur James Balfour, kinsman of the Marquis of Salisbury under whom he obtained his first training in statesmanship, for many years Prime Minister of the British Empire, cultured in every art and science that makes a gentleman in the rank to which this one was born. An aristocrat by birth and a Tory by training and education. He is now in his late sixties. General Pershing sat opposite the Ambassador. On his right was M. Cambon, the French Ambassador, and on his left the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Derby, the British Secretary of State for War. Cambon was the only foreigner present, assuming that Americans and British represent the same blood. He is one of the world's able diplomats, well known to us from many

years in Washington. To the right of the Prime Minister sat Field Marshal Viscount French, and I was on his right. On my right was Major General Sir Francis Lloyd who commands the London District, a very distinguished looking officer. On his right was Admiral Sir John Jellicoe, the little chap who commanded the British Navy at the beginning of the war. Our own American Vice-Admiral Sims was to the right of the French Ambassador, then Sir W. Robertson, the former stable boy who is now the Chief of Staff of the British Army. We had called on him in the afternoon, and the General had a very satisfactory half hour with him. While he was with him I was sitting at the feet, so to speak, of General Maurice, the Chief of Operations.

Robertson is a rather unpolished man in the fifties. He is undoubtedly a strong man else he could not have attained his place and held it even in a country presided over by the radical Lloyd George. Robertson served eleven years in the ranks of the British cavalry, it is said, and then began his rise as an instructor in one of their schools in the Indian Army. As an instance of his lack of diplomacy, it is said that he was designated to notify General Horace Smith-Dorrien of his relief from command. Smith-Dorrien was a man who deserved well, perhaps, of his country, but one of the early commanders in France whom it was thought wise to replace after the retreat from Mons. It was desired to break the news to him with tact. This was Sir W. Robertson's task, and he performed it by going to Smith-Dorrien's room and saying: "'orace, you for 'ome!"

To the right of Robertson sat General Cowans, the Quartermaster General of the British Army, and to his right the

Boer General Smuts, now a British Lieutenant General, a graduate of Cambridge, and one of the fiercest of the Boer Generals while still a youth in the earlier twenties. At Cambridge, the other day, he is reported to have said in a speech that in his youth he loved the British people, spending his school days among them, and could never have believed that he would ever fight them, but that later he did it; that at the end of the Boer War he could never have believed that he would fight *for* the British, but that he has done it. He reminds one a little of General Funston. At the other table sat many prominent men but not quite up to the level of the dignitaries among whom General Pershing and I were located.

After dinner the other dinner party and a number of others came up to the Embassy. Several American women showed up, among them the widow of former Ambassador Whitelaw Reid; Mrs. Bradley; Cora, Lady Stafford, a Hoyt of New York, I believe. Mrs. Bradley looks thinner than when I last saw her. She has been busy on Red Cross work. She sounded the General promptly on getting over to France, but ran against a block of ice. He told her sixty thousand Canadian women had been sent home, and that every additional mouth to feed made it that much more difficult to beat the Germans, etc.

June 17, 1917.

Our last day in England was a crowded one. We left the Savoy a little after 5 A. M. and motored an hour and a half to Brentwood, where Sir Arthur Paget has the headquarters of the command to which England looks for defense

should the Germans by accident of fog or otherwise push past the fleet and effect a landing. It is also the command where the training goes on, where the physically indifferent, the convalescents and other unfit are made fit. It includes the schools for instructors; a teacher-factory, where non-commissioned officers are taught to instruct recruits. The motor ride was east through London into Essex, a very beautiful country, added now to the list of places to be visited with my wife "after the war." We saw some very good work, individual training, charging trenches, bayonet work, use of Stokes trench mortar with "creeping barrage"; i. e., a screen of bombs thrown at a certain distance in front of advancing troops, which creeps forwards or backward as they advance or retire. We saw a Gas School where the men wore helmets, and practiced their work with them on, practicing breathing, which through some types is not a pleasure, and finally wound up the morning nearly fifty miles from London, with a "march past" of a battalion of the 17th Yorkshires. There are many things that show the approach of the end of England's manpower. The 17th Yorks are physically poor, runts, crooked, undeveloped, a sad contrast to the splendidly set up Tommies of peace times. Our morning ended with a light lunch on an English lawn,—how beautiful they are,—"rusks," cookies, toast, tea. Then we motored into London.

The General had had an engagement for luncheon with the Earl of Derby, and on arrival I was told by General Brooke that I was also expected. I had an engagement with Willie Poland and Mark Hersey, and said that unless it was mandatory I should prefer to be with them, so Colonel Alvord went in my place. I had an enjoyable time with

Poland and Uncle Mark. The former is the head of the American Relief Work in Europe with an office in London, and Hersey is with the "Papal Delegate" and his commission of officers. We talked over Philippine days and then I packed my plunder, the trunks having to be ready at 5:40 P. M.

In the evening there was a state dinner at which the Prime Minister was to preside, at Lancaster House, where Lord Brooke said he used to play as a boy, it then belonging to his uncle. It is now an addition to the British Museum. We were invited "at 7:45 for 8:00 o'clock." There were six tables. The Prime Minister was fifteen minutes late,—he can do that sort of thing you know, and our General is no mean imitator. The table at which I sat was headed by Lord Curzon, on whose right I sat. Brooke was on my right. Two titled Britishers and two more of our officers were at the same table. I was much interested in what Curzon had to say. I told him of reading his "Speeches in India" while I was in the East, and how struck I was at the time with his statement made in a farewell at the Calcutta Club that while the Government had made doubtless many mistakes, it had *now,* at least, some *policy* in *every department.* That seemed to please him and he talked a steady stream, telling me about his first wife, "a most brilliantly educated and fascinating woman"; discussing with some freedom his Leiter relatives; talking about the Leiter house; the old Leiter's objection to his daughters marrying Englishmen, as all three of them did, —one of them losing her husband in battle a few weeks ago.

At other tables were Lord Milner, with whose "England in Egypt" I was once very familiar; Lord Derby; Sir Alfred

Mond; etc. After the dinner had reached late middle life a flunkey in knee breeches and silver buckles stood behind Lloyd George, and craved silence for the Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George, Prime Minister, who rose and said with gravity, "The King"; and we all rose and looked down our noses into some valuable champagne and murmured "The King." All resumed their seats, and ten minutes later when the dinner was approaching doddering old age, the knee-breeches again craved silence for the Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George who rose and said: "The President." We all rose and did as before, substituting "The President" for "The King." A few minutes later the diners rose and strolled about the rooms under ceilings that reached toward the sky. The Prime Minister signified a desire to meet all the American officers at the dinner, and we were maneuvered into line and presented.

We were all called at four the next morning, you might say "4:00 for 5:40" which was really what happened. Charing Cross was less than three hundred yards away, and we used an hour and forty minutes in getting from bed to cars, including a hasty breakfast. The train leaves at a different hour each day partly on account of tides and partly to deceive the Germans. I parted with General Brooke and Major Kersey with much regret. They gave their entire time most unselfishly to making our stay in England pleasant, and accompanied us to Folkstone on that early train,—a great deal for Englishmen who are never at their offices even in wartime until nearly ten o'clock, and who might stop a battle to take afternoon tea and toast. The trip to the sea was through lovely rural England,—more trips with wife after the war. At Folkstone we went on board and said good-by to

Brooke and Kersey and with a convoy of destroyers steamed for Boulogne, where we arrived in about two hours, after a smooth voyage. A smooth voyage on the Channel is a rare thing. The rules require every one to wear a life preserver during the crossing, and we play the game according to the rules.

At the Boulogne wharf a drove of French officers, a few Britishers (for Boulogne is a British debarkation port), scores of newspaper men, and a regiment of French soldiers with then funny little steel helmets, and whiskers of various types. International relations may stand the strain of my carrying out the wifely injunction to shave daily, but they think I am a chaplain. The band blared out "The Star-Spangled Banner" and we stood to attention for several days it seemed to me while they played it over and over. Even the General, who stands like a statue, growled over the number of times they played it. Then we had the "Marseillaise" several times and then, our hands having broken off at the wrist, we stood up to the gangway while a dozen fuzzy little Frenchmen came up. Each saluted the General and made a little speech, then sidestepped and was replaced by another until each little man had said his speech.

The last was a big man with a sweeping mustache and the two stars on his sleeve which mark the French brigadier. His right hand was gone below the elbow; his chin and forehead were scarred. My theory for the lost arm was that he had lost it by standing with it up to his cap while a French band played "The Star-Spangled Banner" followed by the "Marseillaise," but I have since learned that in Champagne in 1915, while a Colonel in command of a charging brigade,

he picked up a grenade to throw it out of the way of "Mes enfants" and it blew his hand off, while at the same time a German machine gun caught him, broke his chin, scarred his forehead, and gave him several other punctures. This was General Pelletier, who once lived two years in San Francisco and knows English very well. He reported to General Pershing. He is a brave, simple-minded, gallant old fellow, now rapidly becoming an embarrassment to us, his rank having to be constantly considered among us, and it being impossible to do business with the Chief in his presence without telling him all of it. He has a bunch of attachés, for like the British cousins, many French officers are keen to serve with the Americans. A Lieutenant Colonel Comte de Chambrun, great-grandson of La Fayette, and husband of Nicholas Longworth's sister, is one of them. He is an artilleryman and speaks good English, and a great deal of it.

We were nearly two hours getting off from Boulogne. Representatives of all the branches of the French high command were down there, and the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner" and the "Marseillaise." Nobody kissed us, though, and no one cried; though Sir Arthur Paget had said we were sure to be kissed, and cried over. Lord French told me that when the French lost a trench, it seemed irretrievably, they would wait a day or two, then generals would come up and pull a lot of "Mes enfants" stuff, kiss a few men and cry about it, and then sally forth and take back the trench, adding that the first time he ever saw Joffre he found him in a tent weeping copiously over the first German flag captured.

We started by rail at eleven, passed through much lovely

country and saw several large British camps. Much politics is played here, and the plan of who went with who in what carriage from the Gare du Nord was changed several times, possibly to divide the honors. Several men rode with me on assignment cards who never actually got in the carriage. The last change was made after we got in the station, and Joffre, who it appears is now on the shelf but still strong with the people, was relegated, from the first carriage where he was to have ridden with the General, to the very outer rim of respectability by riding in the fourth carriage behind even me. Many thousands of our Gallic allies crowded the station and the streets. My carriage was slow in getting out due to the crowd, and I speedily lost sight of any in front of me. It was six-thirty in the evening and the great mass of working people were out to meet us, as well as thousands of others. They cheered and shouted and wept as only a French crowd can do. One who knows his history can well imagine what it meant when Napoleon rode in from the wars and when the national tendency to hysterics was carefully fostered and staged.

My carriage was half swamped in roses; shouts of "Vive l'Amérique" filled the evening air; people crowded near and elbowed each other to touch my hand; pretty girls smiled at the old American soldier; and Colonel de Chambrun kept saying, "Salute, Colonel, salute. It is for you." Then a horrible fear seized me. I could see no other carriage in front of me. Had the General in some way gotten behind me, and was I being taken for him? It took all the joy out of life until finally after our motor was smelling with heat from running so long on "the low," we reached the Hôtel de Crillon

in time to see him trying to force his way through the mass from curb to hotel door. In my room I found a huge bowl of roses, jonquils, etc. tied with the S.B., and the French Tricolor. This is a princely place and I shall go to jail for debt if the General does not leave it soon.

Next day forenoon was taken by a call at Les Invalides and a signature in the Golden Book. At half past eleven we called on a dumpy bourgeois-looking little ambassador, and at twelve some of us called at the Presidential Palace, a beautiful place built for the royal harlot La Pompadour a long, long time ago; the home of the gallant Murat during the First Empire, and now the executive mansion. It is surrounded by very beautiful grounds, though in the heart of Paris. The President and his lady received us in a very large room where our names were announced by a butler or a herald or an announcer. Soon we went in to the very long dining room, a splendid room at which sixty of us sat at one long table, and a small army of flunkies dragged up French wines and other things. It was as beautiful a luncheon as I ever saw, perfectly managed, and very bountiful. For Auld Lang Syne I patronized the Château Yquem, and encored. I sat by an old Catholic Royalist, he told me, who said he was only asked to show that the French stood united in their welcome to the Americans. The perfectly exquisite Sèvres porcelain excited my cupidity, though I am not usually very strong for porcelain except where it is useful. Course after course was brought in with porcelains that must be well nigh priceless, and gold knives and forks finally began to be laid aside. The strawberries of France are splendid, are very large, so large that you take them off the plate one at a time

with a fork and lay them on your plate. Sugar is served and with the stems that are left on them, you dip your berry and eat your way across it. I have been doing that since the first meal on the *Baltic*.

Later we saw an exhibition at La Bourget of the aviation ground. Some hundreds of planes, and many in the air at once. At six-thirty certain ones due later to dine with the Minister of War called on the Minister of Marine, a dried-up looking little man, so thin that eating one frog's leg would make him look corpulent. At eight we dined with the Minister of War, M. Painlevé, a very attractive little Frenchman of some forty years. The long dining room was specially decorated for General Pershing, priceless Gobelin tapestries on every wall; the corners filled with American and French flags in the proportion of four to one, stacks of cuirasses and sabers,—now I fear me lining up with David's sling, and chain armor. The doors opened on a beautiful garden. It is light here until nine o'clock. The music played in the garden. The porcelain played a conspicuous part in this dinner, too. Some thirty-odd were there, among them much French rank. The Minister made a speech in French so good that I could almost understand him, and the General replied in a few extremely well chosen words.

Next day we called on a dozen or so French generals, including Marshal Joffre, and later lunched with him and his lady at the Military Club. The crowds follow us everywhere and Joffre and Pershing had to show themselves on the balcony repeatedly. At the Chamber of Deputies the afternoon before, after the luncheon with the Poincarés, the Chamber nearly went amuck over General Pershing, rising to

their feet and cheering for ten or fifteen minutes, and time and again breaking into speeches to go off in hysterics again. After the Joffre luncheon a request came for the General to visit the Senate, and as politics are so evenly balanced here and permeate everything, he had to go. Here the scenes of the day before were repeated and he received another long ovation. I have told him I am sure he could be elected King of France. After the Senate we went to lay thirty dollars' worth of flowers on the tomb of La Fayette, where the Marquis de Chambrun, elder brother of the Colonel, improved the opportunity to make a speech, and nearly wept at his own eloquence.

Yesterday morning we made a hasty call on the Minister of Aviation, and then motored to the headquarters of the real soldier, General Pétain. As Chambrun remarked the day before when we were weary dragging through the round of calls: "These are all great men, but they are great men of the past. Wait until you see Pétain." Pétain was a Colonel when the war broke out. He is only Major General now, for the French have no grade above that except Marshal.

The country is beautiful until one nears the part where the high tide of the German invasion was pushed back on the Marne, from where they could see the Eiffel Tower in Paris. Long avenues of old, old trees. Quaint little villages. Orchards, meadows, oat and wheat fields, with here and there marching men. Women working in the fields and streets. Compiègne, where Pétain has his headquarters, is one of the grandest old châteaux in France, a favorite summer residence of Napoleon III, and not destroyed by the Germans in 1914 because William II planned to use it as headquarters during

the siege of Paris, but didn't. We had a nice luncheon. Pétain is an erect soldierly looking man, bald, but originally with blond hair, wears a heavy mustache, walks briskly, and I should estimate him to be about fifty-seven, the age of our Chief. With Pershing, the luncheon included seven generals. General Pelletier was along, of course. He has not missed a minute nor failed to face a single camera, and bows to all the applause. Pétain had an engagement for the afternoon and we left soon after noon. He spoke of his satisfaction at our coming into the war, and said very seriously "I hope it is not too late."

One hears many rumors of French regiments who have recently refused to go "over the top," as they call leaving the trenches to advance against the Germans. Twelve men were shot recently for example, and there is no doubt that the French morale is waning, as are their numbers. A people of about forty millions have lost two million men, and mourning is everywhere. It will be their fourth winter in the trenches; coal is almost at a famine price. At the Crillon there is hot water two mornings a week; meat two days a week. We shall do well to increase as fast as the French are waning, and America may yet fight the Germans to the finish on French soil.

After luncheon the General of a group of armies took us thirty miles out to the line. He had an English-speaking Captain whose mother was from New York and they two went with General Pershing in one machine; and Pelletier and myself in another. We were within two miles of the line, and shells were dropping on a place some distance to our right and more to the left. We watched through glasses

awhile, and then left, going "across the open" as the General said, meaning that we were within shrapnel range and in sight for a few moments, but nothing happened. Night found us at the Crillon. After a hasty dinner we went as guests of the Government to the Opéra Comique. Masses of people filled the big streets in front; every seat had been sold, and how they did cheer the General! We had the President's box, a balcony box in the center. As we entered it, every person in the immense audience stood up; on the stage, in front of a marine view with American ships flying our flag in the foreground, stood a guard of marines and crippled soldiers. A very handsome woman in white with a large American flag, and a pretty French girl in the Tricolor, stood under the mourning bonnet of Alsace in front of the guard. The American sang "The Star-Spangled Banner" and it made tears come to your eyes and the little chills run up and down your spine. She had a superb voice, and took the high notes without a miss. She was encored time and again, and the big crowd stood and cheered to the echo. The French girl then sang "La Marseillaise," and did it beautifully. Knowing it, the audience joined in the chorus. It is certainly a stirring thing. At the chorus the little girl drew a saber and waved it while everybody sang "Aux armes, citoyens! Formez vos bataillons! Marchons," etc., etc. The singing and cheering must have taken fifteen minutes, and the crowd stood and eyed the Americans in the box. It was something never to be forgotten. We are all living history. Nothing like it has ever been seen; perhaps it may never occur again. This country is well nigh bled white as our enemies put it, and our coming is hailed as the coming of the Lord. God grant that there

may be no reaction in the months that must pass before American flags fly in the trenches.

June 19, 1917.

We have listened to many words since I joined this expedition a little over a month ago, but I think the most significant sentence we have heard was the remark of General Pétain when he said he was glad America had come into the war and that he hoped it was not too late. He had been quiet for some time at the luncheon table, and without reference to the current of the conversation suddenly broke his silence with that hope. He did not do it lightly or smilingly, but most seriously. None of his officers commented on it; General Pershing and I did not refer to it until last evening, three days after, but when I asked him if he had noticed the remark, I found it had made the same profound impression on him. Pétain is easily the strong man in authority over here now. He knows what France can do; probably what Germany can do; what the temper of his own people is; what their need of coal will be in the next cold winter; what their need of certain foodstuffs will be; the importance to them of steel, etc.

The U. S. Naval Attaché told me last night that the submarine menace has taken an upward bound since the first of June, and nearly 500,000 tons have been destroyed. Shipping is the great need of the war, and unless the submarine war can be controlled, we shall see the United States practically kept out of the war and Germany victorious. For example, the superiority in artillery hinges now on aërial

direction which, in turn, means superiority in the air. For every airplane kept going it is estimated that some twenty men are employed in one way or another. The French say 5000 airplanes are needed to keep the superiority in the air; 100,000 men. How can we get 100,000 aviators over here and bring any other men in any reasonable time? Who will haul the coal, the steel, and the wheat they need? The outlook is far from bright. A dash on Kiel would either end the U-boat supremacy or end Britain's control of the sea, and the latter thinks the risk too great.

Our American people are not, in my judgment, very keen for the war. They do not realize its perils. Losses in battle that also cost German lives they would understand, but if a troopship or two is torpedoed and a thousand or two American boys are drowned like rats, I wonder if the President could hold them in line. It is almost impossible to keep things quiet. Three days ago I was handed a paper which told the date of sailing of our first convoy. I showed it to the Chief and to no one else and locked it in my safe. Yesterday Major Logan, my office assistant, came in from a visit to the French War Office, where he is on very good terms, and said they told him that the convoy had sailed such a time,—exactly the information I had so carefully put in my safe. One of the things on which the Chief is strongest is silence on official matters.

We paid a visit to Marshal Joffre this morning. Ten thousand currents and countercurrents of politics are flowing through this capital. It is in the French blood. Some say a coup d'état would not be a very surprising thing, and that

Poincaré is bound to go before long. Joffre is practically shelved. He has an honorable position as Marshal of France, the only one created since the Second Empire, but is shorn of any power except in an advisory capacity. Many things are sent to him for advice, and when he gives it, it is advice, not orders, and is not always taken. Since his visit to America he has had a recrudescence, so to speak, and to play up to the American idea of his prominence he was named to "collaborate" with General Pershing. That meant that if Pershing sought his advice he would give it but be practically powerless to insure any actual coöperation on the French side, which, boiled down, left him a sort of adviser to our Chief, who has no thought of engaging any nurse for himself, not even so eminent a one as Joffre. He is anxious to show all possible respect for the Marshal, and feels it too, but is disposed to take his own time about it.

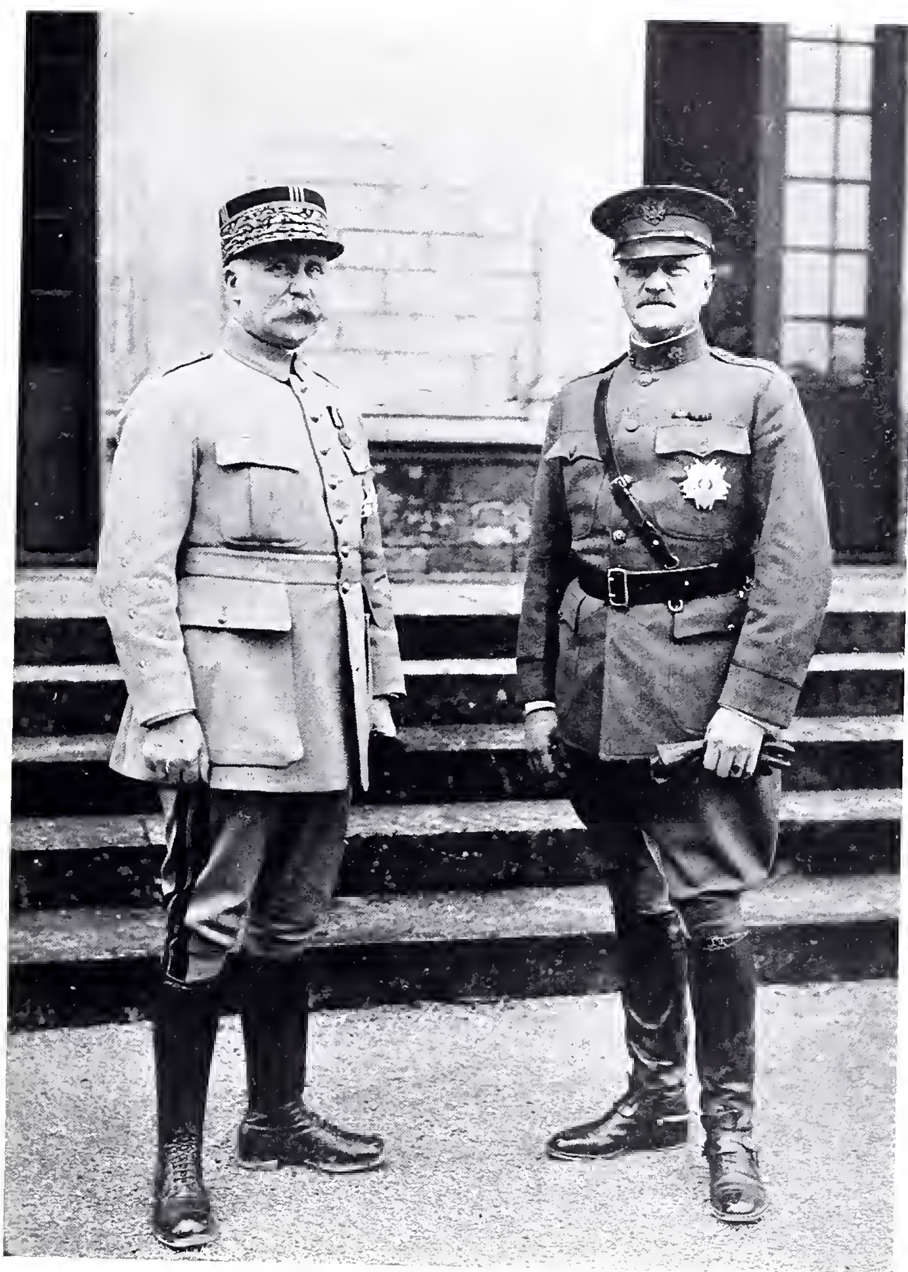
The staff of the Marshal are, of course, anxious to play up the old soldier's importance, and to make as much as possible out of the connection. His Chef d'État-major approached me the evening of the dinner given by M. Painlevé and asked when I would talk with him on our coöperation. I stood him off by saying it was not proper for us to take matters up until our respective chiefs had had their initial conference. Next day he approached Bacon, whom he knew as Ambassador, and buzzed in his ear, sending Bacon to me. Next day he talked to Logan, and the following day approached Palmer, and lastly the "Cabinet du Maréchal Joffre" invited us all to luncheon at the Cerc Militaire. To-day the General and I went over to see the old gentleman,

which apparently pleased him very much, and we shall doubtless go again. Joffre is very strong with the French people. The politicians fear him as a possible President.

Pétain, who commands the armies and the military zone of a certain width behind the actual lines, is the strong man of the hour, feared by the politicians, the idol of the soldiers. He scarcely conceals his contempt for the civil powers. During our luncheon our General's visit to the French Chamber of Deputies was spoken of, and Pétain remarked with a smile that he had never seen the inside of the Chamber. General Pershing replied that he only went by invitation, and Pétain said, "Well, they would never invite me."

The fields of France are scarlet with poppies. They are a different shade from those of California, and where they bloom over fields but lately soaked with human blood are suggestive. The journey out the other day was beautiful until we reached the portion but lately occupied by Germans. There the villages are leveled to the ground; the orchards are cut down in pure wantonness, the trees lying where they fell; and the beautiful old roadside avenues of trees are cut down here and there.

Almost every day some different American mission turns up. Never in all history was there an opportunity for junkets so exploited by our busy people. Engineers of all sorts, railroaders, foresters, scientific missions concerning standards, chemistry; every variety of charitable activity, and all without coördination and in chaos, and adding to the heavy burdens of the gallant French. Apparently there is no one who applies to the powers who is not sent over unless he be a soldier wishing to join an expedition. Everybody finds it easy except



GENERAL PÉTAIN GENERAL PERSHING

the soldiers. Charitable organizations insisting on tending the wounded, while hundreds of widows and orphans are in need of aid; misguided enthusiasts cabling for motor cars two thousand at a time when the French have not gasoline enough to operate those they have. People bringing things to France that take up shipping room, when the most important thing in the world now, and that on which the victory will turn, is shipping. Two more missions blew in to-day. We are gathering in and trying to control all those that wear uniform, and they are quite numerous, of the "O.R.C." kind. The honorable uniform of the United States is the cover for many varied motives and activities in *la belle France*. How sick of it all the fighting generals are! It looks to me, however, as if, as the Lady Katherine Vaucelles remarked in *If I were King*, "A man has come to Court." I think these various agencies will find themselves doing business soon under the Headquarters of the American Expeditionary Force.

June 22, 1917.

Last night brought the thoughts of other days. I dined at the Laurent, a popular resort just off the Champs Élysées, where there are some grand old trees under which tables are spread, a shade so dense that at midday the sun hardly penetrates, while at night the effect with the electric lights is very good. Mrs. J. Donald Cameron, the sister of the late Mrs. Miles, and Mrs. Reber's aunt, had asked me to meet her, and she brought with her a Lieutenant and Mrs. Scott. The officer is a second lieutenant in the British service, a middle-aged man brought in from business life by the war and doing

some disbursing or similar duty here in Paris. The lady is an American, the sister of James Hazen Hyde, and daughter of the former President of the Equitable Life Assurance Society. Her first husband was an American, her second is an Englishman and her daughter is married to a Frenchman.

She is an extremely attractive woman of about fifty, and knows California including Monterey and Del Monte very well. Lieutenant Scott before the war was an official of the International Banking Corporation in Hongkong and Shanghai, and had often visited Manila, knew Marshall of the bank there, Higgins, and others of those we once knew in Manila days. He has been in Manila more recently than I, and it seemed good to talk of the old scenes again.

Their views of the French are not very flattering, at least his were not, though the two ladies were more kind. He says they are without gratitude. The ladies said very frankly that the reason that the French think no more kindly of the British is because of the small fraction of the line which they have been able to get them to take over; yet a comparatively small fraction, while the nearly spent French are holding their great length of line with their 1918 crop of conscripts already with the colors. Mrs. Cameron told an affecting little story of French soldiers. It seemed that some one of the various headless, or rather hydra-headed, charitable organizations operating from our great country got its donations mixed, and a French regiment just out of the trenches, in place of some boxes of warm underclothing expected, got some children's clothes. There was some idle jesting, some growling, but in the end that regiment built an altar, enshrined upon it the little

garments designed for children whom they might never see again, and the whole regiment passed before it, and one at a time knelt and renewed their oath of allegiance to fair France, and the vow to expel the invader from her soil.

To-day I had luncheon with Mr. Bliss, the Counselor of our Embassy, and his wife. A very nice luncheon, with several interesting guests. I sat by the Comtesse Something-or-other whose husband, a captain two and a half years in the trenches, is to be one of the Mission going over to America to instruct. She was a Miss Garrison, from the place across the Hudson from West Point, and a cousin of the wife of Col. S. H. Slocum. Her husband is a slashing good-looking soldier with the stripes showing two and a half years of service, as she stated, and speaking very good English. Mr. James H. Perkins of Boston, brother of Nelson Perkins whom I knew at Gay Farm in 1909, a cousin of Governor Forbes, now here on Red Cross work, sat on the other side of me. My assistant, Major Logan, was there, and two other French officers, one bearing the double stripe for two wounds. The Boyds, our little Cavalry people attached to the Embassy, were also there. Mrs. Bliss is a very attractive American woman, said to be spending fifteen thousand per year of her private income for alleviating distress in France. The Blisses are going to give me a dinner next week to meet five or six officials of the Foreign Office, and asked me to select several staff officers to come. I named Alvord, Palmer, Logan and Nolan. The date is uncertain as the C. in C. and I are going to run down to St. Nazaire about the twenty-sixth or twenty-seventh.

June 24, 1917.

Yesterday General Pershing and the principal officers of his staff were asked to luncheon at the residence of the Military Governor of Paris, the home of Major General Dubail and lady. He was an army commander earlier in the war but was a little too old, being now about sixty-six, and was brought in for his present duty. He is said to have been a good soldier, and looks to me like a rather chilly proposition yet. He uses the Judge Wheeler style of hair, growing none on top of his head, but combing over a lock which grows about five inches long down in the neighborhood of his right ear. This style is used by a good many French officers, though why, in a land where the wig reaches its highest perfection in manufacture, I do not see. Our friend Joffre and his staff are almost inevitable guests where we find ourselves, and they were there. The photographers were there in numbers and the whole party was movied out in the garden after luncheon. What must have been an excellent one was taken of the Marshal and General Pershing talking together.

A letter came over from the War Office yesterday inviting the General to send several staff officers to a certain army headquarters as work of interest was to take place there. He designated Palmer, Collins and me, and we are leaving this noon by rail for a four hour and forty kilometer motor trip to Headquarters Second Army at Souilly, where an attack is being prepared on Verdun. We are to witness the preparation and the actual work, and may be gone two or three weeks. It is an inconvenient time for me; troops just about to arrive; just getting my office organized; Chauncey Baker and his

crowd of picnickers just arriving; but I suppose it would be unreasonable to ask Pétain to postpone even a small offensive because I am not yet ready. Joke! So we go.

Last night I dined with Mr. James Hazen Hyde of Paris and New York, whose name was once familiar to the American public through his having inherited from his father, also J. H. Hyde, a majority and controlling interest in the Equitable Life Assurance Society, at quite an early age, and as I remember it, electing himself president of it; the insurance scandals in which Charles E. Hughes grew to fame being an outcome of it. Bill Mitchell brought me the invitation and I accepted it through him. I in some way had the impression that Hyde lived in nice style but as a bachelor, and was somewhat overcome when I was ushered in to the middle of a quite large dinner party. Officers in France wear nothing but their service uniform and Mitchell and I showed some contrast to the evening dress of the others. The house was or is a beauty, backed by one of the loveliest little gardens and views that I have ever seen. Some of the men present were James Stillman, a great financier of both continents, a resident here intermittently for over fifty years; an artist named Carter, president, I believe, of the Fine Arts Academy at Rome; the just-returned French Minister to Greece; the Counselor of the British Embassy; General Weygand, the Chief of Staff to General Foch; M. Reinach (?), a French editor, probably a Hebrew, from his appearance.

The ladies I can remember were Mrs. Hyde herself, a daughter of former Ambassador Leishman of Paris and Constantinople; the Princess Murat, and a Princess Lucinge, and two or three others whose titles or names I do not recall. I

am picking up a little French slowly, and since last night I realize the meaning of décolleté. Several ladies almost had on lovely gowns. It was the lowest-necked party I ever attended, I think. The necks were well selected, neither flat nor scrawny. I sat by Princess Lucinge, who it appears comes of the Terry family of Cienfuegos, Cuba, but was born in New York, though raised a Frenchwoman. She was nursing at Compiègne when the Germans occupied it in 1914, and when they marched back on the retreat after the Marne. She talked very interestingly of her experiences, but she was subjected to no rudeness. The officers were polite to her then, though soldiers were even then beginning to enter private houses and demand food.

I most enjoyed my talk with Mr. James Stillman who is an extremely interesting old man. His father was a great financier before him. He himself happens to have been born at Brownsville, Texas, though of Connecticut people. His people owned the site of Fort Brown which was condemned to be bought by the Government in 1852, and finally paid for in 1904. The price of $50,000 was protested by the owners as too little, and the courts finally awarded $60,000 after $150,000 had been spent in lawyers' fees. We are a dashing and businesslike people in our Government transactions. Witness also the plaintive howls from the capital city to know what we are going to do with an officer when the General cables that he needs at least one more to successfully beat the Germans. Mr. Stillman says he knows the French well,—he should after fifty years. He says the Latin mind has kinks and turns in it unknown to ours,—and the politics, politics, politics!!! He says "No great soldier can become Com-

mander in Chief of the French Army." The politicians fear the Man on Horseback and After the War is ever present in their minds. The soldiers are fighters, their methods differing from ours; they must confide in their leader (probably true, though, of all races as well), but the politicians' influence cannot be avoided in the choice of leaders. He suggests we be very careful. Very careful!!!!!

June 25, 1917.

My first night in a French billet has just terminated. I am billeted on the Curate of Souilly; spent the night in an old-fashioned canopy bed with a feather mattress under me and another over me. There seem to be several lower layers to the bed, almost another lower story. The mantel is crowded with the images of saints and Saviour I used to know so well in the Philippines,—the images I mean. There is a quaint little desk in the corner of the room, and a shelf of holy books. There is a big mirror, gilt bound, also like the Philippines; several squatty little chairs with bottoms of grass or flag; a diminutive coal heater stands near a fireplace into which it sends its tiny pipe, and a plain wooden table is in the center. A little washstand built like a miniature chest of drawers has an inset at the top in which is placed a china washbowl and a small pitcher, and the numerous small soap dishes, etc., that are found around a French or Spanish washstand. There are two small plants, and the window looks out on a small garden of vegetables.

Captain Collins and I left Paris at noon yesterday on a fast train leaving the Gare d'Est for the east, including Bar-

le-Duc where we were to be met. It is one of the good trains of France, and was crowded with officers returning from leave, an occasional soldier among them, here and there a woman, sometimes Red Cross nurse, sometimes apparently a wife or sister. All officers and men on the French front are allowed one week in each four months during which they may visit their homes as *permissionaires.* The road runs eastward from the capital into Champagne, the names Château-Thierry, Châlons-sur-Marne, etc., constantly reminding you that you are in the region where Napoleon made his last desperate stand in the spring of 1814, against a German invader, accompanied by Russians. The country is beautiful rolling country, forest-crowned hills, clean-kept cultivated fields, some small vineyards, but though a famous grape region the number seen does not impress you with the importance of the crop. The towns and villages are of the substantial stone houses with red tile roofs, stretched, in the case of the smaller ones, along both sides of the highway. In the fields you see practically only women and children working, though occasionally some old man appears.

The dining car was crowded when we reached the train in the station at noon, and we secured seats for the "2d Service." The luncheon finally reached us after two o'clock, due to the length of the first service. The *café au lait* breakfast leaves an American pretty hungry even when he lunches promptly at noon, and at two I could have eaten a raw baby. Perhaps that is why the luncheon seemed to me so good. It included the inevitable preliminaries of a little dab of tomato, a radish, a sardine, and one or two other ingredients, followed by an omelette, then some veal, some potatoes and string beans, and

lastly a demitasse and a few cherries eaten off the stems.

Châlons is one of the big French training centers and many got off there, others at Révigny where there is another. We passed some troop trains in that region, and began to see soldiers everywhere in the roadside villages. The railroad runs through the valley of the Marne, which is about twice as wide as Rock Creek where it crosses Pennsylvania Avenue on its way to the Potomac, as you pass it in going out to Fort Myer. The country grew hillier as we went farther east, and at a few minutes before five, half an hour late, we pulled into Bar-le-Due.

Hundreds of uniforms were around the station, but a smart looking young captain came up, said he was Captain Kerr, and had been sent to meet us. He is an artilleryman, evidently in the service only since the war, having learned his good English in commercial life in Nancy. He had two automobiles and a couple of men to look after us. As we passed through the station gate I heard some one say "There's the good old U. S. A.," and got a smile from a young American ambulance driver in French uniform. Our run to Souilly was fifty-five minutes, along the highway which during the attack on Verdun carried a constant stream of motor trucks in both directions jammed as closely together as you see them on Fifth Avenue, and filled with munitions and supplies. The French passenger cars are nearly all of the limousine type and considerably more luxurious in some ways than our own, and at the headquarters where we now are we find practically every officer of the staff has one. We are at Headquarters of the Second Army, commanded by General Guillaumat, covering a front of about seventy-five miles in arc including Verdun.

We are some seventeen miles behind the line probably, not what you might call the extreme front. This is the "power house" so to speak, for things are directed from here. Airplanes go out from here; maps are made here, brought to date daily; some artillery is in rest near here; and an evacuation hospital is in the edge of the village. The latter contains about four hundred people in peace times, and is of the elongated single-street type.

We went directly to headquarters and after about ten minutes met the General, soon developing the fact that while polite he was not wildly enthusiastic, and apparently did not quite understand why we arrived at this particular time. We explained that our invitation had come through the War Office from General Pétain and that General Foch had told General Pershing at luncheon that an attack was contemplated on this front by the French and that we had come down to see the preparations for it, and the attack itself. He had previously asked us what we wished to see and how long we intended to stay, so a program could be arranged. At my explanation of our purpose, he said that no attack at an early date was contemplated, but we could see the maps of the attack of last October, and follow it out on the ground where it had been successful, etc.

At dinner, however, to which he invited us, a better understanding was reached. It seems likely that no attack is contemplated within a month, and that no active preparations are being made for it, other perhaps than the study for it. He said he would see that we visited everything of interest, and hoped that when the time really came we could come back and see it. The dinner passed pleasantly with a dozen

Frenchmen, only our friend Kerr speaking English, and Collins and I trying to appear intelligent. At the champagne stage the General quite warmed up, rose to his feet, all of us following his example, and he made quite a little speech with his glass held on high, which was translated though the drift of it was apparent, and I made a reply which was filtered through Captain Kerr's translation department, and everybody seemed satisfied and drank his champagne. After dinner we went out and walked twice through the single long street by the light of the June moon, and then said good night and went to our several abodes. I inserted myself between the two featherbeds and here I am.

P. M., June 25.

We were given a very thorough insight into the workings of the general staff of a French army in the field, this morning. The Chief of Staff of the Second Army sent Colonel Guillaume, his first assistant, with us, and he spent the morning with us and it was most interesting. The organization of it does not differ very greatly from the theoretical organization of our own, but of course theirs is standing the test of actual war, and has expanded greatly in certain directions yet almost untouched with us. The development of their Intelligence Section, the perfection of their information regarding the enemy, the excellence and variety of information they get out on maps are almost a marvel. They will show you a complete map of the Western Front with the number of every German division tagged on it. They will tell you when the latest divisions arrived and from whence they came; which divisions

are resting behind the lines; which are in the trenches; which have come from the Russian front, being replaced in that quiet region by tired divisions from the West. Their system of Intelligence calls for an essay or a book rather than a diary of a day.

One feature of the morning interested us very much. They told us the method of examining prisoners, which I had heard before. I said we should like to see the real thing if opportunity offered. Pretty soon, when we had passed into another office, the Major in charge of the prisoners' examinations in the last branch visited came and said the Boche had made a little raid near St. Mihiel and lost two prisoners and we were invited to witness the examination. As the Captain said, "They're pretty flat when first captured," and seem willing to talk a little in reply to questions. The first thing is take from them any papers or documents they have. One of these had some postal cards, one of which I inclose, and a little diary. He was a stolid looking brute, as all one's enemies always are, rather mussed up and dirty looking from trench life, and possibly from some man-handling he might have had incident to his capture, but his face would light up with a heavy smile when answering. He was about twenty, I fancy, and a typical heavy peasant type. He was questioned on his diary, among other things, to test his veracity. Well, the interesting feature of his examination for me was when the interpreter, indicating Captain Collins and myself, asked him if he recognized our uniforms. He did not, but grinned a little when told we were Americans. He was then asked if he had heard that the Americans were helping France, and said "Nein." Then, if he liked the idea of Americans taking part

in the war. He hesitated a moment, and then replied: "For me the war is over and it makes no difference."

We were taken at the close of the morning to call on General Destanave, who commands the local troops at Souilly, and told that we were to be guests of his mess during our stay. One of his officers is a Captain Gallifet, the son of the late General Marquis le Gallifet, a very gallant cavalry general of the Second Empire and the Franco Prussian War; one of the most noted French cavalrymen since the First Empire. He spent four years on a farm near Houston, Texas, and of course speaks excellent English. He had resigned on going to America but is again in service. At the same time appeared Major Bunau-Varilla of Panama Canal and Treaty fame, who left the tropics to come home and engage in the war. He is in the Engineers and in charge of the water supply of the Second Army,—no small job. Getting water pipes to trenches on a hill under artillery fire is no play. Both Gallifet and Bunau-Varilla, to be hereafter known in these unimportant annals as B-V, spent the afternoon with us.

We visited the map section of the G.S. which happens to be run here by a naval engineer with experience in their naval hydrographic office. The plant is very complete and turns out beautiful maps. They get up the draft here and for a comparatively small number can do the color printing by hand, but generally the turning of them out in quantity is done in Paris. When one realizes that a single map to be done in colors involves as many runs through the press or off the stone as there are colors in it, six in some that we saw, the slowness of the hand process is realized. Its importance nearly all ties up with aviation and artillery. The airplanes

take the photos. A big map is kept, and by agreement the planes are assigned to particular areas on it. Certain types of planes are assigned to a certain strip from the actual first-line trenches back on the German side; and certain others to miscellaneous areas farther back than that,—the one requiring more speed than the other. On the guide map is marked in color every spot from over which a photo is taken, a different color for every day. For the period immediately preceding a contemplated attack a certain part will be almost solid color from the number of marks showing that pictures were taken there. When brought in the photo is at once developed, and a special man with the aviators studies it for signs of anything new since the last picture from about the same height and place. Any such he marks in red and sends the photo to the map section, where the change is carried to the maps. The photos are taken from varying heights, depending on circumstances.

After the maps B-V and Gallifet took us to Verdun, stopping on the way at several of B-V's water posts, as was natural in an enthusiast who, interested in water, supposed that everybody else was also. He put a severe strain on my memory of a rather brief course in geology thirty-three years ago, by expecting me to know that in Jurassic limestone one may often find water in abundance near the tops of the hills, and proved it by showing me the water, gushing forth. Also the said Jurassic limestone through the country beside the road furnished a quickly procurable road material which helped to save France during the months the Germans were pounding at Verdun's front. "Through this road as an artery," remarked B-V, "flowed the life blood of France for five months." From

Bar-le-Duc, the railhead, forty miles to the front at Verdun, a constant stream of motor trucks in both directions brought up supplies of food and munitions and carried back wounded for five months, running as closely, as I said in the diary this morning, as on Fifth Avenue. Three thousand men, or roughly one to every fifty yards, stood shovel and pick in hand and threw stone on the road to keep it in repair through all those months, and France kept her word: "They shall not pass!!"

Why the Germans lavished their thousands on Verdun is not quite clear to me. Verdun is not far from the center of the line from the North Sea to Switzerland; it was the portion in front of the German Crown Prince; it is practically on the watershed which divides the waters of the Rhine and the North Sea from those which empty into the Seine and eventually into the Bay of Biscay and the English Channel. In all history Verdun has marked a meeting place of the races. In a sense it has been a gateway. The watershed here is a matter of no more than hundreds of yards in width, and like the Pass of Dariel and the Khyber Pass, through which the races have poured throughout the ages, it seems to have been a gateway through which humanity has surged since Time was young.

The present fortress of Verdun is one of those great fortresses built by France when her military engineers were the greatest in the world. It is the work of Vauban, and was built in the seventeenth century, along perhaps about 1670. It borders the Meuse River on one side; its great gates are still the entrance to the ruined city which surrounded the fortress until last year; and everything about it is eloquent with age. When the German tide began to pound against its

walls a year ago it had 15,000 inhabitants, the city had, and to-day there are only seven civilian inhabitants in its limits, but the little cemetery just outside the walls is a great cemetery now, and the people of Verdun who have not found a resting place in that cemetery are scattered through France, if not throughout the world.

Roughly running northeast and southwest a little distance beyond Verdun are two ridges on the northern side of the Meuse. On each there is one point higher than the rest. On the one farthest north, nearest to Germany, this is Douaumont; on the one near Verdun, it is Vaux. Each is about 1200 feet above sea level. The two ridges are about a mile apart and generally parallel. Douaumont is a concrete fort, one of those built by France along her German frontier after 1870, and with Vaux, similarly built, was an outwork of the fortress of Verdun. The French seem after Liége and Antwerp to have believed that no fort could stand the German guns, and that Douaumont and Vaux could not be held. Whether this helped the Germans to get them or not I do not know, but suspect it had its influence. Both are on the ends of the ridges nearest Germany. In June last year the Germans got both, and swept on southwest until they practically dominated the Douaumont, or ridge farthest north, and held the northeast end of the Vaux ridge also. Their lines moved out on the slopes at the southern end of the Douaumont ridge and spent themselves against the French holding Souville at the southern end of the other ridge. They piled their dead in thousands in that valley and ravine, and held trenches in it for a month, dashing themselves day after day and week after week against the heights of Souville. One cannot grudge them their due

as soldiers, nor withhold tribute to their staying qualities; but when he has said all that may be said for them, and it is much, what shall he say for the little men that stayed the on-coming flood of German invasion, and said and made good: "On ne passe pas!"

This afternoon we went out to Souville and spent some time looking over the narrow valley toward the ridge dominated by Douaumont. An automobile road has been built by the French on the reverse slope, and then along the northern side. It is concealed from German observation balloons by "camouflage," in this case a screen on something like poultry netting which for a mile is stretched on poles twenty feet high on the side toward the Germans, being covered with something like burlap and by Madagascar grass woven into the netting. At the end we stopped and dismounted from the machines and studied the country. Once a wood, it is now a war-forest looking like the stubby beard of a tramp, though sparse as the scattering hair on the top of a partially bald man. In an area seen here, and later, as large probably as the city of Washington, there is not a space as large as a small bed-room which is not a shell hole. It is as pitted as the face of one who has had smallpox, and the holes vary from those in which one might bury a horse to those in which 1616 21st St., N. W., might be concealed. The vegetation is starting to cover the scars, and scarlet poppies are blooming over it, but nature's effort, by partly hiding the pitfalls, makes it worse for one who might try to traverse it.

Douaumont at the distance, perhaps a mile, of Souville looks like a sand dune along the ocean drive south of San Francisco. Souville itself, which once was something, is

nothing now. Graves are everywhere, and there are thousands of them without a mark, the dead lying where they fell. The French crosses with a little tricolor rosette with two streamers dot the landscape; sometimes the cross has a little steel helmet hanging on it. Sometimes nothing but a little wooden cross with *Français* scrawled on it. And what shall one say of the unshriven Germans who rotted where they fell, and even yet when the north wind blows make the air unbearable! While we stood looking the Germans threw a few shells in our neighborhood, planting four or five within two hundred yards of where we stood; six-inch shells, probably intended for the crossroads, which are favorite places for practice. We drove back down the ridge toward Verdun and then went up the other ridge toward Douaumont, stopping within a mile of it, and examining some dugouts where the Engineers are quartered. Work is being done on the roads which are being extended toward Douaumont to bring forward the French artillery for the attack which we came out to see and which will require perhaps until August 1 to prepare. We walked a little beyond where the Engineers were quartered and were a quarter of a mile from a battery in a ravine, a French battery.

The Germans began tossing a few six-inch shells, apparently intended for the battery, four of which landed in a space the size of a city block and within two hundred yards of the French battery and slightly nearer to us. Each whistles through the air with a characteristic sound, and explodes and throws up dirt as high as a second-story house. When you hear the whistle, it has already passed and it is

too late to do anything about it, though you do feel like gathering yourself into smaller space, as I always lift my foot when passing closely an automobile on my side of the car. You hear the sound when the shell is fired, then a few seconds later the whistle, and then almost simultaneously the explosion of the shell, and see the smoke and dirt.

We drove back by Verdun and out by the south to near the fort of Vaux, and took a look with glasses over the German lines, which here are quite near, but the day was dying and we had to return. Just as we started to climb into our motorcars, a German airplane was heading toward our lines, and a battery of French anti-aircraft guns that we had not known was concealed very near us began firing at it. The burst of its shrapnel could be easily seen near the plane, and it turned towards its own people. Both northwest and southeast the lines could be followed by the two lines of observation balloons which at intervals of several miles swing two or three thousand feet above their respective lines. It is a duty which would never be popular with me, that swinging in a basket below a big sausage balloon anchored by a steel cable to an earth some two thousand feet below. It is a five-hour detail, I hear, and when attacked by the enemy airplanes one unfurls the parachute which is strapped to him when he goes up, and drops to earth. It is what you might call a conspicuous position, unhampered by superior officers, free from ordinary annoyances, cool, well ventilated, not bothered by noise, exempt from routine callers, very little paper work, much quiet opportunity for reflection,—and yet I do not want it.

June 26, 1917.

We stopped twice on the road to Souilly last night to look at B-V's water stations of which he is very proud. One well-boring apparatus, an American Ingersoll machine, he said, had flying from a staff above it, the Tricolor and a badly faded Stars and Stripes which he said had been unfurled there the day the United States entered the war.

We dined with General Destanave, a very good dinner, with the inevitable wines. It rained and kept us a while at the barracks where the old General has his mess. As we walked back toward where he lives, also toward where I am billeted, he used a Spanish word, and to my pleasure I found he knew some Spanish. He spent ten years in Senegambia, Nigeria and the Sahara, and has commanded and likes black troops. He is rather a picturesque old chap.

To-day we went out to Douaumont to visit the fort, the outside of which we saw from a mile away yesterday. We went in motor cars to the ridge where we went yesterday afternoon and then went on afoot, forty minutes' walk. A little foot-and-a-half light railway has been laid towards Douaumont, and we followed it. It runs along the top of the ridge and through partially leveled shell holes, bordered by every evidence of war. Broken rifles, canteens, barbed wire, a tangle of insulated telephone wires, cracker tins, jam cans, unexploded grenades, empty artillery shells, a cap which once covered the head of some blond German boy perhaps, spurned by the foot of B-V, who muttered "Swine cap"; a boot and in it the foot of a German still encased in its woolen sock, here and there a mass of something in uniform, referred to by B-V

in his peculiar English as the "rest of a German," by which he did not mean the repose but the remainder of a German; rusty disabled machine guns; all the flotsam and jetsam of the tide of war, a tide which on this ridge broke and flowed backward toward the German ocean. B-V has some peculiar expressions. He is strong on the Jurassic limestone and water supply, and may know something of the other hard materials. He said this morning, referring to the importance of artillery, "You must get it into the heads of your infantry, driving it in as a nail, as it were."

As we wended our way toward Douaumont the Germans began sending over an occasional shell towards the battery where we saw them yesterday, and they grew more numerous as we neared Douaumont. As I said, the latter looks like a sand dune, but when you get near it you can distinguish that the heap has a depression in front of it, running around it, which gradually, with the knowledge you have that the dune is actually a fort, begins to take the shape of the fosse of a fort. Finally you go down into the fosse and find a small entrance much like the entrance to a good-sized dog house, and you enter and find yourself in a slimy dripping corridor, dimly lighted by electricity, with branches here and there, steps, doors, and eventually you bring up at the office of the commandant, a very nice young Frenchman of Irish descent named Gilson.

The place is a complete little underground establishment, holding several hundred men, lighted by electricity, running its own power plant and lights, full of arms of all sorts, dark, dank and smelly, but a real little fort, with barracks room, officers' rooms, mess rooms, wells, etc., etc. We spent two

hours looking it over. The Germans held it a while but were driven out by the French and their dead choked the corridors for a time, but there is no evidence of German efficiency there now except a few signboards, several German machine guns, searchlights, etc. Captain Gilson has a nice little guestbook and we were the first Americans registered in it. We had looked things over pretty well in two hours, and suddenly B-V broke into a sort of dog trot, calling us to follow. Away we went down slippery slopes, slimy steps, along dark corridors, down and down, where one had to walk with his head against his stomach, the passage was so narrow and low. When we had traveled pretty well into the bowels of the earth, B-V gave a little yelp of satisfaction, darted around a dark corner, and showed us an American handpump on the job. It took us fifteen minutes to climb back to the level we had left.

We walked back down to where the autos were, forty-five minutes. The shells were still dropping over, and one landed in behind us where some members of the party estimated that had we been three minutes later in starting, we might have interfered with its landing.

We ran into Verdun, where we were to have luncheon in the fortress, and passed a most interesting two hours there. The commandant, Colonel A. Dehay, had invited us. We passed through a long barracks-like room where many junior officers were eating, and at the end found a very cozy little mess room used by the Colonel and four or five of his officers. It was brilliantly lighted by electricity. Several things attracted my attention. In each corner there was a cuirass, bearing on its face the eagles of the Empire. Over the door was a frame carrying under glass the motto of Verdun: *On*

ne passe pas. On one wall a picture of a French soldier's grave, the little cross with a chasseur cap hanging on it, and beside it a dog in the moonlight with his head raised toward heaven. Yesterday Queen Amélie, the Queen Mother of Portugal, who is an Orléans princess, had visited the fortress and taken luncheon with the Colonel, and they said I sat in the same chair at his right to-day. The Queen had nothing on me!!! Captain le Gallifet with some apparent pride said of her: "She is still French." They said that some time ago two French Bourbon princes, brothers of the Austrian Empress Zita, who are officers in the Belgian artillery, visited Verdun, and said: "How we wish we were allowed to wear the French uniform and fight with you." The luncheon was a very good one, and at the end Colonel Dehay toasted the American Army and flag, and I replied: "We drink to France without whose aid one hundred and fifty years ago we might not be here to-day," which seemed to be accepted as all right.

After luncheon we spent two hours looking through the old fortress. B-V said he wished to show me an example of fidelity, and took me in the engine room and showed me a big engine, which he said was a most wonderful example, having started running August 3, 1914, and never having stopped since. To this I lightly replied that I knew a better example of a bigger better machine, and when B-V looked puzzled and doubtful, I said the French Army went into operation August 3, 1914, and was still working. If my foot had slipped a little I might have spoiled it by saying it began to run on August 3, 1914, and was still running, but I did not say it. The French through an interpreter strikes one as ex-

tremely circuitous, and reminds one of that story of the Chinese interpreter in a court who, translating for a witness about a dog, was asked what color the dog was. After ten minutes of exchange of gutterals, he remarked "He say, black dog," whereupon the judge, who was in a hurry, said "Thank God it wasn't black-and-tan." However, the sounds are growing daily more intelligible.

The old fortress, which has literally miles of walled galleries, is an establishment very complete in itself: officers' quarters, barracks, hospital, kitchens, dining rooms, a little Catholic chapel, a mill for grinding wheat into flour, a bakery for making the flour into bread for many hundreds of men in the front, offices, a printing office, winding stairways, storehouses for food and munitions, tons and tons of ammunition. It also has numerous field pieces of various calibers all pointed toward Germany, and with ranges measured, some of them reaching several miles behind the present German lines. Many machine guns command the flanks of its ancient bastions, and it is still a strong place even before modern artillery. It has not been seriously pierced even though under German fire for a long time and struck by some shells as large as my wife. Its outer upper buildings are pretty well punctured, but as a monument to Vauban, and to the thousands of French serfs who in the glorious days of the seventeenth century probably built it without wages, it still survives.

I believe I said that of fifteen thousand who a year ago lived in the city which surrounded it there are to-day but seven left within its walls. Generally the first impressions born of the fall of Liége and Antwerp seem to me to be disappearing, and heavy guns mounted in forts along a frontier like that

which divides Germany and France will still have their uses to stay invasions. The war seems to have grown out of two very unworthy peoples, the Servians and the Belgians, for whom no one particularly, even their allies, has any great respect. Both English and French seem to despise the Belgians, and speak lightly of their worth as soldiers, notwithstanding the popular newspaper heroics on the subject of Belgium.

One of the officers at luncheon who sat on my right was that Paul Renouard, the French artist, whose etchings have often delighted the eye of those who used to read *Harper's* and certain other American periodicals.

June 27, 1917.

I have determined to return to Paris to-morrow, and as a last day's program it was arranged to-day that we should visit the trenches. The place selected was the extreme left of the Second Army where it connects with the Fourth Army in the great Forest of Argonne. It is a region where some of the fiercest fighting of the war has been done but it is quiet enough now, apparently. It is not as safe as Rock Creek Cemetery but it is probably less dangerous than Pennsylvania Avenue or "F" Street on a busy afternoon. At seven we started in motor cars, Collins and le Galliffet in one car and a young General Staff captain named de Goulaine with myself in another. The young captain is a cavalryman in peace times, and an instructor in the French Cavalry School at Saumur. Neat and dapper as are all French officers of the staff, he was a model among the rest. I have not seen any

French staff officer with other than spotless collar and cuffs on this trip; and I have seen no bathtub since I left Paris. I cannot quite figure out the combination but believe it the reverse of what General Wood once said about Judge Springer: "Many a dirty shirt conceals a pure heart."

We motored probably fifteen or sixteen miles, through the little village of Autremont where troops are resting, past the ruined village of Clermont, over wooded hills where we could see the big sausage balloons marking the distant German and nearer French lines, and finally entered the Forest of Argonne. The little sixty-centimeter light railroad was paralleling our road to the front, and finally we began passing prepared positions in the forest, trenches with barbed-wire entanglements in front of them,—positions prepared to fall back to in case of reverse. What a wilderness of barbed wire this war has strung over France. They call it *fil de fer,* a much prettier name than barbed wire.

Pretty soon our machines halted, and we got out, adjusted our gas masks in case around our necks, handy if needed, and put on the little steel hat or helmet, which protects one from an occasional glancing fragment of shrapnel if he should be so unlucky as to be struck. We walked forward through the forest, passing the outlet of various *boyaux,* as the communicating trenches are called, and finally reached the Poste de Commandement of the 311th Infantry Regiment, in the sector of which we were to see the trenches. It was on the reverse side of a slope in the forest, dugouts floored with concrete, sided with lumber, offices, telephone, kitchens, mess rooms, neat as could be, and really very comfortable. Poste de C. as named above means really Regimental Headquarters of

the 311th Infantry, but the French do not refer to "head-quarters" with anything less than a brigade. In the establishment was included also Poste de Secour, or dressing station for wounded, which included underground beds for forty persons. A door led into the side of the hill, over which a sign read "St. Gothard." It was a tunnel which led through the hill, about eight hundred yards, opening out in a narrow little valley just behind a hill or ridge on which runs the French extreme front line. It was lighted by dim electricity, and through it ran the little sixty-centimeter railroad. It permits food and troops to pass safely to the front, and through it are brought back the wounded.

We climbed the hill through zigzag trenches, while over our heads an occasional shell passed and exploded in the woods behind. On the top we threaded a labyrinth of trench which parallels the German trenches but forty to fifty yards distant. Every fifteen to twenty yards there is a sentry post and an automatic rifle; between them there is generally a little banquette from which to fire, and in the trench wall in easy reach of any one standing on the banquette there is invariably a little box fitted in and filled with hand-grenades. Between the two lines, the No Man's Land of which we have heard so much, is a wilderness of barbed wire. Sentry posts are usually with an overhead covering and with a narrow slit arranged to look through. I looked through several and all you could see was apparently a similar slit forty yards distant, through which you knew a German was watching our lines. Generally behind each sentry is a bundle of rockets, which when sent up call for artillery assistance. The inimitable French 75's are always on the job and can at once

rain a curtain of projectiles between the narrowly separated trenches. This is the *tir du barrage.* Day before yesterday the Germans seemed to meditate a little rush, and the barrage was dropping in forty-five seconds from the time the rocket went up. Pretty good work, I think. Not many men besides these sentries are up in the line. They rush forward on signal, the barrage drops and the German stops. Simple enough apparently.

We explored the entire front held by the 1st Battalion of the 311th, and spent until eleven doing it. There are numerous little embrasures for machine guns, some for light artillery, some for quickfirers issued one to a battalion. The dugouts are not so bad, but it is dry weather now here, and must be frightful when the trenches are wet. It also went ten below zero in this region last winter. We passed a very interesting morning, and apparently a very safe one. The Lieutenant Colonel of the 311th wears the Croix de Guerre with three palm branches and a star or so, which means that he has been cited in orders for bravery at least three times. I was walking directly behind him as we went into the trenches, and made up my mind to do as he did as regarded my personal conduct during the morning. When a shell went over that did not seem to be so very high in the air, I had ducked and was through with it when he ducked, but I did not feel so mortified about it, after seeing what a Croix de Guerre man with three palms did about it.

The Prussian Guards are in front of the 311th. Three days ago, in a quiet moment, a stone with a note in French tied to it was thrown over into our trenches. It said: "If you will show me a loaf of bread I will come to-night where

the loaf of bread is shown." It was stuck up on a bayonet, and that night a deserter came in from the Prussian Guard.

We drove back and had luncheon with General Franiatte, the Chief of the Second Army Artillery whose promotion to Major General is in the morning paper. After luncheon, which included a little speech from the General and one from me, we had an extremely interesting account, by the man who organized it, of the use of the French artillery in the fight at Verdun of October 24 last. A very instructive lecture, and I told him it showed the French Government made no mistake in making him a Major General.

Colonel Graves, General Staff, one of the Chauncey Baker Mission, has shown up in headquarters, and I have seen a good deal of him this afternoon. My soldier striker, once a waiter in a Chicago hotel, is packing me up and it is time to go to dinner. Our last dinner is to be with General Guillaumat, commanding this Second Army, and I fancy it means a speech or two.

July 4, 1917.

Some uneventful days, but days full of work have passed since I made the last entries in this small history of my doings. When I returned from Souilly, a tiresome trip, crowded and hot, I found the General and Colonel Alvord absent at the seashore welcoming the arriving transports bearing the 1st Division. They returned in two days and the ordinary routine has been observed since. All the ships of the First Convoy arrived. The division, an infantry division, is under an Engineer Panama Canal General; a Coast Artillery Colonel is Chief of Staff, and one of the other two General

Staff officers is Field Artillery; the Adjutant General is a Field Artillery Colonel. All good men, but not infantrymen. The Tables of Organization over which we spent so many weeks of toil at the War College in March, April and May, are thrown to the winds by the War Department with the ink on their approval scarcely dry. Those tables contemplated but one colonel on the staff; two came. They contemplated eight quartermasters, only one of them being a lieutenant colonel; three lieutenant colonels came, but only a total of seven. And so on, a waste of rank, and not as workable as the plan they approved and have ignored at the first opportunity.

To-day has been a day of days for America and France. The War Office asked originally troops for the Fourth of July and the Fourteenth, the latter the Day of the Bastille. Then they wakened to the fact that they had other allies who might wonder why Americans were invited on the Fourteenth and they not. The British, the little brunette Portuguese; the slippery and commercial Belgians; the Russians now in a state of discipline where they have had to be withdrawn from the front line, and a captain can enforce no orders until the president of the company has viséed them,—they are all Allies like ourselves, not to mention any wandering Cubans, Japanese, Liberians, Brazilians, Servians, Roumanians and Montenegrins that might blow along, and not omitting our ally that "sella de banan," all of whom are enlisted in the sacred cause of Democracy like ourselves. So they decided to omit Allied participation in the Day of the Bastille, and invite US for our own Day. The General had gone to the coast, and left me to settle our participation, so I decided on

a regimental headquarters and one battalion, in order to get the colors and the band. When he returned he decided to bring a battalion of the 16th, of his old 8th Brigade, with Colonel Allaire's headquarters and one battalion. They came came up on the third, were put up in French barracks and generally made welcome. The Y. M. C. A., with big rubber-neck cars from the War Office, took them all over Paris in the afternoon, and the Colonel kept them pretty well in barracks for the remainder of the day and the night.

The program for to-day in general was a ceremony in Les Invalides at eight-forty-five, followed by a march across the city to the Picpus cemetery where La Fayette is buried; then a luncheon by the American Chamber of Commerce to which officers of rank were invited; then a reception at the Sign of the Stuffed Shirt; and in the evening a dinner at d'Armenonville, a very attractive resort out along the Bois de Boulogne, given by General Foch, Chief of the French General Staff.

At eight-thirty a French band about the size of our old Constabulary band came into the courtyard at 73 rue de Varenne, where we live, and played a reveille and fanfare, a very stirring thing. The General and one officer were to go from there to Les Invalides, where flags were to be presented, one to the 16th Infantry Battalion by the town of Puy where La Fayette was born; one to the General by the Order of Cincinnati which has had a branch in France since the days of our Revolution. In addition, the American flag borne by the so-called American Volunteers in this war, now that the regulars are here and the Army is in the saddle, was to be deposited in the Invalides along with other battle flags

of days gone by; beside perhaps the flags of Austerlitz, Marengo, Jena, and a score of others. Colonel de Chambrun and I and one or two others walked over to the Invalides where officers not actually taking part were expected to stand, he said, and with difficulty made out to get in through the thousands which already extended through the broad stretch reaching toward the bridge of the Seine. The ceremony was to be in the inner square, the Place d'Armes of the Invalides, a big paved enclosure perhaps four hundred feet on a side, with galleries all around it. All the galleries were full, even to the rounded windows away above them, people in every possible corner and hanging out of crevices. I had sent Mrs. Cameron two tickets which had been given to me but did not know until later that she was there.

On three sides of this big Cour d'Honneur were lined up the big up-standing men of the 16th Infantry, the missing side being that of the entrance. In the center of the square stood the little group with the flags, an officer or two of staff and some orderlies, and a few officials of the War Office. In the center of the gallery opposite the entrance, midway between the latter and the great gilded dome at the back under which rests the tomb of Napoleon, looking down as it were on the stirring scene to be enacted before him, stood a life-size figure of the Little Corporal in the familiar cocked hat and chasseur coat. The whole atmosphere was redolent of the great days of France, the old Bourbon Church with its memories of the Grand Monarch; the tomb which we all knew to be at the back and which makes it a shrine for the world; the little groups of old broken soldiers who find a home here since the days of Napoleon.

THE OGDEN MILLS RESIDENCE AT 73 RUE DE VARENNE, PARIS

Once the home of Marshal Lannes, and occupied by General Pershing whenever in Paris, from June, 1917, until September, 1919. View from the garden looking toward the back of the house.

After waiting a few minutes, a band was heard and in swung a small battalion of French infantry in the now familiar steel trench helmet, long gray-blue coats, and puttees. They looked very businesslike, though small compared to our tall Americans, and were, of course, cheered loudly. Then great cheering outside marked the entrance of Marshal Joffre, who may be and doubtless is a great soldier, but looks like a simple old peasant, or a prosperous baker or butcher from the back districts, or even a *padre* who had let his mustache grow and put on some red trousers. In came the Marshal followed by his staff and amid the plaudits of thousands.

A moment later the shouts outside and the stirring of the crowd told that the American was approaching, and in came Pershing followed by a single Aide. He was cheered to the echo. It is early to say what the General will do in the war. It might end before he has a chance. There is always a possible tragedy in the career of every general who starts to serve our hysterical inefficient people, whose thousand activities at this very moment seem to be moving along parallel lines instead of being converged on the one object, and whose idea of conducting the war seems to be to send crowds of individuals and commissions of every description to visit France, and to talk, talk, talk. But whatever the future holds for him, General Pershing certainly looks his part since he came here. He is a fine figure of a man; carries himself well, holds himself on every occasion with proper dignity; is easy in manner, knows how to enter a crowded room, and is fast developing into a world figure. He has captured the fickle Paris crowd at any rate, and could be elected King of France to-morrow if it depended on Paris. He has a fine

sense of the dramatic; as, for example, the day he first visited the tomb of Napoleon, when in the Museum on the other side the tottering old soldier attendant took out the sword of Napoleon and offered to let him take it. Ninety-nine men of any hundred of military men would have taken it and handled it with reverence, but not so our hundredth man; he bowed from the hips without a second's hesitation, his hands at his sides, and reverently kissed the sword of the great soldier, and it made a tremendous impression not only on the French officers but on our own.

The President of the Republic, as they always style him over here, came in, and the group in the center was completed. The President accompanied by General Pershing walked our lines, the big American striding along and dwarfing the little bourgeois President. Then the flags were presented. To the General a small red two-starred flag of a Major General and a small United States flag of the same size, both beautifully embroidered on very heavy silk, and mounted on true lances, each bearing a small silver plate appropriate to the occasion in its inscription. Then the lace-edged flag from Puy, also on heavy double silk and embroidered on both sides. Then the tottering old veterans, a little group who came out to receive for custody the flag of the American Volunteers, which, its field work over, will appear no more on the battle line, but hang, as François Villon put in it *If I were King,* in the arches of the old church, "until the King's name is but a golden line in chronicles grey with age." It was a tremendously moving scene. Perhaps twice in her history foreign troops have entered that old Cour d'Honneur; once in 1815, after Waterloo; again in 1870 after Sedan, and

violated that inner shrine of French history; but never before has an ally penetrated with its armed men that holy of French holies. It certainly meant much for France, much for Germany, and I believe a new era for America; and no American could look on it without a thrill and the tears starting to his eyes.

The presentation over, the 16th Infantry band came into the court, and the rollicking strains of a good American marching air pealed forth. The little French battalion marched out, followed by the Americans, who looked very tall, and marched with that swing which we are proud to believe characterizes our Regulars. The President and Pershing were reviewing them; the geography of the court had been worked out so that each company appeared to march from the back, directly under the statue of Napoleon, the full length of the court, with time to straighten out in column. Fine big companies of over two hundred men each, under our new provisional organization. It was plain to us who have known the American Regulars for years that they were not up to the standard, say of '98, for there were so very many recruits, but nevertheless they looked well and swung along, and kept their eyes to the front. How the thousands did cheer to the echo as the head of the column passed under the arch and out into the outer court. They marched on to the tomb of La Fayette at Picpus Cemetery, perhaps three miles away, and every step brought an ovation. Girls, women, men crowded into the street, linked arms with the flank men of the fours, and swept on down the avenue in step with American music. Flowers were showered on them from every side; and the roar of applause rose and never died away. As far as the eye

could reach the mass of French people stretched. The crowd kept step with our men, and the latter carried themselves well, and looked straight to the front. It was a sight never to be forgotten, nor equaled, until perhaps some day our war-worn battalions shall march down the Champs Élysées after the Germans have been pushed over the Rhine, and our faces shall turn homeward.

The American Chamber of Commerce gave a luncheon, its Twenty-Third Annual event of the kind, and the principal staff officers were invited from our Headquarters. There were perhaps four or five hundred people. The president of the Chamber is Judge Berry, for many years a judge for America in the so-called Mixed Court which used to sit at Cairo and try international cases arising in Egypt. Our Ambassador was at his right; Viviani at his left. The white-haired old Prime Minister, M. Ribot, whose eyes are still bright with youth, though his hand trembles; the rather good-looking Minister of War who looks like Judge Elliott of Philippine memory; deputies by the dozen; our nice-looking American Admiral Gleaves; Generals Foch, Dubail, Marshal Joffre, and others made it quite a distinguished gathering.

Americans in Paris for various purposes, from all parts of our land, figured in it. The luncheon was given in the Hôtel Palais d'Orsay on the banks of the Seine. It opened with the iced salmon and mayonnaise that seems to be the first course these days at most of the functions we attend. All kinds of wine. Wine-drinking seems an art with the French, almost a religion. Some of them seem to judge your respectability, or at least your *savoir faire,* by whether you drink red or white with certain courses,—as is, of course,

proper. It is not quite so much of a ceremony with me,—I drink what I like when I like it,—but with them it is almost like ceremonial tea in Japan. One of the notables mentioned, or that should have been mentioned above, was the Japanese Ambassador, representing our democratic Ally, the Mikado. Small, almond-eyed, swarthy, a typical Oriental, he sat with his bright little eyes roving over the gathering, no doubt making mental note that honorable Occidental make much honorable talk on honorable anniversary.

The hour for speeches arrived, as it always does at American gatherings on July 4, when of all days of the year we spend least time hating ourselves. Judge Berry rose, and in what I took to be faultless French, began to speak. It was really a pleasure to hear him. You can tell an orator no matter in what rare tongue he speaks, and even with my small knowledge of French I could follow him in practically every period. He spoke of Monsieur le Maréchal Joffre, and of M. Viviani, le Maréchal of eloquence; of the trials and hopes of France; of how she had sent forth her young manhood; of the deathless desire for the rewinning of Alsace and Lorraine; of the brutality of the German, his leprous character,—a very eloquent speech. He was applauded to the echo when he concluded. After the applause had died away, and it was long in dying, he said in English that it was the custom of the President always to address the Chamber in French on these annual occasions, but that *he* wished to add a few words in English. He then addressed himself to General Pershing, and told how for three years the Americans had watched and waited; what it meant to them to see their own soldiers marching down the streets of Paris.

He said they had "seen the young, the middle-aged of France march forth to die. To us who have seen that, your coming, General Pershing, was as the dawn after the blackness of terrible night, hailed by us as the sign that those brave and gallant-hearted shall not have died in vain." Or words to that effect. I cannot pretend to quote him. I only know that it made the tears come to my eyes, and gave me a pride that I cannot describe that I form a small, very small, part of that host whose coming means so much to France.

Other men followed in speeches but Judge Berry's was easily the best effort of the hour. M. Ribot, the Prime Minister, followed in French, making points that won French and American applause; his glasses dropping from his thin old nose as he read his speech, and his hand trembling so with age that he was repeatedly replacing or trying to replace them. His Excellency, the Ambassador from Ohio, was then introduced, and made a schoolboy effort which was in the "also ran" class of Fourth of July oratory, telling how the registration officers ran out of blanks in his town, thus proving the patriotism of young men in his town who designedly found themselves between twenty-one and thirty on that historic occasion, instead of proving carelessness on the part of the registration authorities. The last speech was from the Honorable Brand Whitlock, Minister to Belgium, which was quite a good speech, though not rising to the heights of Judge Berry's. Amid loud cries of "Viviani" the meeting adjourned, no one concerned with making the program having contemplated any speech from the William J. Bryan of France, who sat there trying to look unwilling while his claquers were doing their work.

We terminated the luncheon just in time to rush to the Embassy where the Ambassador and lady were receiving with open house. There were jams of people, by no means all of them Americans. Bevies of women got the General into a corner and pawed him over, until it is a wonder his head is not turned, though I have seen no signs of it. This "at home" lasted from four to six. I saw two or three people I had met; Mrs. Scott, whom I met at Mrs. Cameron's dinner, and Miss Birkhead, a reporter for the *New York Herald,* and her mother.

That evening we were invited, the principal staff officers, to a dinner by General Foch, the Chief of the French General Staff, at Armenonville, a resort out some distance from the heart of the city, along the Bois de Boulogne. It is a most attractive place, and the dinner was good. There was the usual array of wines, and French dishes. One speech from General Foch and one from General Pershing, who really has the art of saying a few very smooth effective sentences in an impressive manner. I forgot to say that the General toasted the French Army at the Chamber of Commerce luncheon, showing great feeling, and was greeted with prolonged applause. After the dinner speeches, considerable informality reigned. I noticed one usually grave serious officer trying to instruct his neighbor, a French General Staff officer, in the lofty strains of John Brown's body supposed to be moldering in the tomb.

A little later a French star of the grand opera entered, accompanied by a little pianist who came up to her shoulders, and sang a marching song, composed for General Pershing, she said, but which on the score said "Dedicated to President

Wilson." It was quite a stirring song. She then came and sat down between Generals Foch and Pershing and took coffee with us, and later, in response to a politic request from our Chief, went to the piano and sang "La Marseillaise," an always stirring song. She sang it with all the arts of a good actress, and it certainly stirred one's blood. I know of no anthem that touches it for stirring effect. It seemed a fitting end for a day in which the feeling of France for America was shown as probably for no other nation in all time.

I expect to see no more days to equal it until we march through Paris en route for the sea on our way home.

July 10, 1917.

The days glide by and a month has gone since we landed in Liverpool. We are getting our wants before the War Department by cable, but are getting but little action. Inefficiency is inseparable from Democracy. General Pershing represents his Government in Europe and is expected to fight its battles when we get some troops over. He no doubt had the complete confidence of those over him or he would not be here. But he gets little attention. The system is to blame. Much is tied up in the President; much in the Secretary of War; and there is no follow-up system in the War Department to get things done promptly, or to get them done at all. Our relations with the French are continually embarrassed by delays. Matters come up which have to be cabled to Washington. God knows we cable nothing that we can settle ourselves, but there are some things that are necessarily settled there.

The French call on us for such matters. We say we have not yet heard from the War Department. They then cable their Embassy and they send down the Attaché to the War Department, and he finds out things, and wires his people, so that repeatedly we get news affecting us through the French War Office before we get it from our own War Department, and some things we get only through the French. No cable ever reached us about the sailing of our first convoy. Four transports sail to-morrow, according to the French, but we know nothing of them. General Biddle, with some Engineers, has sailed but we only know of it through the French War Office. They know at this moment more about the number of troops we expect to get over here by Christmas than we know ourselves. I fancy they do not think much of our co-ordination system.

July 12, 1917.

The Baker mission left last night for America via England. We shall now breathe more freely that they are gone, but while they have been of some bother I am sure their visit will make things easier for us after they return with the knowledge they have gained.

A visitor to-day was Thomas Nelson Page, our Ambassador to Italy, and the author of *Marse Chan*, etc. He is a very agreeable man. The Duke of Connaught is also in town, the uncle of King George. King George and Queen Mary are up at the British front.

I dined to-night where the only guest was one of the Philadelphia Drexels; the only non-military guest, I mean. I sat next to him by arrangement of the host, and he talked

to me rather freely of the state of affairs in France. He says it is the most corrupt government on earth; that the power behind the throne is Caillaux, whose wife, you remember, shot a man, and figured four or five years ago in a sensational trial for the crime. Caillaux is a grandson of one of Louis Philippe's ministers, but is a blackguard himself. His name is forbidden in the papers. Drexel says he is hated by the French common people; that he saw a French wounded soldier at Monte Carlo, or the French town nearest Monte Carlo, belaboring Caillaux with his crutch one day, and a crowd drive him into a café for refuge, but he controls the banks, and through them the politicians who nearly all owe him money. Caillaux is intensely pro-German, and perfectly willing to sell France to Germany.

Our conversation ran to the German secret service, and how they seem to know all that goes on in France, and he told me that since the beginning of the war the Grand Duchess Anasthasia (can it be Anesthesia?), of Russia, who is the wife of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and mother-in-law of the Imperial German Crown Prince, has lived at the Ritz Hotel here; that he saw her yesterday. She makes periodical trips to Switzerland, which being neutral is also free to German visitors, and when here associates with the high society of the capital. Further, that in Geneva recently he himself saw the Princesse de Polignac, an English-born woman married to a Frenchman, sitting at a table with the German Princess Salm, whom she had come from Paris to visit in Geneva. Again, that a French duchess who before the war was mistress of the First Secretary of the Austrian Embassy, makes periodical and frequent visits to him

in a Swiss town, where he is meeting her from Vienna. And yet we wonder why Germany knows movements in France.

Two nights ago there was a fight in the Café des Ambassadeurs between French and British officers, about forty on a side, which the police were called in to quell. Our Allies seem to hate one another. It is said that Sir John French wished to surrender Ypres in the autumn of 1914, which would have given the Germans Calais and the coast, and that Foch, our host of the Fourth of July night dinner at Armenonville, grabbed Sir John by the shoulders and shook him, and said "By God you shall not surrender Ypres," and he didn't. Sir John, now Viscount French, was kept in command a year longer though, and finally relieved because of some scandal about keeping his château filled with French women from gay Paris. It is said that the jealousy between British and French had its origin in the British consciousness of superior French generalship. But enough scandal for the night.

July 14, 1917.

To-day is the day of the Bastille. On July 14, 1789, the populace stormed the Bastille and liberated the prisoners. They call the fourteenth of July the *Journée de Paris*. It is to them what our Fourth of July is to us and more, making allowance for the difference in temperament. Speaking of Fourth of July, reminds me of the visit Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., and Frank McCoy made to Notre Dame on July 4. They had gone to the Tour d'Argent (where they have the pressed duck,—remember?) for luncheon and afterwards wandered over into Notre Dame. There were numbers of people pray-

ing, as is universally true in French churches these days. No family in France but has some one for the repose of whose soul prayers should be said. They looked around, and were impressed by the solemnity of the scene, and remembering at the same time that it was July 4, Roosevelt said: "McCoy, don't you think *we* ought to do something!" They agreed that it was up to them to "do something," and debating it, concluded that they ought to burn a candle for some saint. Their list of saints was a short one, until the gifted McCoy thought about Jeanne d'Arc, who, he knew, was a saint, or ought to be, and they concluded that if Jeanne was represented in Notre Dame they would start a candle for her. They started to explore. Several people were attracted by their intensity of purpose, and finally an old lady asked if she could help them. They said they were looking for an image of Ste. Jeanne d'Arc. She said there was one and showed it to them, quite near the high altar. Then a sacristan was called. He was interested, and procured two immense candlesticks. They bought two candles; lighted them at the candles before the high altar. Ste. Jeanne had none burning, so they placed theirs, and felt very virtuous and American. The cathedral had by that time half filled with people, brought in by the news that two Americans were performing some kind of a rite in honor of Jeanne d'Arc, and they left with the impression no doubt left in French minds that Americans considered Jeanne in some way connected with their Fourth of July.

To-day began with a six-thirty breakfast, as there was to be a review of the French troops at the Porte de Vincennes,

beginning at eight o'clock. The General and an Aide were asked to the Presidential box. Others were given tickets to a box where officers of all armies in uniform were placed. Two front rows were for generals, the remainder for lesser rank. Alvord and I went together. The troops were drawn up on either side of the street for a long distance. The nearest band struck up the "Marseillaise," and up drove the little President in a low-necked carriage, with M. Painlevé, the Minister of War; General Foch, the Chief of Staff; and a staff officer. They drove down one side and back the other. Then a number of decorations were bestowed by the President. Perhaps thirty enlisted men and an officer or two were drawn up in line. The President bestowed the Croix de Guerre on them, the band blaring away. As he placed the decoration on each one, he shook hands. After this bestowal of the cross, that squad moved to one side, and one of officers alone moved up. An old officer whose sleeves bore the two stars of a major general, stood out in front, the remainder in line behind him. He had the broad red ribbon, practically a sash, placed around his shoulder, and then the President kissed him on each cheek. He had been invested with the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honor. Then each officer in the little line behind him was given the narrower neck ribbon, red, of a Commander of the Legion of Honor. Then some groans from near-by French officers revealed their disgust at the bestowal of the Grand Cordon on the General who received it. It appears that he was practically disgraced after the first month in Belgium in 1914, for some failure to deliver an order to the British, which led to a retreat, and has

not been trusted with a command since, or in any other way rehabilitated. This prized decoration, to-day, they said was brought about by political influence.

The review then started. At the head of the parade rode Major General Dubail, Military Governor of Paris, and his staff. He turned out after passing the President, but instead of joining him as we do it, turned the other way, and sat on his horse facing the President during the remainder of the review, the troops passing between them. I rather like it better than our way. The first troops to pass were the men just decorated. Then came various troops, about twenty men each from various regiments serving out on the front lines, carrying the colors of the regiment. Evidently they were selected men of selected regiments, as the individuals were practically all decorated men, and the regimental colors were all colors that had been decorated. That means that for some collective gallantry where all members of the regiment seem to do equally well, and the collective whole merits it, the colors of the regiment are decorated, which in effect is to decorate the whole regiment. Almost every man of those regiments, who marched past, bore on his right arm the little chevron above the elbow which indicates that the wearer has been wounded. Some of them wore as many as three of them. It was a very stirring scene. Regiment after regiment marched by in steel helmets, wearing overcoats with the skirts pinned back for marching. When I say regiment I mean the regimental representation of about twenty men and the colors. They certainly looked very businesslike, no fuss and feathers, no new uniforms, but just plain trench-stained clothes, and with fixed bayonets as they marched, they certainly com-

manded respect. Several batteries came by, the famous French Seventy-fives. Several squadrons of cavalry marched past. There is really nothing like the cavalry after all. Then lastly came a division of Chasseurs à Pied, or Light Infantry, which is stationed at the defenses of Paris. They looked and marched splendidly.

Major General Sibert took luncheon with us. There was to be a big entertainment at the Théâtre Trocadero at half past two. The General had a cable to send and went at three, and we found the performance had been held half an hour for us and had finally been started without us. We were ushered into the box with the American Ambassador, the Prince of Monaco, General and Madame Dubail, Bliss, the Counselor of our Embassy, and his nice wife; Boyd, the Attaché, and little Mrs. Boyd; our old one-armed friend Pelletier, and some others. The theater was crowded and holds three thousand people. The performance halted when Pershing appeared and everybody stood up and cheered for some minutes. The General has certainly captured this wicked fascinating city.

The performance was largely musical. On the stage sat, half on either side, an enormous choir from the grand opera. In the center various artists figured. Saint Saëns, the composer, now over eighty-four, played and was encored. Madame Roch of the Opéra Comique recited, in the bassest voice I ever heard a woman use. A little phrase from *Madame Butterfly* was sung. There was a tableau with American and French flags. Several vocal solos. Much "Marseillaise." The same actress sang it, and almost carried herself away with the flood of her own emotions, that rendered

it at the Opéra Comique the third night we were in Paris. Everybody stood up and joined in the chorus. It leads every national anthem I know in real emotional appeal. It has in it the real call to war. A little old maid who sat beside me said " 'The Marseillaise' is the very soul of the French people. It is France. I can never hear it without tears." She was the vice-president of the society that gave the entertainment, which was for the benefit of tubercular French.

After a long intermission, the remainder of the program, which lasted about four hours all together, was supposed to be American. Six songs, "American songs," supposedly, were sung by the choir from the opera. Four I had never heard before, and later learned that though "American songs" they were composed in France and have not yet been heard in America. The last two were "Suwanee River" and "John Brown's body lies-a-moldering in the ground." Then we had the cinematograph of Joffre in New York, and of the arrival of the first American troops, a splendidly moving thing, which brought much cheering. The events of the Fourth of July in the Invalides were also shown, and finally miscellaneous views, including many of Washington, which made me homesick for a woman and a dog last seen at home in that city. Eventually the entertainment ended by "The Star-Spangled Banner" and "La Marseillaise." The crowd surged around us and it took nearly fifteen minutes to get out to the car. They all seemed to wish to shake hands with the Chief.

The new Brigadier General, Peyton C. March, who is to command our 1st Artillery Brigade, gave us at dinner to-night a very graphic account of the way things are going in the

War Department. It must be well nigh hopeless from the story he tells. He says the Mail and Record Room of the A.G.O. is piled six feet deep with papers not yet recorded, and that knowing there was a cable there from General Pershing asking for him, it took six days to get it from the A.G.O. to the Chief of Staff. He says, and the statement was confirmed by others who were present, that the Chief of Staff writes everything out in long hand and does not use a stenographer at all. Uses a stub of a pencil and spends hours over things that ought to be handled in seconds. He predicts the roll of the big steamroller about the date Major General Scott retires. He thinks it will be a clean sweep; if a steamroller can be said to sweep.

July 17, 1917.

There is a trio of Ambassadors in Paris just now. Our own Sharp, Ambassador Thomas Nelson Page from Rome, and Ambassador Henry Morgenthau, originally from Germany, I believe, but more recently our Ambassador to Constantinople. Last night I was invited to dine with the Pages at the Hôtel Crillon, of expensive memory. It was a big dinner party. McCoy, Collins and I were the only military guests. There were two nurses; Minister John W. Garrett; Ambassador and Mrs. Sharp; Miss Sharp; young Mr. Sharp, his father's secretary; Miss Stanton, a granddaughter of Edwin M. Stanton; Colonel and Madame de Chambrun, and one or two others, including the President's son-in-law, F. B. Sayre, an able-bodied young man, over here at present with the Y. M. C. A., and looking so much like Mr. Wilson, that,

he might almost have passed for the President in the latter's early years. The dinner was very nice. I sat between Madame de Chambrun and Miss Sharp. Madame de Chambrun is a sister of Congressman Longworth and therefore a sister-in-law of the only Princess Alice.

After dinner I sat down to talk to the two Ambassadresses, Mesdames Sharp and Page. Mrs. Page is a lovely white-haired woman, a Southerner, interested and interesting. Madame Sharp is a nice billowy type, kindly as can be; no doubt in her youth one of the belles of Elyria, Ohio, from which city the Sharps hail. It developed in the conversation that Mrs. Page had seen our General Order on the duty of our soldiers to respect French women, French property, etc., and she thought it was a good order. Mrs. Sharp was also interested. Mrs. Page said that she had seen my name signed to it and supposed that probably I wrote it. Before I could deny it, good Mrs. Sharp bubbled forth: "Oh, so you are the press agent, are you!!!!" That's the idea our Ambassador's wife has of what a Chef d'État-major does. The Pages are interesting people. The Sharps are good people. The Pages are also good. The Sharps are not also interesting.

July 18, 1917.

I took luncheon to-day in old, old Paris, down the Seine below Notre Dame, on the Quai d'Anjou. Commandant Pichon, who is the chief of the French branch of the Inter-Allied Bureau in Paris, invited Colonel Alvord and myself. As usual I went thinking of it as a stag affair, but it comprised about twenty people, and half of them ladies. The

whole party, barring the British Colonel Bigham and his wife, our Counselor Bliss and wife, and Alvord and me, were of the *haute noblesse* and all talked English. I sat between the Duchesse d'Uzès and a Comtesse Costa, the last name being caught phonetically. The Countess was a little Brittany woman, very proud of being French, very familiar with the great names and great deeds of her country, an extremely clever little woman, with a husband, a captain of infantry, at the front, and two boys not yet old enough to go. Madame la Duchesse d'Uzès was a coarser type, half Russian she told me, and according to my own stenographer, the daughter of a big champagne family, not of noble birth.

The house is a most exquisite old place, untouched through all the political storms which have convulsed France in three centuries. It was built by La Grande Mademoiselle de France, as she was known in her day, the cousin-german of Louis XIV. That lady at about the age of forty fell in love with the Duc de Lausanne. Whether she ever secretly married him or not is uncertain, but she did build for him the house at which I lunched to-day, which still is called the Hôtel de Lausanne. It remained in his family long after the Grande Mademoiselle and her lover had passed away, and three generations ago came into the possession of the grandfather of my host, and from him to the City of Paris, which remained owner until the present Major Pichon came home from Africa a few years ago, and bought it back. It is a gem, a truly royal habitation. Everything about it is royal, the golden rooms, the rich restrained colors that come with age when not conferred by the artist. In the principal sleeping room (dare I say that of the Duc de Lausanne himself?)

there smiles down from the wall the lovely Grande Mademoiselle herself, an imperious girl of royal blood in kingly times in Old France.

July 20, 1917.

Left Paris, or rather rue de Varenne, at 6:30 A. M. General Pershing, Colonel Alvord, Captain Patton and self with two orderlies and two motor cars. Route St. Denis,—where the ancient kings of France are buried,—by Beauvais, Poix to Montreuil where the 2d Echelon of British G.H.Q. is located 90 miles from Paris. Arrived about 12:15, after two quite lengthy stops to avoid arriving too early.

Road through beautiful rolling country, patches of the wonderful woodland that adorns France, along drives bordered for miles by rows and double rows of trees, through country smiling with summer crops, tended by old men, women and children. The young manhood are either at the front or lying in the cemeteries; but all "pour la France."

The country is the most beautiful I have ever seen, rolling hills and valleys, glimpses of our road gleaming white through avenues of trees for miles ahead, passing little villages, old châteaux, little streams; first French then British camps, where the "U. S. No. 1" on General Pershing's car brought sentries and guards to the salute.

We passed several British camps as we neared the British front, and some troops moving along the roads. At the Montreuil gate we were met by an A.D.C. with a program for our visit which involved luncheon at Montreuil preceded

by an inspection of a Guard of Honor of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery of London, part of which is resting at Montreuil after a month in the trenches.

We met General Folk, the Adjutant General, a Lieutenant General, who as a Colonel of Engineers was with our General in Kuroki's Army in Manchuria. The Military Secretary, G.H.Q., Major General Sir E. C. Peyton, we also met. We looked over his office and then drove two miles to the Château Bryem, occupied by General Folk and assistants, with whom we had luncheon. I sat by General Folk and the Provost Marshal. The luncheon was good and I was hungry. Need I say more?

After luncheon we visited Montreuil again and went through the offices of the Quartermaster General, Lieutenant General Sir R. C. Maxwell. Practically all of his half-dozen sections are headed by major and brigadier generals, making a new lieutenant colonel presented as chief of staff feel very small in rank. Nearly all of them were likewise strapping big men physically. General Pershing, a brawny, broad-shouldered giant in Paris, at Montreuil became a medium-sized officer among our "topping" British cousins.

The 2d Echelon occupy an old French military school which admirably adapts itself for office purposes. The Q.M.C. covers a variety of subjects of supply and transport. There is, for example, one section devoted entirely to getting forward ammunition. A brigadier general is chief of a labor section, handling laborers of eleven races; Chinese, Indians, even nations of the Fiji Islands are included. In one section graphics are supplied to the ammunition supply: a verti-

cal line representing the rounds fired by every gun, enabling a curve to be constructed showing consumption of artillery by periods.

We took tea with General Maxwell at his quarters and then went out on the ramparts; walls built in the fourteenth century during the Hundred Years' War, when Montreuil was a prize for whose possession French and British repeatedly struggled. Henry V and his archers may have walked those very ramparts six centuries ago, and gazed down in the *fossé* where to-day a tennis court was in use.

An hour's drive brought us to St. Omer. We saw a number of German prisoners at work in the fields, and troops of the Portuguese division, an individual soldier of which was referred to by Sir Douglas Haig's polite A.D.C. as a "Portugoose."

At G.H.Q. we were met by the Commander in Chief, Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig, a very good-looking man of fifty-six, not as tall as I had expected, but very dignified and soldierly as well as cordial in his greeting. General Pershing and I are his guests, Colonel Alvord and Patton being with the Aides near by. At dinner I sat on the left of Sir Douglas and he talked quite freely to me on several subjects; some comment on the French in the war, their temperamental peculiarities and government, etc. Others were the Chief of Staff, Major General Kitchell; the Assistant Chief, General Butler; Major General Birch, Chief of Artillery; Major General Trenchard, Chief of the Royal Flying Corps, and several staff officers.

After dinner we had coffee out on the lawn, and sat there and talked. All through dinner and now, at 11:00 P. M., the

thunder of the artillery in our front is continuous. I had a most interesting talk with the Chief of Artillery. He came out as Lieutenant Colonel of Horse Artillery in August, 1914, was the Chief of Staff of the Cavalry Corps, later commanding artillery, and he has been with Sir Douglas over a year. His staff numbers six officers. He says eight would be better, in two sections, Tactical and Material, with one anti-aircraft artilleryman. He advises that such a staff include only practical artillery officers who have had fighting experience. Says an Artillery Adviser is necessary to a Chief of Staff, and that it is a defect of the French High Command that they have only just recently detailed one. For example; you plan an offensive in a certain area, a proper question only to be reliably answered by an artillery man is "How shall it be gunned?"

He says, speaking of our great expansion in field artillery, in which a year from now probably every battery will be commanded by a captain not now in service, that we ought to mark every likely graduate of an engineering school; that mathematics is necessary to an artilleryman. For example: the temperature and direction of wind are telephoned three times daily to his artillery command; a mind habituated to mathematics is necessary to do the figuring essential in making use of this information.

The artillery must have the confidence of its infantry, which is gained by two things: (1) The ability to drop its fire over the heads and just in front of the infantry; (2) By not hitting the infantry of his own side while doing it. He says the occasional hit of their own men is due to the latter running in too close to the barrage. The safety of the infantry is secured by keeping very close behind the barrage

and they sometimes crowd it too closely. Their barrage is now wider and less dense in order to meet the German tactics against the British. At Messines they (British) had a gun for every 14½ yards of front.

They had the guns of 500,000 infantry for an infantry force of 250,000 actually employed. For the offensive, in preparation for which the guns are now thundering in front of us, there will be a piece for every 12 yards or artillerymen to infantry as 123 to 180. Not only the room laterally and in depth must be considered in calculating the employment of a number of guns, but the available lines of light railway and roads that converge on a given front in order to supply the ammunition for those guns. The use of artillery in every engagement must differ from its use in the last. Otherwise the Germans will meet it. General Birch considers his artillery now superior to the German, not only in total weight of metal thrown but in organization and counter-battery work.

The artillery caliber used by the British was and is still somewhat a function of what they had when the war began. Many, many factors must be considered. For example, with a 12-inch gun,—the life of which is 250 rounds,—how is the labor question involved in handling it from sea to firing line, or in making it, the shipping to transport it, to be compared with that in getting a greater number of smaller guns to kill the Germans?—which is after all the aim of the war. One gunner wants gas shells, another smoke or shrapnel, another big caliber; all these conflicting requests must be weighed by the General Staff in relation to labor, transport, time, etc., involved. It is most important to determine a policy and

then stick to it even if later one slightly better is urged. If you select an 8-inch caliber, do not change to 8½ a few months later.

General Birch paid very high compliments to our Colonel Lassiter. Says if he were selecting a staff from the various armies of the world he would place Lassiter on it.

Meantime the guns are rumbling in our front. Not quiet one moment, sounding like a battery driving over a high bridge, with very frequent explosions from innumerable quarries near by.

Saturday, July 21, 1917.

We had breakfast at eight-thirty, the first buffet breakfast I ever ate: bacon, eggs and fish on a long side table with the plates. Each one helped himself as he came in, and there was no ceremony of waiting for any one else to come. Sir Douglas Haig came in and we all rose for a moment until he got his plate and helped himself to what he wished.

After the breakfast, our party, steered by Captain Straker, A.D.C., who met us yesterday, went to the offices of the General Staff where the Assistant Chief of Staff, General Butler, took us in and made a most interesting talk on their G.S. organization. He was a staff officer of Sir Douglas Haig at Aldershot before the war and came over as his Chief of Staff in the 1st Corps. We passed a most interesting morning, looking into operations and training, and then motored to the Headquarters of the Second Army at Cassel; an old town on top of a high hill from which on a less hazy day one may view the sea and look forward to the front lines. The Second Army is under Lieutenant General Plumer, now

in England, but the command is temporarily exercised by Lieutenant General Moreland, the 10th Corps Commander.

We were met and taken to luncheon by Major General C. H. Harrington, who, now Chief of Staff of the Second Army, came out three years ago as a Captain of Infantry. After luncheon we spent a most interesting three hours in visiting the General Staff, organized much as at G.H.Q. but on a lesser scale. At four we motored over to General Moreland's 10th Army Corps Headquarters at a village on the edge of Belgium. He gave us tea, and we spent an hour with him and his Chief of Staff, Brigadier General Cameron, and his C.R.O., Brigadier General Reed. Before we left, General Bridges, whom we met in Washington, came over from his 19th Division, and it seemed like greeting an old friend to see him. We left at six and motored back to Sir Douglas Haig's house.

Sunday, July 22, 1917.

We started the day with Major General Trenchard who commands the Royal Flying Corps. He began flying at the age of forty, he tells me, and came over to the war as a Captain of Infantry. Now at the advanced age of forty-five, he is a Major General and commands the R.F.C. His chief characteristics seem to be a great faith in the airplane, great capacity for seeing ahead, and a boundless driving energy. He bought engines by the thousands on his own responsibility and without authority at a time when his War Office was talking in sixes and sevens. He seems much looked up to and admired by officers at G.H.Q. and his "drive" which they

say is "extraordinary" carries you along with its infectious enthusiasm. We drove out to his big salvage and repair shops where wrecked planes are brought in and the pieces are sorted; where German planes that "come down" inside our lines are studied for new ideas; where scores of mechanics, carpenters, and specialists are working. Everybody stops and stands up when General Pershing comes in, and Trenchard remarks "Carry on" in a conversational tone and they all go to work again.

There are shops of watch-makers, men who adjust chronometers, wireless specialists, painters, dozens of men once tailors now cutting coverings for airplanes. A wireless specialist showed us how they trained men to pick out the musical note of their own planes' wireless when artillery is being directed by airplane observation. In one place they were experimenting with an arrangement for an automatic supply of oxygen to pilots when they get up so near the ceiling that the air is too rare for breathing. The "ceiling" is now nearly 25,000 feet, or a little less than five miles high.

We went to the squadron airdrome where dozens of the planes are stabled, and famous pilots were all about us, slight, modest, handsome English boys nearly all of them. The senior was away for the moment, there having been a fatal accident the hour before. Many were working around their machines, painting devices on them, etc., hovering over them as one might rub off a much prized race horse. Two flights of six airplanes each were just back from a rendezvous to protect some bombing planes that had been fifty miles inside the German lines bombing the railroad station, etc., at Ghent, and all got back safely. At the time we were visiting them,

six planes were absent trying to intercept the return of a German air raid on England and for a fact did drop one German plane in the North Sea.

A flyer was sent up to show General Pershing "what a plane can do," and it appeared to be equal to almost anything, climbing nearly vertically, looping loops in either direction, spinning "nose-dives" as though falling from hundreds of feet, things that made Art Smith of the *San Francisco Examiner* look like an inexperienced amateur.

Nothing impressed me more than the modest reluctance of those handsome British boys to talk about themselves. One tiny little chap who looked about nineteen was dragged out to talk to General Pershing. He saluted and cracked his heels together in a way that out-Germaned the Germans, looked scared and not a little bored. The General asked about his methods of fighting and he didn't seem to have much to say; asked how many he had brought down of Hun planes,—for his reputation in that line was really why they turned him out to talk,—he said "I really don't know, Sir, fifteen or sixteen." Another rosy-cheeked stripling who looked as if he might be almost at the age when he would need regularly the services of a safety razor, was a "Flight Captain,"—whose "flight" of six planes was one of those that had that morning been out over the lines to protect the homecoming bombers. I asked him casually if he had been out with them. He reddened with a blush and said "No, Sir, I am ashamed to say I was not. They would not let me go with them." I asked why and he said he didn't know. An older man standing by said "They will not let him fly over the German lines because he is too valuable to risk that way."

We motored back and had luncheon with General Trenchard and Staff, the latter including one Brigadier who had probably attained the mature age of thirty. That afternoon we spent with the General Staff at G.H.Q., and were fed up on sacred valuable information destined never to be read by the profane eyes who will possibly scan this journel. The inevitable British tea was given us at five. Our cousins would stop a charge for 5 P. M. tea. The afternoon with the General Staff was most interesting and instructive and left us with a great respect for the splendid organization of the great army our virile imperial cousins have put in the field.

At G.H.Q. that evening, General Sir William Robertson, once a stable boy and eleven years an enlisted man, but now Chief of Staff of the British Army, had arrived. I sat next him at dinner, and renewed our slight acquaintance made in London. He spoke in strong terms of their British organization,—which seems to merit all he said,—commented on the yellow streak our Republican allies in Russia are showing, talked of the mercenary attitude of Italy, etc. He was en route to an Inter-Allied Conference in Paris, one in which the American Ally took no part.

Monday, July 23, 1917.

We started early to-day to visit the Fifth Army, just now on a fairly active part of the front. It is commanded by Lieutenant General Gough of a fighting Irish family, a ruddy little Irishman of about fifty years, a cavalryman before the war and then the youngest Brigadier in the British Army.

As we neared the Fifth Army Headquarters, we passed more

and more "lorries," as the British call our motor trucks. The dust was rising to the skies, the part of it I didn't swallow, and everything wore a coat of chalk. Belgium, for we were in that unfortunate kingdom, looked badly and tasted worse. The guns were rumbling like half-distant thunder, airplanes were driving over our heads, and the procession of lorries was endless.

We looked at several headquarters offices and visited an immense engineer shop covering acres, and in which all kinds of artisans worked. Just outside it a hole big enough to bury a horse had just been made a few minutes before by a shell. It was long range but the Germans drop in an occasional one at long range just to keep the interest up. We saw a wonderful school for "camouflage," an institution that has come up in this war, meaning the painting or otherwise preparing ground or covering guns or trees, etc., so that in airplane photographs they do not show. It has a hundred different applications. It has also passed or is now passing into slang. Instead of saying "He is a bluff," we say "He is nothing but camouflage." We also saw many interesting things in the way of training.

At noon we motored to where General Gough has his mess. All during lunch an Irish band with drums and pipes marched up and down in front of the house, playing airs, mostly Irish but a few Scotch. It was very martial music: "The Campbells are Coming," and "The Harp that Once through Tara's Halls," and all those airs that stirred my Irish blood.

We motored back toward Paris that afternoon and the next day, and we have a firm respect for the British Army.

July 31, 1917.

Left Paris for the southeast at 2:50 P. M., running out past the Bastille Column. We ran fast, heading for Joinville and Chaumont. The same beautiful country but less fertile than that to the northwest of Paris. The crops are shorter, the soil more stony. There are the same beautiful avenues of trees, the same gleaming *chaussées,* the same little red-roofed, tile-covered villages.

Two facts gave historical interest to our afternoon. We ran out through the region of Champaubert, Montmirail, Fère-Champenoise where in 1814 Napoleon fought the wonderful campaign, a model for military students of all time, which ended in the abdication at Fontainebleau. Here, borne down by weight of numbers, his army,—no longer the Grande Armée of 1812 and Russia,—was a few barefooted conscripts, marching as men have seldom marched in all time, thrown first against the Germans and then against the Russians, with Marshal Marmont recreant and immobile near Paris, faithless to the mighty master who made him. It was one man fighting an army of invaders. It was the man Napoleon, the lion brought to bay.

This also is the region of the Marne, that long-drawn battle which turned back the German invasion and saved Paris in 1914, just about one hundred years later than Napoleon's last active campaign. Along this splendid highway are many graves, many French and many which, from location and other circumstances, must be German dead. Nearly all afternoon we ran in the valley of the Marne. It rained hard

from 4 P. M., and we glided through town after town half hidden in the storm. It began to grow dark and we decided about 8 P. M. to stop for the night at St. Dizier. Our hotel was not as attractive as its title "Hôtel Soleil d'Or" but we passed the night all right, "we" being the General, Lieutenant Colonel de Chambrun, Captain Patton and myself, out looking for a site for our headquarters, and to inspect the 1st Division.

The more I see of the land and armies over here and the more familiar I get with the events of the war, the more the turning back of the Germans from the Marne looks like an act of Divine Providence. There were no doubt many gallant acts done by the French but the whole line is so long, and the accounts of the cohesion between the various forces of France show such looseness of control, that it does not appear to me that the German reverse was due to any generalship on the part of our Allies particularly. One story is told of General Foch, now the Chief of Staff at the War Office, which I always like to hear. Replying to an inquiry dispatch as to how things were faring with his army, he replied in substance: "My right is routed, my center is falling back, I am attacking with my left." Good old boy Foch!!!! Gave us a lovely dinner the night of July 4.

August 1, 1917.

We left the Hotel of the Sun of Gold at eight and whirled through pretty valleys and picturesque hills to the head of the valley where the 1st Division is billeted. The billet is a new institution in our army, and no doubt many old soldiers

turn a regretful memory to the clean camps of their own land. In this country a "Town Major" is appointed, and goes to every house in a village and marks on it the number of officers, men and horses the place will accommodate. Generally the men live in haylofts over the stock, though some are in houses, and officers invariably are. In the haylofts they cannot smoke or have lights, and there are eternally present the odors of the stable; no mean perfume from a cavalry standpoint, of course, but no doubt distasteful to a doughboy. It is a system that has little to commend it from our standpoint, but tents for a million men cannot be thought of when cotton is needed for hundreds of things; when the U-boats are working overtime; when shipping space is valuable and prices of canvas are soaring high. We inspected them with considerable detail, those billets.

Some battalions we saw drilling, others coming in from drill. We had luncheon with Colonel George B. Duncan, 26th Infantry. Later we saw Colonel Allaire and Lieutenant Colonel Frank Wilcox, 16th. At Division Headquarters, I saw Coe and Cruikshank. Late in the afternoon we motored down to visit the fine old French General, de Castelnau, stopping "en route" at the little town of Domremy where the fair Maid of Orleans was born, and lived the early part of her life.

She was born in 1412, nearly a century before Columbus got us into the war by discovering us that time in 1492. Her room is preserved through nearly six centuries; the little cupboard in the wall where she hung her Paris gowns. Near the village is the old church where Jeanne d'Arc received her inspiration that sent her forth, an humble peasant girl, to lead

the King's armies and rid her dear France of our friends who are just now making it so annoying to the Germans near Dunkerque and Ypres. Alas for the Maid of Orleans!!!! She "walked with kings nor lost the common touch" but she died at the stake, burned by our English ancestors for being a witch, just the same. The little house is filled with inscriptions, bronze plates, and marble images of the gallant-hearted girl. The King's name is hardly a memory now, but Ste. Jeanne survives and her birthplace is a shrine.

This is an historic part of fair France. Here a stone bridge built in Roman times; a broad Roman road stretching away through the hills like an arrow, over which Cæsar and his victorious legions marched twenty centuries ago. At Dompaire the three sons of Charlemagne, along about 843, discussed the division of his far-flung empire which they were to commemorate formally in the Treaty of Verdun. These are solemn thoughts for a plain American soldier in the twentieth century.

As night was falling we entered the little summer town of Vittel. The waters here, health-giving and curative of gout and kindred ills, were known to the Romans, who had a little settlement here. Now it is one of the favorite summer resorts of France, with several splendid hotels, flowers, baths, parks; all that goes to make such a place attractive. The great hotel where we stopped was very full of guests.

August 2, 1917.

We looked through Vittel for suitable accommodations for headquarters, but decided against it as not in the region best

suited for our needs, though combining just what we wished in almost every other particular. We left at an hour early enough to miss the newspaper correspondents who had followed us from the day before, and ran to the old town of Joinville, and thence to Chaumont, a thriving city of about 20,000 people, a railroad center, and having a fine drive around the old ramparts which once formed part of the walled stronghold in other days.

We lunched at the Hôtel de France, were driven around the city by a French general afterwards, and at about two started for Paris. It began to rain about three, and I have never seen such cold weather in the summertime as we experienced. We had several accidents and finally arrived at 10 P. M., chilled and hungry. The General had missed a dinner engagement at the Ambassador's and we were all tired and more or less out of humor.

August 18, 1917.

If you are living in Paris and in the night are roused by a shrieking of whistles, sirens, with an occasional trumpet thrown in for luck, everything in the neighborhood blaring for an hour, you may know that either the German airplanes are flying over the city or that some one thinks they are. The noise is the same in either case, possibly louder when the alarm is false than when it is real. To the sirens and whistles are added the whirl and hum of French planes as they dart through the starlit night looking for the invader. The background of the sky of a summer night, starlit, and calm, shows up dozens and sometimes scores of red lights of our planes as they sweep the zenith for the Hun.

Twice about a month ago, on successive nights, the Germans came over and are understood to have dropped a few bombs. Last night the same racket was staged but the alarm is understood to have been false; it was only a French plane returning from night work and forgetting to display the accustomed signals as it neared the airdrome where the planes are stabled. News about such things is generally scarce and unreliable. News as handled through a French censorship is a wonderful thing. The *Herald* gets some exclusive telegrams from America, and sometimes permits their use by friendly French journals. Mr. Bennett told me that recently there was such a case, where the censor cut it out of the *Herald* but permitted the paper to whom he had lent it to print it. Yesterday the news of the death of a French aviator was deleted from the *Herald* but told by the French press. The scoop by the London *Times* which embarrassed us at the time of the first arrival of our troops in July, was due to crookedness of the French censor or a corrupt telegraph officer, we have never known exactly which.

We have recently been returning some of the hospitality received by us in our first days here. One night General Pétain, who is the French commander in the zone of the armies, came in alone to dinner. He is said to be known as Pétain the Brief, among his own countrymen. He was a Lieutenant Colonel of Infantry before the war, and taught in the École de Guerre, an institution for the higher training of French officers similar to that revered institution on the banks of the Potomac where I spent so many long hours last winter. He is a man about fifty-seven, I should judge, blue-eyed, blond-mustached, bald to the ears, erect in his carriage and gives

the impression of alertness and energy. He is extremely direct in his conversation, frank to the point of brusqueness. Though known to his own people as The Brief, he did not seem to me to find the sound of his own voice at all disagreeable, or to be particularly brief in getting through what he had to say. Perhaps "brief" would be better translated as "brusque." He launched forth a stream of terse, concise talk that practically held the center of the stage during the entire dinner, pausing occasionally for the interpreter, our Major Frank Parker who is on duty at French General Headquarters and speaks French, to render him in English. Parker would get about half of it, and would sometimes forget his subordinate rôle as interpreter for General Pershing and reply "on his own" to General Pétain. The latter's French was so distinct that I was able to follow his conversation fairly well.

Pétain seems very frank and direct in his dealing with General Pershing, but I have not full faith that he regards these exchanges on official matters at social events quite so seriously as we are apt to do. Letters that come from his staff to ours, or that are written by them for his signature, are not always in accord with his expressions at the table. This whole question of our relations with the French High Command is going to be maneuvered by them to rush our General off his feet if he is not extremely careful.

When the French Mission was in Washington the so-called "Plan de Nivelle" was spoken of, which was no less than an out-spoken attitude that the French wished our participation in the war to take the form:

1. Of sending thousands of laborers, railroad and other-

wise, carpenters, miners, chauffeurs, foresters, etc., etc., to work for them, but no fighting troops;

2. That such fighting troops as we sent, if we really thought we had to send some to save our national face, come in the shape of recruits to be fed into their depleted battalions to serve under the French officers, losing their identity as Americans as far as any control of them by other than French officers was concerned.

It is fair to say that General Bridges of the British Army expressed the same idea, except that he wished the British Army to get its part of our men. I doubt if the Allies were very enthusiastic about our coming into the war as we have, until they found that was the only way we would come. But even our peace-loving people would hardly stand that sort of participation in which we merely furnished men as food for powder to replace French and Englishmen in their own battalions. The French seem to me still to be working as near that plan, however, as they can, and I am satisfied will not scruple to force General Pershing, if they can, to put his troops in the line in driblets, a regiment here, a battalion there, a little artillery somewhere else, instead of giving him in time his own sector of the front line in which America may exert the power of her then trained legions.

There seems to me already an inevitable reaction from the first enthusiasm over our arrival, due to misconception of our state of preparedness, and an idea of theirs that the arrival of our division meant an immediate appearance of our men in the front line. It was sure to come, for the most exaggerated stories have been current among the lower and middle classes of the numbers in which American troops have been

arriving. Our appearance in the front lines except for an occasional day there for training purposes is still months away. Troops can remain in the trenches only a few days, and there has to be an equal force of the same size resting to relieve them. For each of two such units there must be practically a hundred per cent. of replacement troops, because a division sometimes loses three-quarters of its strength in a day. Practically, then, our participation or first appearance in the line with the force of a division, say, means that we must have at least four trained divisions in hand; one in the line, its relief immediately behind, and two others to replace losses in extreme cases for the other two. That period will not be reached with us until at least February. That will be midwinter in a severe climate, so much participation from America cannot be expected before spring. When this finally is borne in on the French, I shall not be surprised to see extraordinary pressure brought to bear to force us in before we are ready. To this will be added some misguided clamor from our press at home, which will not understand the long delay, and will begin a howl of "On to Richmond" as they did in 1862. Supplement this with the adroit representations to the President made by a skillful French Ambassador and High Commissioner on the ground, and I can see that one J. J. Pershing will have to set hard his projecting under-jaw and stand firmly braced.

He has gone out now with General Pétain to visit our 1st Division, and a portion of the French front near Verdun where the offensive I went to see in June is now about to be pulled off. I fully expect that the first test of strength between the two will come off on this visit, in which Pétain will be as-

sisted by the smooth Minister of War, M. Painlevé, who, it suddenly developed yesterday, would also be along with them. However, I guess our man will hold his own. He knows the probable attempt in advance, and has his teeth set.

General Pershing is a very strong character. He has a good many peculiarities, such I suppose as every strong man accustomed to command is apt to develop. He is very patient and philosophical under trying delays from the War Department. He is playing for high stakes and does not intend to jeopardize his winning by wasting his standing with the War Department over small things,—relatively unimportant, though very annoying as they occur. He is extremely cautious, very cautious, does nothing hastily or carelessly. He spends much time rewriting the cables and other papers I prepare for him, putting his own individuality into them. He is the first officer for whom I have prepared papers who did not generally accept what I wrote for him. It is very seldom I get anything past him without some alteration, though I am obliged to say I do not always consider that he improves them, though often he does. He edits everything he signs, even the most trivial things. It is a good precaution, but one which can easily be carried to a point where it will waste time that might better be employed on bigger things, but is probably justified in the preliminary stages in which we are.

He thinks very clearly and directly; goes to his conclusions directly when matters call for decision. He can talk straighter to people when calling them down than any one I have seen. I have not yet experienced it, though. He has naturally a good disposition and a keen sense of humor. He

loses his temper occasionally, and stupidity and vagueness irritate him more than anything else. He can stand plain talk, but the staff officer who goes in with only vagueness where he ought to have certainty, who does not know what he wants, and fumbles around, has lost time and generally gained some straight talk. He develops great fondness for people whom he likes and is indulgent toward their faults, but at the same time is relentless when convinced of inefficiency. Personal loyalty to friends is strong with him, I should say, but does not blind him to the truth.

He does not fear responsibility, with all his caution. He decides big things much more quickly than he does trivial ones. Two weeks ago, without any authority from Washington, he placed an order one afternoon for $50,000,000 worth of airplanes, because he thought Washington too slow, and did not cable the fact until too late for Washington to countermand it, had they been so disposed, which they were not. He did it without winking an eye, as easily as though ordering a postage stamp,—and it involved the sum which Congress voted for National Defense at the beginning of 1898 just after the *Maine* was blown up, and which we all then considered a very large transaction.

His great fault is his utter lack of any idea of time. He is without it, as utterly without it as a color-blind person is without a sense of color, or a deaf man is without the sound of music. He is most trying in that respect. An American untried Major General may not keep a Field Marshal waiting; or miss an appointment with a Prime Minister; or be an hour late to an Ambassador's dinner; and those of us immediately around him are forever his guardians and trying

to get him over the line on time. He has a similar lack of comprehension as to guests, and with dinner prepared for ten may bring home sixteen.

Last Sunday we gave a dinner to some people who have been kind to us. Saturday the number including ourselves was fourteen. Sunday noon he was away from luncheon but casting together the number we knew he had invited it developed that nineteen were coming. French chefs count numbers very closely. Fourteen people means for them fourteen small fish in one course for example, and everything carefully measured out in proportion. It was Sunday and everything closed, and dinner but five or six hours away when we learned the cold facts. It took a census of half the hotels in town to square us up for the meal that evening, and half an hour before the dinner the General came in smiling, and said "I saw so-and-so this afternoon and tried to get him to come in to dinner to-night but he couldn't come. I did ask that step-daughter of so-and-so, though. She said she would come," and twenty people did turn up. Life was probably shortened a bit for the officer who runs the mess, however.

I think I have mentioned the Hydes several times as having entertained me at dinner. Hyde is the son of the old president of the Equitable, who having as a youngster inherited a majority of the stock succeeded his dead father as president, and by his career as president brought on the big insurance investigations in which Charles E. Hughes, late Republican candidate for President of the United States, made his reputation. Nothing crooked or dishonest was charged against him, but he quit the presidency of the Equitable and expatriated himself to France. He has immense

wealth; is a graduate of Harvard of about 1898; and is married to a daughter of former Ambassador Leishman, who was in Turkey when we were there in 1906.

The Hydes have surrounded themselves with friends among the best French people, and one meets more notables at their house than at any other to which I have gone. For example, the other night there were present the widow of Whitelaw Reid, our late Ambassador to England and earlier to France; Prince Aga Khan, a Mohammedan forty-eighth in direct descent from Fatima, the daughter of Mahomet, and who is a confidential adviser of Great Britain with her Moslem millions; Mr. Carter of the Morgan Harjes banking house; M. Cambon, the former French Ambassador to Washington; Major and Mrs. Robert S. McCormick; Mlle. de Saint Sauveur, the daughter of a French marquis; and a French Academician whose name has left me. The dinner was simple, a *diner de guerre* as they call it, but the people were extremely interesting. In a small way the Hydes' house is a salon where people more or less celebrated meet. We are told that Hyde himself is very anxious for a commission in our temporary army. It is said that he has done more than any other one person to keep up good feeling between France and America in the long two years we have kept out of the war since the *Lusitania* disaster.

To illustrate my General's sudden changes of mind: he told me one day this week that he believed it would be a good idea to commission Mr. Hyde; for me to send for Hyde and lead up to the subject, and if he said he would like a commission, advise him to talk to the General about it, and he, the General, would do the rest. I tried for two days to

get Mr. Hyde on the phone, and finally succeeded and made an appointment for him to come up to my office about eleven o'clock and see me. About ten-thirty General Pershing sent for me, said he had been thinking over Hyde's case and concluded that he did not want him. I said "Why, General, you told me to send for him and offer him a commission, and he is due here in twenty minutes." He replied: "Yes, I know it. I am sorry for you, but I don't want him." Hyde came promptly and I told him I thought the Y. M. C. A. needed coördination, and were not giving our men the service they should, and as he was a member of the Executive Committee didn't he think he could round them up a little and get them to show a little energy, etc. And he said he would.

There has been nothing finer than the reception in London two days ago of our raw Engineer regiments that had landed at Liverpool and were brought down to march through London. We realized that they were raw and untrained, and would not make the appearance we wished in that land of smart soldiers, but Lord Derby insisted, and so Lassiter was told to allow them to go ahead. It is impossible for me to read the accounts of what happened without tears coming to my eyes. The crowd was the biggest since Victoria's Jubilee in 1887. The streets were filled by hundreds of thousands. American flags flew side by side with the Union Jack over Parliament House and the Palaces. The British cheer, which had been silent since the early days of the war, was heard for American soldiers as they swept up the Strand, through Trafalgar Square, past the Nelson Monument, the equestrian statue of Charles I, and out past Buckingham Palace. The King and Queen Alexandra reviewed them, and the King

stood to attention and saluted while our standards floated past in the column. American flags were everywhere on the lapels of the Britishers who stood watching the first American troops that ever marched through London. No other foreign troops have marched through that city since the landing of William of Orange in 1688–9, nearly three centuries ago.

August 20, 1917.

Yesterday was Sunday: some one told me so, for all days are alike with us on this duty, and we are in the office seven days a week. Yesterday about noon I was working away when in came the good old McCoy and proposed that we stop work for the day and run down to Versailles for luncheon, it is less than half an hour away, spend the afternoon and come back about dinner time. I have had no holiday since we came to France, and I accepted his invitation. We ran down the always attractive Bois de Boulogne, past Longchamps, across the Seine into St. Cloud, where Napoleon le Grand had a favorite residence in the old château of that name. Here he lived with his Austrian bride while poor Josephine pined a few miles away at Malmaison. Here his second abdication was signed after the fatal day at Waterloo, and from here he fled to throw himself on the mercy of the British, to find that mercy a distant storm-swept isle, and a Sir Hudson Lowe. The old Château of St. Cloud was burned by our amiable friends the Germans in their occupation of Paris in 1870–71, and only the beautiful park now remains of its ancient glories.

At Versailles we sought a hotel which had been recom-

mended to us. The Anglo-Saxon ear is evidently untrained for exact sounds, for you may ask a Frenchman something in his native tongue and he will stare at you until you have said it over again, and then finally a light breaks over him, and he says "O!!! L'Hôtel du Réservoir" exactly as you thought you had been saying it to him. There's something we do not catch in the sound, some concealed note, some rolling "r," some nasal sweetness we miss. And so it was when McCoy was saying "L'Hôtel du Réservoir" in his best stepmother voice until he was black in the face, when a set of blank French features began to light up with the divine spark, and their owner said: "O!!! L'Hôtel du Réservoir!"

The "Hôtel du Réservoir" is near the old reservoir where the rain water was caught from the great palace. We had a good luncheon and talked over old times for two hours. We both agreed that for us, come what may, the good old days at Zamboanga and in the Islands of the East were the best. As McCoy said: "Where can you find life like that?" We lived over again the days of Panglima Hassan and his War; of Lake Lanao and the fights at Tiraca and the Romaine River; of Siit Lake and Taglibi of the Second Sulu Expedition; the trips to Basilan; the march over the mountains to the headwaters of the Agusan; of Kudarangan and Datu Ali; all names once as familiar to us as our own.

He gave me some peculiar reminiscences of Washington life. For example, when President Wilson came in, a period came after he had been in office about two months when he felt called on to study Philippine matters. The War Department was full of people who knew the Islands and the personnel both white and brown, Wood, McIntyre,

Allen, McCoy himself. True to his tendency to distrust advisers, he called on none of them. McCoy one day received a note from General Scott, then commanding a cavalry brigade at El Paso, inclosing a letter from the President asking Scott to give him a résumé on people and conditions in the Philippines, and to send him a list of books which he might read to inform himself. Scott asked McCoy to prepare the letter and the list of books. In time an employee of the White House, whom McCoy had known in the time of Roosevelt and Taft, came over with the list of books which McCoy had sent Scott, and asked him to get the books for the President. Eventually he saw the letter from the same source which he had prepared for General Scott.

Accidentally, a little later, he learned that the President had made up his mind to remove Cameron Forbes. Crosby, a former Engineer officer and a graduate of West Point, was practically decided upon, when Quezon, who looked on him as a mere soldier, and Jones of Virginia, who disliked Crosby because he was from Virginia without being a henchman of Jones, managed to hold up the appointment. Crosby asked McCoy if he could help him by getting Francis Burton Harrison, a New York Democrat on the powerful Ways and Means Committee of Congress, to see the President for him. McCoy said he did not know Harrison well enough, and just then a man came along, named Peters, whom McCoy said he did know well enough, and he was asked if he would see the President, and said "no" but he thought he could get F. B. Harrison to do so. He did so, and Harrison going to see the President was told by the latter that he had decided to send him, which was the first Harrison had ever thought

of going. It was just at the time Underwood was leaving the Ways and Means Committee for the Senate, and Harrison, a Northern Democrat, was the next senior on that very powerful Committee, and neither the Southern Democrats nor the President wished that power to be with New York, the next senior after Harrison being Kitchin of North Carolina who still holds the chairmanship of it. So Harrison went to the Orient.

I asked McCoy about the old-time friendship between General Wood and Scott, and he says it still exists. That General Scott knew nothing of the order taking General Wood from New York until he saw it in the press. Also that when the war came, Scott offered his resignation as Chief of Staff, telling the President he ought to name General Wood as the ablest soldier we have for the place.

We left the Hôtel du Réservoir, and walked through the grounds of lovely old Versailles. It was a hunting lodge in the time of Louis XIII, enlarged by his successor, Louis XIV, to its present size. Mansard and Lenôtre were responsible for its artificial beauties; or better said, for the aid which art there lends to natural beauty. The museum was closed but we walked to the Grand and the Petit Trianon; the former built for Madame de Maintenon; and the latter by Louis XV for one of his sirens. Thousands of French people with a fair sprinkling of British and Americans were enjoying the lively summer day. The sun dropped nearly to the trees and we reluctantly left Versailles and its beauties and ran back by Malmaison, the home of Bonaparte as First Consul, and later the château where the lovely Josephine mourned and finally died after her divorce. It is a beautiful old

place, with the Tricolor and the big "R.F." conspicuous about it now.

We entered Paris by Neuilly and the Avenue of the Grande Armée which is the prolongation of the Champs Élysées, the most majestic drive in the world, I suppose.

August 21, 1917.

The General returned to-day from his journey with General Pétain. He saw the victorious French offensive on both banks of the Meuse yesterday and the preparation for it the day before. The French took a strip about twelve miles long and from one to three miles wide, including several villages, and a ridge that they have long wanted. They did it splendidly. The artillery preparation was thorough and efficacious and flattened out the German trenches completely. The French infantry advanced and took between four and five thousand prisoners, and there were a considerable number of dead. Commanding one of the French divisions was a general who as a field officer was with General Pershing in Manchuria in Kuroki's army. Standing together yesterday they recalled a German officer there at the same time, and our General asked the Frenchman if he knew where von Etzel was. The French General said, pointing dramatically to the front, "He is commanding one of the German divisions on our front." The preparation for the fighting has taken some time and some casualties have occurred every day.

Three days ago a young French nurse was wounded by a fragment of shell striking her between the eyes and on the

forehead. The General, Pétain, had been informed of it and took General Pershing to the hospital where she was lying in a room, her face bandaged so she could not see. The French do these things well, and General Pétain decorated the girl for her bravery, giving her the Croix de Guerre. With us Congress would have debated the merits of the case until the maiden's grandchildren were doddering old men and women before allowing the decoration to be given. Here the General confers the coveted Cross while the memory of the deed is fresh in men's minds,—and it makes more men go out and win crosses de guerre. He told her he was General Pétain, and that he had with him the American General Pershing. She said to General Pershing in French: "I am glad to meet you, for I wish you to see what French women are willing to suffer for France."

These trips of our General with Pétain are much to the advantage of both. Their relations must be close to be effective. Both are strong men, ambitious, of the same age; each aspiring to be the hero of the war for his own country; neither of them averse to power; each in a sense ruthless in going to his ends. Their relations in the next year will be extremely interesting to observe; and were the observer a young man, perhaps to profit by. This particular observer was born too soon. His future is behind him with his lost youth. General Pershing is evidently studying Pétain very closely. The question of the employment of our army is to come up. France has over a million men in the field; they are waning and ours are coming. Should nothing go wrong and the war continue we shall have more than they a year from now. For the present the French attitude is at times very distinctly

patronizing. We are doubtless looked upon somewhat as amateurs, though I believe the average professional level in our commissioned ranks is higher than theirs. Our numbers now are, of course, trifling; but we are coming. Pétain has sent in several suggestions that have been distinctly patronizing, and in which he has played all around the word "order" without quite using it. He will do well to omit that word from his repertoire. Our General is very cautious; thinks very deeply; takes no false steps; knows his ground, and he knows who holds the whiphand, if one may use that word in speaking of relations with an ally. France depends on America, and she shall not depend in vain. We can afford to be generous and it shall never be said that we were not. But our relations, it will be explained to General Pétain, are those of coöperation. The General is going to suggest to him that their dealings had better generally be direct and personal instead of by correspondence; that they are treating exactly as equals on the same level; that General Pétain's interests as well as his own, and those of their respective countries, will be best served so. I think they will be great friends; that each will probably be a hero in his own country; and together with Haig they will carry the war to a victorious conclusion; but it will be on a strictly coöperative basis: no orders, no patronage. General Pershing and General Wood are the only two American Generals with whom I have had close dealings, that struck me as having the head for the part.

The Germans have won the war so far by beating their enemies in detail. When the French have gone forward, the British have not; when the British have been ready, the

French have been delayed. It has been a see-saw; two badly trained horses pulling separately instead of together. Great Britain is engaged in too many subsidiary operations. Such operations are only justified in war when they have a direct bearing on the object of the war. The place to beat the Germans is where the Germans are, and that is on the Western front, not in Bagdad, Mesopotamia, Egypt, or Salonica. The fighting in those regions is purely in the interest of Britain's political and commercial supremacy in Asia and Africa. It ties up a tremendous amount of shipping which is needed to bring us into the war, all sides realizing that with France and England nearing the end of their manpower, it is America that must win the war. Our diplomacy is poor as usual. We have had no representation in the conferences that decide these things and which England has dominated. We were invited to the last one but our canny home government hid its head in the sand and pretended not to know that anything that involved us in world politics was going on. England, with a strong navy, fears to risk it in ending the U-boat business by attacking Heligoland, and thereby leaving America with a stronger navy at the end of the war. Here, as with poor France, we hold the whiphand too, if we had in our high councils in diplomatic matters a strong heart or head. Oh, for adequate national leadership!!!!!!!

PART II

General Headquarters at Chaumont—The Period of Organization of the American Expeditionary Forces—The Autumn of 1917.

September 4, 1917.

THERE has been a slight change of scene since the last preceding pages of this record. One may not violate the censorship by giving names, but the establishment of the American General Headquarters where we now are is by no means the first historic event in which our little city has figured. It is not an old town as cities are figured in this land through which Cæsar marched before Christ was born in Bethlehem, and merely dates from about 950, being, as towns go, a young thing about a thousand years old. It stands where once the frontiers of Burgundy and Champagne touched those of Lorraine. The old Counts of Champagne far back in the mists of historic time had their capital at Provins, an old town through which I motored a few days ago en route here. Then they took it to Troyes, a little nearer their frontier, which was then already an old town dating back to the Roman occupation of Gaul. They established then this place which, as the meeting place of three feudal domains, offered advantages as an outpost for the collection of duties; for the occasional plunder of those coming from across the border; and as a stronghold from which to raid into fertile Burgundy or fair Lorraine. Eventually they moved their capital here, and their castle occupied the point which separates the two valleys of the Marne and the Suize. Here Napoleon, in February, 1814, started that last wonderful campaign which is one of the best examples of the proper use of interior lines by an able commander, but terminated

in the abdication at Fontainebleau, the touching farewell to the Old Guard, and the exile to Elba. Here the Emperors of Austria and Russia, and the King of Prussia, with Metternich and Castlereagh signed the Peace, before venturing into Paris. The room in which their historic group conducted its deliberations is still shown. It has a stained-glass window which shows their council, and beneath which an inscription tells the story of the historic meetings.

It is the lovely country of the upper Marne, beautiful rolling country, with frequent towns and villages, tree-bordered roads that stretch away over the hills like white threads, and the charm of age over it all. Age in countries is charming, and gives them what nothing else can give. The city is on a hill, and can be seen for many miles. Once it was walled, and now around the ancient ramparts some of the best residences are built. Ordinarily a city of about fifteen thousand inhabitants, it is now swollen with French refugees, and a large French garrison, to about twenty thousand. A French regional command has its headquarters here, and there are several large hospitals. One of our hospitals is here and is caring for about two thousand French wounded. We are in the Zone of the Armies, but actually not as close to the front line as when in Paris.

Our last days in Paris were full ones. On August 29 the Lieutenant Colonel of the Engineer regiment stationed at St. Nazaire appeared at Headquarters. He is Charles G. Dawes, of Illinois, a very old friend of General Pershing, their acquaintance dating back to Lincoln, Nebraska, where Pershing was a Cavalry Lieutenant on college duty in the early nineties, and Dawes a struggling young lawyer. I

remember meeting him in 1901 when I was Assistant Chief of the Insular Bureau at the War Department, and he was President McKinley's Comptroller of the Currency. He came in to see the General one day just before we left Washington to come over here, and from their conversation it rather struck me at the time that we should see him over here fairly soon. The General has a plan for coördinating the purchase of our several supply departments, which strangely enough seems never to have been attempted before. Each supply department has its own purchasing officers. When supplies are needed they go into the market for bids, without regard for other branches of the army or other departments of the government. They bid against each other, they pay different prices for the same things, and often one supply department will be out for articles which are on hand, surplus and unneeded, in some other. It is bad enough in peacetime at home but in the theater of war, three thousand miles from America, where prices are high, and not only ourselves but our Allies are in the market for every conceivable kind of munitions of war and army supplies, it would mean ruinous prices, inevitable shortages in certain commodities, and equally inevitable friction with our friends. He has confidence in Dawes' business ability, for in the years since he first knew him Dawes has become a great banker and amassed a fortune, and he has implicit faith in his integrity and patriotism. From what I have seen of his friend, I share the Chief's feeling.

He is organizing a General Purchasing Board, and intends placing Colonel Dawes in charge of it as General Purchasing Agent. The title is really inaccurate, for it is not desired that

Dawes shall do any actual buying or have any money accountability. The several supply departments are each to name a Purchasing Officer, and these men are to constitute the Purchasing Board, reporting to Dawes. He will coordinate their efforts, prevent competitive bidding against each other or our Allies. Incidentally, his activities are not to be confined to France and Great Britain but are to extend to neutral countries as well. It ought to relieve our shipping of a tremendous task in getting supplies to us. Dawes is to organize the liaison with our Allies in the same activities, and is to be given a very free hand as to men and methods. My own contacts with him have been agreeable. He is very much under the shadow of the popular opinion as to army "red tape," and like most civilians fails to see that it is largely due to Treasury and Accounting Department rules made by civilians themselves. His own department probably did its share when he was Comptroller. I think our conversations have convinced him that no obstacles will he laid in his way by me and that no red tape will be wound around him by my people. As a military figure he rather exaggerates the customary military amenities. He may have an idea in the back of his head of slightly satirizing by burlesque that courtesy which the "Blue Book" says is "indispensable among military men." His attitude in such matters is faintly reminiscent of the "Milk White Flag" or "Pinafore." At any rate, I like him, and he is being given a job that will bring us continually in contact.

The constant air of tutelage which our French friends practice toward us grew more marked as the day approached when we should shift from the city to the Army Zone, from

For my friend — comrade — and commanding officer Maj Genl James G. Harbord — from Charles G Dawes

the zone of the politicians to the zone of the soldiers. With them the Commanding General is the supreme power in the Army Zone, a strip of country of varying width which roughly parallels the front lines where troops are facing each other. The lines of authority are as distinctly divided as the frontier lines of France and Switzerland. There came much talk about Missions. Two things have developed in this war, and have crept into military nomenclature: "Mission" and "Liaison." When the war came and the British entered France, the French at once established a Mission with them; when Joffre and Viviani went to America, it was a Mission; and thither also came the Mission of Balfour; the Mission of Udine; and the little Japanese Mission is now there; that from Liberia, Brazil, China, Cuba and other Allies of ours may yet appear with outstretched hand.

When we landed at Boulogne, the French Mission for the American Headquarters met us on the pier, traveled with us to Paris, and has clung closer than a brother ever since. It has some elaborate letterheads; demands office room; interrupts work at times; is much in the way much of the time; and sometimes performs some very genuine service by its knowledge of who is who and what is what in France. It may be a *Mission Militaire* or a *Mission de Liaison.* The former is a body whose title conveys to French military minds the idea of some concentrated military authority, a body with some authority to act on questions and to represent something or somebody. The latter is a Mission to link up French and Americans, to smooth out difficulties arising from difference of language and organization; to keep one commander informed of what the other is doing; to aid in

coöperation; to carry special correspondence, and to interpret and straighten out misunderstandings. There is hardly a British or American office which has not its special "liaison" with a corresponding office in the French service and with each other. Our Engineer, for example, in doing business with the French War Office generally does business with the same individual each time, and generally sends the same man to transact its affairs. It may be that an American officer is sent to stay in the French office and a French officer to remain with the corresponding American office. That is "liaison" in the new military sense. We have had a *Mission de Liaison,* which frequently tried to develop into a *Mission Militaire,* but it linked us only to the War Office. The Commanding General in the *Zone des Armés* had no representative with us, and as the day drew near in which we were to be transferred to his sphere, there were many rumors of what he would do to the Mission we had had; of what generals and colonels he intended to send us, and generally of added complications in which we bade fair to keep the dapper-looking Frenchmen we had and to acquire a dozen more. Much rank on a Mission is an embarrassment where the chief of staff of the headquarters to which it is accredited is a mere lieutenant colonel, for when a general comes in the lieutenant colonel feels inclined to bob up and stand to attention. The general enjoys that and increases the frequency of his visits, to the prejudice of work and some strain on the temper of the visited.

Then while we were in the throes of the transition between Missions, subjected to the efforts of one to perpetuate itself and those of another to get a foothold, a shock-headed sub-

secretary in the French War Office conceived the idea of establishing a third Mission with us composed of what in our organization would be quartermasters or commissaries,—only thirteen of them, and none speaking English. It seemed serious as far as the transaction of business was concerned. One might expect that in conferring a Mission on you they would ask you if you wished it, or if it would be agreeable to you. Sometimes they do ask that but follow the request with the Mission before you have time to refuse it. Not so our friend the sub-secretary, M. René Bésnard, he merely wrote to say that he had concluded to "establish" a Mission consisting of eleven officers and two interpreters, mentioning that it would be headed by the Sous-Intendant Peria. We replied suggesting that it be somewhat diminished in size and made a section of the Mission we already had, in order to avoid being bothered by frequent audiences with two Chefs de Mission. It was a letter calculated to discourage the creation of Missions, but M. Bésnard came back with a reply telling us, in much the same tone that a stepmother might use toward a hungry orphan, how necessary it was for us to have his Mission, and that he had to insist that it be established.

That night General Pershing was to visit the French General Headquarters, dine with Pétain, and enlighten him on their respective functions and powers, and incidentally discourage his mission-creating tendencies. Pétain ran to high rank in his ideas of a Mission. He would send, he said, one of his best generals, a man competent to advise, one on whom the General of the Americans might rely, a man who had been a chief of staff, and had had experience, and who

could tell our General how the French did things. Figuratively his Mission would warm the milk for our General, and do their best to see that he was taught his business. Their conversation was witnessed by a single officer, an aide-de-camp of our General, and if Pétain wishes to tell his French confrères any particular tale of what occurred he can do so without fear of contradiction. I suspect, though, that he bumped into Pershing's projecting chin, for no Mission is to be established by him. Of course he has to have a Mission, but it is to be merely in the same town with us, and not belong to us. It is to have a general at its head, but he is to represent Pétain, and its staff is largely to parallel his, and its function is to act for General Pétain on matters where we need French assistance, and where there would be delays if correspondence went across country to the French G.H.Q. It will not transact business with us except when we send our other Chef de Mission to ask it to attend to things for us. And M. Bésnard's Mission has dropped out of sight too. The Minister of War and Pétain are really big men. With them General Pershing can speak frankly, and when he does there is generally business transacted. Pétain tries to "put something over" sometimes, but no doubt smiles quietly to himself at the way General Pershing counters his efforts.

September 15–18, 1917.

Some days have gone since I made the last entries in this chronicle. These are days which may bear their fruit some day, but for the moment are rather drab and uneventful.

They are constructive days, probably, at least we hope they are; the days which correspond to the tottering footsteps of a small child trying out its legs, holding to chairs, taking an occasional step without holding; bored and bothered by the well-meant efforts of a crowd of helpers speaking a different language; walking a different gait when they do walk; trying to get the child off in a different direction from the one in which its parents wish it to start, and in which it, itself, is trying to go. The child's own parents—who were to send its shoes; furnish the chairs by which it is to guide its first steps; build the floor on which it was expected to move; prepare the steps up which it must travel to reach the levels; provide nurses and doctors in case it meets with disaster; feed it while it is growing strong; furnish the toys with which it must experiment, and the tools with which it must learn to work next year when it grows strong—are milling around in their own country, falling down, some of the things arriving out of the proper order; the heavy tools for a man arriving before the toys with which the child must grow strong; its little wagons arriving without wheels; its shoes for the wrong feet, or perhaps a left shoe and a right mitten; one step of a flight of six perhaps; a ditch digger where there should be a hill climber; workmen with no tools; thousands of coats and no little trousers; caterpillar tractors where light motorcycles are needed; kalsomine instead of paint; birdshot instead of bullets; mothballs instead of shrapnel, etc., etc. Hundreds of well-intentioned suggestions, scores of self-advertising Americans, newspaper correspondents on every ship.

It is difficult for one who is not familiar with the situation to conceive the confusion and inefficiency which are evi-

dent in certain phases of our staff management at home. Time and again our General Staff in making calculations for dispositions of arriving troops, get information from the French which has filtered through their Attaché in Washington, their High Commissioner and Ambassador there, to their War Office here, and finally gotten down to the appropriate section of their General Staff before it reaches General Pershing from the War Department. Naturally it is embarrassing, to put it mildly, to make your calculations on certain understandings with your home government; attempt to carry out what you understand to be its intentions with a foreign government; only to find out that the latter has later and better information about your business than you have.

The Chief of Ordnance there persistently deals with the French High Commissioner, a restless politician probably sent out of France for political reasons, and ties up and duplicates his own representative here on the ground on our staff. There are no secrets in France, apparently. Everything is stamped "Secret" but nobody has his tongue tied by that. There is no French officer who does not know and talk freely about these "secret" things, especially when they concern the queer and uncoördinated efforts of those amusing Americans who are trying to make war like real soldiers. No arriving regiment has yet brought its complete transportation. Wagon bodies arrive without wheels; motor trucks without engines or other equally important parts; wagons come without mules; mules without harness; with here and there an upholstered chair for some medical unit; or forty-seven iron porcelain-lined bathtubs for the Aviation School. Only one

engineer regiment of the considerable number that have arrived for pure work not soldiering came with its tools with which to work, and that was because its colonel refused to march his regiment aboard without the tools. The others are sitting idle waiting for tools which they left on the dock when they were marched aboard protesting on being forced to go without them. Trucks for these Headquarters, standing on the Hoboken docks on June 8, marked so the whole world could see for whom they were intended, have not yet on September 15 arrived. Ships coming over here loaded have to go back "in ballast" as we sailors say. That is, they take on sand or railroad iron or something to balance them and keep them from bobbing around too much on the way back. Last trip over one of them took 800 tons of sand. In the whole world just now, from our standpoint, there is no material thing or entity so valuable as shipping space to bring over material, men and munitions. Yet that ship was allowed by an intelligent Quartermaster Department to haul that 800 tons of St. Nazaire sand back here on its return trip. Think of the shoes, the toothpaste, cartridges, socks, etc., etc., crowded out by that 800 tons of French sand. Wow-wow, and then wow! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

I went to a luncheon to-day, given by Major General Wirbel, the local French General. He is a decent little man who wears the chevron on his right arm which tells of a wound received. He begins a sentence in an ordinary tone and continues in an ascending crescendo, getting louder. He has bad teeth. He suggests that remark of our Yokohama friend Fulton, that memorable January day when we motored up to the Pine Hills Inn from San Diego, when he thought

an old woman we saw by the side of the road could with her single fang-like tooth, make a living biting holes in Swiss cheese. Other guests included Major General le Marquis de Castelnau, and his extremely distinguished looking Chief of Staff, Major General Hellot. General Castelnau is a fine-looking little old man of sixty-five, with a strong face. He is very short and dumpy. By many he is thought to be the best of the French Generals, but he is too *Catholique,* and has a title and is a Royalist, and all those attributes are fatal to him in republican France as far as more than he can demand on sheer ability is concerned. I have heard it said that no very great soldier can long lead the armies of France. The old General sat at my right. Perhaps I would better say I sat at his left. He has a good soldier face, but it is not the smiling face of happy age. He has lost three sons, dead for France. His Chief of Staff is a very handsome man, good height, and very soldierly looking, and was formerly a Division Commander. General Castelnau commands a rather quiet part of the front now, running west from the Swiss frontier. There were speeches from General Wirbel and General Pershing, the usual hands-across-the-sea stuff. General Wirbel beginning in moderate tones and progressing to loudness, and biting a few holes in the atmosphere with his rodent-like teeth; General Pershing making a nicely rounded little speech. Good old Castelnau confined his remarks to the raising of his glass and hoping that we might water our horses together in the Rhine, which I took to mark him as of cavalry origin, but it turned out that he was an infantryman.

Luncheon was over and we were having coffee, when my

GEN. PERSHING'S OFFICE, CHAUMONT, 1917–19

General remarked that we would leave at 5 P. M. for Vittel, going on next day to Valdahon to look in on the field artillery there. It left little time to get ready, and there seems on such occasions an accumulation of work at the office, but we got away at five-thirty and made Vittel by seven-thirty. The last time we were there it was at the height of the season, with pretty women in evening dress and men in dinner coats, and a very attractive hotel. I think the General planned the trip with the evening at Vittel just for a glimpse of the bright lights on pretty shoulders, and the "light that lies in woman's eyes,—and lies, and lies, and lies." But we found the lights were dim, the good hotel closed, a few belated guests outstaying the season in a less attractive hostelry; no pretty shoulders, no sparkle of jewels, no music.

As we strode down the hall towards the dining room in which we were the solitary guests at 8 P. M., a few stragglers were seated in a little cozy side room and looked curiously at us. One old-maid-looking lady came up and said: "How do you do, General Pershing. I met you at the Embassy. I was Miss——, I have changed my name since," and pulled forward a shrinking little Frenchman, wearing the three sleeve stars of a Major General, whom she presented as her husband. She was one of the band of devoted old maids, divorcées, and widows who are over here rehabilitating the desolated French towns, and she had met and married the little General, and they were spending their honeymoon at Vittel. Cold and cheerless as it seems out of season, I suppose it was bright and attractive for them.

We left early next morning and ran through as lovely a

land as God ever made, the western foothills of the Vosges Mountains. The country was hilly but cultivated to the heights, and wooded slopes and green pastures, silvery streams and red-roofed villages, combined in as lovely a landscape as eye ever looked upon. It is a land untouched by the war, except that like all France it is nearly a manless land. Over it hangs the charm of age, for this is a land that was old in history when Columbus set sail to the West over four centuries ago.

On many hill tops there are well-preserved fortifications that date from Roman days. This is country where Cæsar campaigned, and wrote his dispatches, even as our Pershing writes his cablegrams, while possibly the Roman populace milled around and beat the air as our statesmen at home are doing now.

One of the quaintest old towns we passed was Besançon, where it is said Cæsar had his headquarters. It lies in a gulch or canyon, not unsuggestive of an Arizona mining town, with old fortifications crowning the hills on opposite sides. A beautiful river flows towards the sunlit southern seas, and from some of the hills one may on a very clear day see the Swiss Alps.

Valdahon is an artillery post where our 1st Brigade is training, and it seemed like getting home again to hear an army band playing good old American dance music, to see the horses, the guidons, and good American soldiers once more. General March, in command, is a live energetic man, full of energy and aggressiveness, and I think will go far in the war if he gets a chance. We had a very interesting afternoon. Some very efficient French officers are instruct-

ing our people and giving them French artillery methods. At luncheon, three hundred officers in one hall, the aircraft alarm sounded, and the telephone said German aircraft were flying over Besançon. At the alarm all go inside, and all people in buildings of more than one story go into the lowest. Nothing happened. For me the sounding of the alarm was coincident with the arrival of a waiter with some very good dessert, and for a moment I was really "alarmed," but I lost nothing through it.

We saw many old acquaintances: Moseley, now a Colonel; Birnie, who was a Captain at Douglas with me last summer and is now a Colonel; Monroe, a Coast Artilleryman who was at Presidio in 1915; Westervelt, my companion at San Luis Obispo when I was laid out there four days in 1914; Hervey, who was a student in my Students' Camp in San Francisco in 1915; Hollingsworth, who was a constabulary officer under me in 1905 in Albay; and many others. We had a full afternoon, and left about four. We ran to Gray and had dinner, and then came home by midnight.

At Gray we lingered over our coffee while de Chambrun gave his views on many things. He is a very good artilleryman, it is said, and is a very likable fellow, though having to ride with him or talk with him for very long is like making a meal off of soufflé. He seldom by any chance says anything that he thinks you would not wish to hear, if you happen to be a General for instance. He thinks the General speaks the most perfect French; and generally says the polite things which people are supposed to like to hear. He passed two years and a half in Africa, going in at Algiers and coming out at the French Congo, was wounded, etc. General

Pétain says he has no superior as a field artilleryman for division artillery, which is very high praise. He talks very interestingly of Pétain, whom he knew as a Major in their War College. He says Pétain despises politicians, and has risen in spite of them. We have that same idea, though there are not wanting signs that the General is looking on the politicians with a less severe eye than formerly.

De Chambrun told of the last fight at Douaumont, some eight or nine months ago. The little President and Joffre, then already fallen from power, were out in the Verdun region, and had reached Bar-le-Duc on their way back to Paris. Pétain had an officer there to whom he telephoned the news that the French had won. Pétain was second in command and Nivelle, later superseded by him, was first. The little President rubbed his hands with satisfaction at the news of victory and said to Joffre: "This has been a great day. It has consecrated Nivelle," to which Joffre added "and killed Pétain." The officer to whom Pétain had sent the news heard these remarks and repeated them to Pétain. After the fall of Nivelle, Pétain for four days was Chief of Staff and was then sent to succeed to his present command. In that four days, de Chambrun recounts that one night Pétain was in his office waiting for news, when a liaison officer from the President came in and asked for news for the President, to which Pétain replied: "Tell the President I have no news for him, and that if I had I should send it by one of my officers and not by you." After his succession to the chief command, de Chambrun says one of Pétain's officers called and said he had come to pay his respects and to congratulate him. He graciously replied to him in substance: "Of course you pay

your respects for they are due from you. As for your congratulations I do not care a damn for them." This all made interesting after-dinner talk, but sounds a little like romance to me.

September 30, 1917.

This is a northern land and the days are growing shorter. The sun is a long way south for the winter. France has this "daylight saving," which is to me as hard to understand as how you lose a day one way and gain a day the other in the trans-Pacific voyage between California and the Orient. I know, though, when my orderly comes to wake me for my ride at six that it is not six but five, and that when I work hard all day until seven, that I have not really worked so long and that it is really only six. The whole thing is a devilish German idea anyway, and I shall be glad next week when they turn the clock back and we get on the same schedule with the sun once more.

Yesterday when I had worked until four,—but it really wasn't four, but three,—Frank McCoy came in and said I needed rest. That I should take a short vacation and go with him, de Chambrun and Willie Eustis to Nancy. I hesitated, halted in a memorandum I was inflicting on my secretary, wondered if the General would object, and finally weakly consented and started downstairs to the motor car, only to run into the General at the foot of the stairs, and put the proposition up to him. He said "Go ahead," and so I did.

We left at four-twenty,—only it was not really four-twenty,—and reached Nancy at seven,—only it was not seven, but an hour earlier. It was a run through a beautiful country.

Colonel de Chambrun had a good limousine car, and a chauffeur he pronounced as "prudent." The chauffeur, a French soldier, is a notary when he is at home in time *de la paix,* and he did not appear to me to justify de Chambrun's characterization of prudent. He fairly flew over the country; slid up the hills; slipped down the slopes; bobbed through little towns; his prudence being entirely confined to turning a crank that rang a warning horn. I told Chambrun I had never seen an insane asylum in France and that my idea was that they put their lunatics to driving motor cars.

We lost an hour through tire trouble in a small village where there was a French battery billeted. While there we observed the French soldiers in various attitudes of rest. It was time for their supper and they were eating on window sills, steps, tail gates of Lorraine chariots, the latter being the universal vehicle of the country. It was a battery with which de Chambrun had served, he said, and he called up one of the men who was just through his supper, and was subjecting his teeth to a vacuum-cleaning process assisted by a straw, and began to talk to him. The contrast in this soldier's demeanor to his superior officer who was, of course, in uniform, as all of us are over here at all times, as compared to that of a British or American soldier under similar conditions, was very great. He was in a half-standing position, made no effort to stand up or get his heels together, continued to pick his teeth, where an American or British soldier would have cracked his heels together and stood rigidly to attention.

We hear much of the democracy which prevails between French officer and soldier, and perhaps this was an example of it. There is much "Mon Colonel," the familiar possessive

form of address which is also used by all Spanish-speaking soldiers as "Mi Coronel." I take it to be of Latin origin since the soldiers of all the Romance races use it. The British lay great stress on the standing to attention and saluting, claiming it as the very foundation of all discipline, the visible evidence of the complete submission of the will of the soldier to that of his superior. The attitude says to the onlooking world: "I am a soldier, and ready for service," his mind, will and body being in a position for instant response to superior demands. I am inclined naturally to accept the British and American view of it, and do not believe in the French method. It lies at the basis of the offensive spirit which the British are showing on the Flanders front, and the absence of it may partly account for the defensive spirit which reigns at most portions of the French lines. Yet, the French are superb soldiers. They followed Napoleon to the capitals of twenty European countries, and died for the Empire by hundreds of thousands, and they have stopped the German onrush at the Marne, at Verdun, and many hard-fought fields.

When I sat beside Lord French at dinner one of the nights we were in England in June, he spoke of the peculiarities of the French. He said that they lacked the pertinacity and bulldog tenacity of the British, and were more easily pushed out of their positions by the Germans. They are also easily affected by their surroundings; their morale is dangerously affected by adverse conditions at home; for example, if the coal situation is what we fear this winter, hundreds of French families of men at the front will suffer from cold, and it will be a very dangerous period for France, and in case of much suffering no one can divine exactly what will happen.

Well, the tire was eventually mended or replaced and we ran on through the twilight, over the hills into the valley of the Meuse; over into the Moselle, the fair hills and valleys of Lorraine, and eventually at the frontier between daylight and moonlight, came around a hill and through a curving avenue of fine old trees, looked down into the city of Nancy, a regularly built city of over a hundred thousand people, the capital of the old Dukes of Lorraine, and a city very near to which the Germans came. They throw an occasional shell over there now, and seem to have the range and direction on the railroad station, but everything was quiet the night of our visit. It is about forty miles from Metz, the strong fortified point in this part of Germany which fronts Nancy, and in the days before the war, de Chambrun said one person in every ten in Nancy was a spy. The German officers used frequently to run down from Metz and have supper with some of the gay half-world of Nancy.

The moon was full the night we visited the old town, and was just above the buildings when we drove into the famous Place de Stanislas. The last Duke of Lorraine was Stanislas Leszczynski, the last King of Poland and father-in-law of Louis XV, who, after the father of his queen lost his throne, made him Duke of Lorraine. Stanislas greatly improved the city and in its principal square his monument is conspicuous and the square is named Place de Stanislas.

It is one of the great squares of the world, by many thought to rival or surpass the beauty of St. Mark's in Venice. It is more symmetrical, and the architecture, notwithstanding the beauty of the great Venetian church and the Doge's Palace, is more harmonious. The buildings are not very high. The

place is perhaps two hundred yards on a side. At each corner the entrance is through an iron grill gate, richly ornamented in gold (gilt?). The balconies of the four sides are all in gilt as well as the heavy iron lanterns or lamps that swing out from the houses. On the center of one side there is a heavy old-time masonry gate, sally-port, groined arches and all, straight out from which runs a wide avenue bordered by trees, and perhaps four hundred yards long, terminating in a palace which is the center of a semicircle of beautiful buildings. The whole effect is beautiful, quite the best thing I have seen in France in some respects.

We walked around the square and out through the sally-port, and then strolled back for dinner at a restaurant famous in other days for beautiful, and not always slow, women, it is said. The night sky was full of the darting lights of the French bombing planes going out for a night raid over Germany. There is a big aviation center not far from Nancy and a raid was on for the night. The old Place was as peaceful as Peace itself in the moonlight, not a sign of war to be seen, but the air was full of the buzzing airplanes, and they were flying for Germany laden with tons of deadly bombs.

We found the restaurant not very lively though there were perhaps half a dozen couples. Some of them looked as we married people generally look; some of them did not. Two French generals with the double stars of Generals of Division were there. The dinner was excellent, a nice soup, some little fried fish kept alive until we ordered them; sweetbreads; *petits pois;* some lettuce salad, and Peach Melba with macaroons. These last are a specialty in Nancy. They are about twice the size of the macaroon at home, and come served on

a little paper with the name of the dealer on the back of it. We lingered long over our coffee, talked of many things, toasted the absent ones in the rose-red wine of the country and in champagne, and with another turn around the beautiful square, motored back to Headquarters by midnight.

Nancy has a history running far back into the good old days. Hither came many a warrior in the old times. Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, fell before Nancy in the fifteenth century, nearly five hundred years ago, and it was an old battle ground then. Charles le Téméraire, our French friends called him. They were bold boys, those braves of Burgundy. It was Burgundy that thundered at the gates when Louis XI was king, and sweet Katherine Vaucelles rejoiced in *If I Were King,* that a man had come to court, when François Villon bade defiance to the heralds of Burgundy. The tattered banners of Burgundy were those that the Lord Constable was to hang in the cathedral arches "until the King's name is but a golden line in chronicles gray with age." Alas, "where are the joys of yesterday?????"

The Commander in Chief has decreed that hereafter, except in case of emergency, all offices shall close on Sunday, and officers go out for the needed exercise, combining with exercise visits to neighboring points of interest. It may not last more than one Sunday, and of course it will end when operations begin, but come what may, I shall have had my hour.

October 10, 1917.

We have had a very interesting guest in the house for two nights: the Military Correspondent of the London *Times,*

Colonel Reppington. Perhaps most people who have read the *Times,* as I have in various parts of the world including the Orient, have noted that its Special Military Correspondent is evidently a man of military training. I remember some very striking things one used to read in it a few years ago; one particularly interesting summary of Field Marshal Lord Wolseley's career at the time of his death, in which he pointed out that all of Wolseley's career had been fought under the brilliant skies of Africa and Asia and that in his long active military life he had never led troops against a civilized foe. The *Times* accounts of the present war are all worth keeping, and Colonel Reppington by his propaganda has contributed as much to the success of the war, perhaps more, than if he had led a corps.

He is called Colonel, wears the uniform of a British Lieutenant Colonel, and belongs to the British Military Establishment. Those who have read his writing, as I say, have long recognized him as a man of military training. He is a case, it is said, of a man who ruined his army career for "a rag, and a bone and a hank of hair." As a youth he graduated at Sandhurst, the West Point of England, acquitting himself with honor. He was gazetted to a good regiment and took up the ordinary career of a young British officer. Good-looking and attractive, he made many friends. Then there came a romance with the wife of his Colonel, and he left the service and disappeared from the ken of his brother officers, finally, after life in many parts of the earth, returned to England to the *Times.* The present great war has brought back into uniform many sons of Briton who once wore it, and Reppington among them.

He has been visiting General Pétain and now comes for a day or two with the Americans. We sent him to-day to one of the divisional training areas and are giving him every opportunity. He is very keen, very much interested in everything and very quick to grasp anything told him. He seems quite familiar with our Civil War history,—always flattering to an American army officer,—and was a Sandhurst classmate of Colonel Henderson whose *Life of Stonewall Jackson* is one of the great contributions to the history of that conflict.

Reppington and Bacon were talking to-night of the terrifying days of 1914 in Paris when the Germans were approaching. The French Government left the capital believing its capture certain; a move which, in the light of the later success on the Marne, has left the members of that government politically explaining all the remainder of their lives. Our American Ambassador, Herrick, seems to have risen in those troubled days to a full appreciation of his opportunity to be of use, and his memory is very popular among the French of all classes; as indeed, is our own Major Robert Bacon.

Herrick was, in a sense, given charge of Paris by Poincaré at the time the Government left the city and was the representative of the only power whose Ambassador could probably command the attention and respect of the Germans if they entered the city, as everybody thought they were sure to do. This has given rise to a story, alluded to by Reppington to-night, that Poincaré and Delcassé asked the American Ambassador and the Swedish Minister of the day to go out and negotiate the surrender of Paris with the Germans. Paris and her art treasures in the hands of the Germans is a fearful thing to contemplate in the light of three years' history of

German war methods. They had, it is said, announced an intention to burn Paris one-fourth at a time to compel the surrender of the French armies in the field. General Gallieni, a gallant old soldier in command of the antiquated defenses of Paris, fully appreciated the situation, and was prepared to do all that could humanly be done with the insufficient force at his command. No small number of the guns of the defenses of Paris lay unmounted in their emplacements, which sounds like the history of the defense of Washington instead of old Paris. Gallieni and his command were ready to turn the defense guns towards the city if the Germans forced their way past them. All this was happily averted by the Battle of the Marne, and Paris was saved. Bacon and Reppington doubt if the story is true.

October 15, 1917.

To-day is a great day in the history of us Hautes-Marnais. The last great historic event in the chronology of this once bald and windswept hill, the "Calvus Mons," was the treaty signed here in 1814 by which Napoleon's overthrow was arranged, and France restored to her historic limits of 1789. The room in which the treaty was signed by Francis II of Austria, Alexander I of Russia and Frederic William of Prussia, and by Metternich, Castelreagh and the Boche, whatever his name was who was Minister for Prussia, is still kept intact, and the turn of the stairway by which one ascends to it is marked by a stained-glass window purporting to show the signing of the treaty.

Far be it from me to place our entry into Chaumont on a

par with that day of the three royalties, but in the eyes at least of the Hebrew Mayor of the city, we are making some history too. In the Hôtel de Ville a marble tablet conspicuously placed states the fact that on September 6, 1917, General John J. Pershing, Generalissime of all the American troops, established his Headquarters,—his Grand Quartier Général,—in the city. And to-day at high noon we gathered in the old Hôtel de Ville to witness the presentation of an American flag made by the ladies of Chaumont, to General Pershing. The city building and the adjacent streets were full of people, though I am told that admission to the Hôtel de Ville was by card. The flag was a beauty. A French soldier stood a little apart and above us holding the flag by its lance staff and letting its silken folds fall forward just enough to show the splendid heaviness of its embroidery, the massive gold of its border and the solid silver of its stars. In the lower corner nearest the staff are embroidered the arms of Chaumont: the triple arms of Champagne, Lorraine and Burgundy, I fancy, surmounted by a crown. The gold fleur-de-lis, the crenelations that border the sinister bar of Lorraine; the arms of Chaumont are no mushroom creation, for it has borne them for nearly or quite a thousand years, so long that their exact origin is lost in antiquity.

The Hôtel de Ville was crowded with people. All we French were much *émotionnés* and *excités,* and twisted our necks awry to see the good-looking American General. The Mayor of Chaumont, M. Lévy-Alphandéry, a Captain of French Reserves, assigned as an officer to the duty to which he was elected as a civilian before the war, is, if I am not mistaken, of that tribe of Levi, from which as springing from

Aaron, the priests of the Chosen People were born in the good old days or the bad old times before the Christian Era, depending on *le point de vue.* The Mayor is fiercely bearded. Masculine French can really only be properly spoken when strained through hair. He is an orator, and proprietor of the glove factory, the principal industry of our city. He made quite a speech in behalf of the ladies, and presented the General with a silken scroll with an address on it from the ladies, but went farther and made a speech of his own. Our Chief was thus faced with the necessity of making a speech, and he made an extremely good one. I could hardly believe it impromptu, but he assures me it was. It really rose to heights, showed great feeling but well restrained as it should be, and was really quite a notable effort. I asked him how he could make such a speech. He says three things go to make it possible: (1) Do not be afraid; (2) Talk as though you were speaking to just one person instead of many; (3) Have something to say. The speech was then butchered in the translation by M. le Colonel Reboul, an English-speaking member of the French Mission, who was scared and gave an utterly inadequate idea of what the General had said. The flag was then turned over to our orderlies and preceded us down street to the Mayor's house, where we were to *déjeuner.*

It was my first admission to the ordinary French home, except for a brief luncheon at the house of General Wirbel here in town, for the grand functions in Paris gave one no idea of ordinary French home life. And we get no better idea of it by living in this combination bazaar and museum of natural history known as the Château Quillar. But this was a French home of the well-to-do class, with a nice little

garden, a servant at the door, a hostess who came forward when you were shown in and was extremely pleasant. She was unmistakably a Jewess, though as French as Poincaré himself at the same time, a little gray-eyed black-haired lady, with quite an easy manner, and much vivacity, and readiness of speech. I judged her in the neighborhood of thirty-five, but she told us that of her two sons in the war, one is a prisoner of war in Germany, and the other at the French front. She may be a bit older than thirty-five. Her French was quite plain and easily understood, and as I say she talked very readily. Her father was brought in and presented, a very nice-looking little old man, with white hair and bright dark eyes.

The drawing-room was characterized by none of the atrocities in taste which mark this establishment of ours, though no one would have mistaken it for an American residence, current national tastes being so different. But it was quite evidently the home of good people, "among our best people" of Chaumont.

Other guests were Alvord and the General's A.D.C., Captain Boyd; the agreeable Colonel de Chambrun; General Ragueneau, Colonel Reboul, General Wirbel, the Principal of the Normal School, the local Député, a funny little man with Uncle Sam whiskers who is the Mayor's assistant; fifteen of us altogether. The luncheon was delicious. The dining room was quite dark, with good furniture, including a very handsome old clock which reached the rather low ceiling from the floor. As the end of the meal drew near, the Mayor rose, grasped his champagne glass, raised it, craned his neck over the swinging lamp so he could look at General Pershing, and

ground out some guttural French through his beard, indicating the combined honor and pleasure he felt at having the General for a guest, his desire for friendly and harmonious relations between the two peoples, his reverence for the star-spangled banner only equaled by his sentiment for the tricolor, etc., etc.

The lingering over the coffee and liqueurs which terminates these French functions,—the coffee generally served in another room than the dining room,—was cut short at M. Lévy-Alphandéry's by our expected arrival of Field Marshal Joffre. In one of those moments of emotion and exuberance of feeling, General Pershing once expressed his hope that when he was duly installed in his Quartier-Général out of Paris, the Marshal could come and visit him. Once was enough for the expression of that hope, which as far as the General's part of it was concerned was a bit casual at the time, and did not grow stronger as the weeks went on: very different with the Marshal or at least with his restless staff officers.

Personally, I think that the simple-minded kindly old soul would prefer to be left at home to admire the goldfish and attend his geraniums, and think of the triumphs of his American visit, but the staff can see him sliding out of the public mind, completely ignored officially, without influence and power, and only for a moment regaining the limelight in the occasional exchange of visits with General Pershing. They keep him stirred up; no doubt really believe in him; and profess to think that he will yet have to be recalled in some important political or military capacity. So it came to pass a fortnight ago we were reminded that the Marshal was about ready to pay us the visit. I don't think any one at these head-

quarters had thought of the old man since we told him good-by in Paris, and it gave us a little start. "Well, let's get it over with" was heard and the Marshal was at once asked to come down. To come in that manner, however, was not exactly what was wanted. Merely to come without preliminary fanfares; with no press announcement; just to come, did not exactly fit the idea of the Marshal or of his staff. It developed that the Marshal thought he could not come on less than eight days' notice. It was on a Saturday, so he was at once asked for the following Sunday, an exact eight days away, and he accepted, and he was due just after the Lévy-Alphandéry luncheon this afternoon.

An hour at that luncheon at the coffee and liqueur stage was devoted to one of the arguments of which the French are so fond as to whether or not the civil or the military ought to handle the Marshal's arrival; the part the Prefect should play; what the Mayor ought to do; the rôle to be assigned to the little assistant-mayor with the funny chin-whiskers; General Wirbel's strident voice rising high in the discussion; the keen dark alert little General Ragueneau holding himself aloof with a quiet smile; the Americans just adding an occasional query to keep the discussion going. It was finally decided with all the elaborateness of detail which probably characterized the Treaty of 1814, that the Marshal on arrival would go at once to the French Mission Headquarters; thence to the residence of General Pershing, where he would in effect be on American soil and have nothing officially to do with Prefects, Mayors, etc., though they would be permitted to come and see him if they wished.

Our gate has a sentry over it; we decided for the stay of

the Marshal to have a French sentry on the other side of the gate. We turned out a guard of an officer and a trumpeter and ten men to present arms at the gate on his motor car arriving. It was arranged that the French should bring a similar guard to face ours on the other side of the gate, the trumpeters to blow in turn. Long before the Marshal arrived the crowd began to gather and we had quite a respectable gathering at our gates which added to the general *éclat* of the proceedings.

The Marshal and his two Aides and orderly arrived about five-thirty. They went to the French Mission as planned, where the Marshal entered and acted exactly as though he thought he was still helping the machinery move. He drifted over to the principal desk in the office, settled down over a chair, and asked if there were any papers. There were none to be acted upon by him. He then asked as to the organization of the American Army, and was handed a sheet showing perhaps our Headquarters staff. He rolled an eye over it for a second, handed it back with the inevitable "Bon," and his duties at the French Mission were concluded.

He then came down to our crowd at the gate and the double guard, and was received with all the ceremony which we were able to muster. After tea he was shown to his room a few moments and then dinner was served. There was considerable fluttering among our servants, over the presence of the Marshal, but matters went through without a hitch. He really is a kindly old man, of great common sense, and singularly unspoiled by the adoration which is undoubtedly given him by a majority of the common people and soldiers of France to whom he is "Papa Joffre." After dinner, and

we had said the usual banal things which people who are trying to learn each other's language say to each other, Boyd was told to tell the old Marshal that he was no doubt fatigued and wished to retire. And he was and he did.

October 16, 1917.

The plan yesterday morning was that the Marshal should be taken by the General to review our 1st Division. My *doigt du pied* is still infected so I was spared the day to work at the office. I sent McCoy and Alvord. The General planned an elaborate luncheon, as elaborate as the country hotel at Neufchâteau could pull off, and counted his party the night before and extended invitations. Two extra Frenchmen showed up to go at the last minute and had to be included, however. I worked at home all day, and the party returned about 7 P. M. The guards, the crowds and the two trumpeters were waiting, and they came in properly heralded, and reporting a successful day. For dinner, conversation, etc., same program as the night before, with same consideration as to sending the Marshal to bed early and resting up our tired French a little.

This morning the Marshal and suite were shown through our Headquarters offices and met the different staff officers. They seemed to be pleased, and the staff officers of Marshal Joffre told us he had much enjoyed his visit. We showed him the first soldiers he has seen for eight months, he said.

The situation of Marshal Joffre is peculiarly French. He is quite adored by the soldiers and the people. History will bear him on its pages as the victor of the Marne, and that

he was in command those days when the German high tide was stopped and rolled back at the Marne is beyond dispute. Whatever the impression on events the Marshal may be making now, he cannot be robbed of the historic fact that on the days of the Marne he commanded the French armies, and they were successful. But whatever his place in history, and whatever the emotions he stirred in America last spring, the cold facts are that he is now on a shelf, with nothing to do, no responsibility, no power. The politicians have no idea of letting him come back if they can help it, though some ministry may have to avail itself of his popularity and include him, or it is even possible that if he lives and says nothing foolish he may become president.

The Painlevé Ministry is doomed to a short life. It does not include the all-powerful Socialists. Painlevé himself has not shown up well under questions in the Chamber. His Ministry cannot, it is said, survive much longer. There is talk of Briand, Viviani, and a possible combination which might include Joffre as Minister of War. Beyond doubt the visit of the Marshal here will help him. It keeps him in the limelight a little.

October 21, 1917.

Yesterday morning wild rumors were current as to Zeppelins flying over fair France. Soon after office opened the Chief of the Air Service received a hurried request from the French regional commander, General Wirbel, asking him to turn out some one who spoke German to go to Bourbonne-les-Bains, to interpret for some Germans who had been brought down there in a Zeppelin. We sent out a delegation and later received

more news, rumors being confirmed that two others had also been brought down in France, and possibly a fourth. The one first reported was said to be practically intact, while they generally come down in flames or are bombed by their crew on landing.

The Commander in Chief left for Paris yesterday and I expected to hear from him by telephone but the call did not come until four o'clock, and by the time I transacted that business, secured the required *carnet rouge* for my chauffeur, and got under way for Bourbonne-les-Bains, with McCoy along, it was nearly five o'clock in a country where darkness falls between half past five and six.

We traveled fast over a beautiful road, as straight for miles at a stretch as the tangents on our best railroads at home, or as an old Roman road, which beyond doubt it is. It was practically dark when we reached Bourbonne-les-Bains, fifty kilometres distant (thirty-one miles). We were constantly meeting automobiles proceeding in the opposite direction whose passengers we assumed had been out to see the Zeppelin. At Bourbonne-les-Bains we asked an old woman on the street where the Zeppelin was, and we were told to take the first street to the left and go about three kilometers. When we had gone what I considered to be about three kilometers I said to McCoy, that we must be nearly there, but he said no, that he saw a hill ahead which we should have to climb first. A few yards farther and I said: "That's no hill. That's the Zeppelin." So it was. It loomed like a hill as it lay diagonally to our road, its end coming within a few yards of it. We stopped the machine and got out.

The great sausage had fallen across a little valley with a small stream, its pilot house or gondola being caught between the banks, its windows on a level with our waists as we walked down and stood beside the little pilot house. Our chauffeur climbed aboard and walked around in the little room which much resembled the cockpit of a launch, except that its ship part was above it instead of below. I reached in and could touch the steering wheel, which was just like that of a small launch. Beside it there was a compass swung binnacle fashion. The weight of the balloon apparently rested on the little pilot house, and we walked out forty or fifty yards under the bow portion of the balloon portion of the great airship. A ladder ran up from the rear of the little pilot house, probably to a gangway and thence along under the ship to one or more gondolas where the engines, etc., were. It was too dark to make our way across the stream to the other end of the ship. I guessed it to be 500 feet long, and later learned it was 470. It was about the size of the *Baltic* or *Manchuria,* being much larger than I had always fancied Zeppelins to be. It was slightly cigar shaped, and in the thickest part was probably 80 feet in diameter.

Its crew had been forced down by French airplanes, but on landing their intention of destroying it was frustrated by a hunter with a gun, an old French soldier, now *réformé,* who lined them up and prevented the act. This man and a single *gendarme* marched the whole eighteen of them off to jail. The statement of the Germans was that they raided England the night before, and returning to Germany were lost in the fog of the twentieth and that they thought they were over Holland

when the French planes began chasing them. A raid was made in England the night before, which lent the color of probability to their statement.

McCoy took me home with him for dinner, our return trip being so delayed by the dense fog that dinner was over at my mess. At his mess there were a Miss Martha McCook and a Miss Gertrude Ely who were out in the interest of the Y. M. C. A. The former brought a letter to me from Colonel Roosevelt.

I left for Paris at seven-thirty this morning with Major Logan accompanying, and ran it in four hours and forty-five minutes. Motoring is cold now but I had my good British trench coat along, and barring the inevitable cold feet got along all right. It seemed very nice to get back to my fine room at 73 rue de Varenne, but being alone in Paris is a very lonesome feeling. We had hurried to Paris that day on information that the Commander in Chief would leave at four-thirty to witness a French offensive near Soissons, but the trip was postponed twenty-four hours. Logan and I decided to have dinner together and later visit the Folies Bergères theater. He rounded up General Atterbury, the railroad Brigadier who is our Director General of Transportation, being vice-president of the Pennsylvania railroad on leave for the war, and Major Glendenning, a Philadelphia aviator. We dined at Le Voisin, an exceedingly good restaurant, and later went to the theater. There were several very good acts, notably some acrobatics, but the interesting thing is the stroll or promenade in the lobby between acts. It is no place for a nervous married man.

General Headquarters

October 22, 1917.

Had my father lived he would have been seventy-seven to-day.

I had a day at the office and between four and five we started on the journey to see the French offensive, which had been postponed twenty-four hours on account of the foggy rainy weather. Battles cannot be well fought under Western front conditions without sufficient clearness to enable the aviators to fly and to locate and guide infantry and artillery.

General Pershing, Colonel de Chambrun, Colonel Boyd, A.D.C., Major Logan and myself were the party. We were to run out to Vic-sur-Aisne, have dinner with General Franchet d'Esperey, who commands a group of French armies, talk over the plan for the offensive, and return to Compiègne for the night at the quarters of Colonel Frank Parker, our liaison officer at French G.H.Q.

We had no sooner started and were leaving Paris than a heavy fog descended and we were obliged to go so slowly that it was after eight when we arrived at the headquarters of General Franchet d'Esperey, where we had dinner. I sat at his right, General Pershing across the table facing him. After dinner, which was the usual thing, we adjourned to his office and studied the map for the battle in the morning. Three Army Corps are to be engaged on the French side. A salient in the trench line is to be straightened out if all goes well. It involves the famous Chemin des Dames. This is a road that follows a ridge from near Craonne towards Soissons. In the days of Louis XIV or XV, certain fair

ladies in the King's favor were established in a château near here. They wished a road built and it was accomplished, and the Chemin des Dames it has been ever since. At the Craonne end of the ridge, Napoleon I fought his battle of Craonne in 1814 against the Allies (Germans, Russians, British), though I believe the latter had no troops actually present at Craonne.

In 1914 the waves of the present war ebbed and flowed over the Chemin des Dames, and there has hardly been a *communiqué* since we came to France which has not featured the same famous road. Both sides push for high ground as the winter comes on over here. The mud is so frightful and the health and suffering of the soldiers are so affected by the low ground that both British and French have deliberately calculated the number of probable casualities in carrying the German trenches on high ground as being less than those from a winter in the low ground. Hence the struggle for this ridge, and for the one over in front of Ypres.

General Franchet d'Esperey explained his plans very much in detail. Late this afternoon a German wireless was intercepted saying the French would attack at five-thirty to-morrow morning. That had been the plan. It is now changed enough so that when the German artillery begins to put down the protective barrage of fire between them and the French, the latter will have moved so that the barrage will fall behind them in their advance instead of between them and the Germans. The first objective, it is expected, will be carried in twenty minutes from the zero hour, which is what they call the starting hour. Then the lines will rest four hours before attempting the next objectives. We shall see the latter.

October 23, 1917.

After the little General's explanation of his plans last night we motored to Compiègne. Franchet d'Esperey is a short active little man who looks like a fighter. He is a French Général de Division, which in reality corresponds most closely to our Lieutenant Generalcy, though a division is what our Major Generals are supposed to command. He told me his life had been passed in Asia and Africa, in the colonies of France. He was in command in Peking a while in General Chaffee's time that summer of 1900, being then a Colonel on some duty analogous to our provost duty. He was commanding an army corps when the war broke out. The French had nine armies then, each with several corps. Of all who commanded armies, groups of armies, and corps, only Franchet d'Esperey and Castelnau are still commanding. It is very suggestive of what will happen with our general officers, I fear.

We had breakfasted and were on the road by seven this morning. At Vic-sur-Aisne at eight we picked up our little General, and were told that the early attack had succeeded all along the line; that the German losses had been heavy, and that columns of prisoners were marching in from the front. We then motored through Soissons to the old fort of Condé, where we had a view of the later battle that began about nine. The fort is on top of a hill; was partly destroyed by the Germans last spring when they fell back from it, but affords the best location for a general view of the attack that was made.

The roar of the guns was continuous. There was an intermittent but almost constant line of flashes of the guns across our entire field of view, with corresponding bursts of smoke on the ridges ahead. An occasional German shell came over. Through glasses the infantry could be seen advancing. The airplanes were working, though it was cloudy and getting worse each minute. Soon it began to rain. Franchet d'Esperey had us in a little covered lookout with a tripod telescope, and a telephone. An aide sat at the phone which was ringing very frequently, and reports being made over it. The number of different telephone wires stretched along the ground or buried in an attack like this runs into hundreds for artillery control alone. A little group of Americans, not of our party, was gathered in a little bastion near us, comprising Major Generals O'Ryan and Clements and their Chiefs of Staff, Bandholtz and King. I shook hands with them all in the rain as we passed but did not see them again. The morning dragged along, it getting harder and harder to see at any distance. The reports by telephone were all favorable, and about twelve General Franchet d'Esperey proposed luncheon, which we had in an old arched room of the half-ruined fort.

After luncheon we drove to headquarters of the 21st Army Corps, passing on the way several hundred Germans being marched in. The headquarters were in a dugout, and the officers were at luncheon. All stood up when we came in. There was one, a nice looking blond, in a uniform which was strange to me, and to the others. I whispered to Boyd, and he to Logan, and he to de Chambrun, and the whisper came back: "That's a German staff officer brought in to be ques-

tioned." I noticed he had a clean collar on, his hair nicely brushed; that he had evidently not been much mussed up in the capture; and that he seemed rather at ease. He stepped aside for General Pershing, and when General Franchet d'Esperey went up to a wall map to make some explanation, he rolled up the curtain, all of which seemed to me to be queer conduct for a prisoner. Then he caught Boyd's eye and bowed and smiled. It developed that he was the Italian Attaché instead of a Boche prisoner. Boyd had met him and had forgotten it.

The Corps Commander, a sturdy man of about fifty, reported the events of the morning, and that his corps had sent back about two thousand prisoners. He had a peculiar satisfaction in fighting his corps on this ground, for his son was killed last year almost where the General now has his headquarters.

We then visited a division headquarters, that of the 27th commanded by General Roux, whose division has participated in the attack. Our visit to him involved some wading through the muddy trenches but was repaid by his appreciation of our visit.

Then we started our automobiles for the front. There were many things about the ride and the walk which prolonged our reconnaissance in the same direction which make it one likely to be remembered by me. We followed a main road, the Brussels-Laon road, which ran almost at right angles to the French trenches and to the German trenches taken in the morning attack, to where the shells had so torn it that the motors could go no farther. Then we walked. The mud was almost ankle deep in many places; there were many shell

holes already and more being made occasionally. Hundreds of French soldiers were working in the mud cleaning off the once paved road, repairing it, so motor trucks could get to the front with supplies for the new position. We passed every variety of the flotsam and jetsam of war, abandoned tanks, ammunition dumps, empty shells, canteens, rifles, haversacks, articles of clothing, bits of narrow-gauge track, old artillery positions still firing on new German positions, and an occasional German shell searching for our batteries would plunk down and blow up enough mud to bury a fair-sized house.

The wounded had been removed and earth generally thrown over the German dead, but a few dead Frenchmen reserved for more deliberate burial were lying along the line of the morning's advance, just as they fell. We went through what had been the German first and second lines, and saw much that was interesting. The air was full of the constant artillery bombardment, but in any lull machine guns were drumming away, and the mud was spouting in geysers here and there toward the front as a big shell would strike. It was not like participating in an attack ourselves, of course, but it was about as near the real thing as we can expect to have until we have our own soldiers in the lines.

The little General was beaming with satisfaction when we told him good-by, over his success in the finest French offensive of the year. We ran back as far as Compiègne, stopped and congratulated the good-looking General Pétain. He also appeared to relax somewhat from the usual brusquerie. Pétain is from Calais. He looks more English than French.

The English held Calais for nearly a century. Perhaps that explains many things about the French of Calais.

At Compiègne there are several large hospitals. I heard that my old friend Major Bunau-Varilla, who was so kind to me last June when I visited the Second Army, and who lost a leg in the recent Verdun offensive, was in the principal hospital. I took General Pershing to see him, and he was very much pleased. He really seemed quite touched. He is half American, and was the negotiator for Panama in the purchase of the rights to the Canal route. He is or was a great engineer. He was in charge of the Water Service in the Second Army in June, and was detailed to show me around. His leg went with a piece of shell. He is now a Chevalier of the Légion d'Honneur.

October 27, 1917.

We left Paris amid great excitement on the evening of the twenty-fourth at seven-ten. We spent the afternoon at work at the offices, expecting to leave the office about six, run up to rue de Varennes, secure our baggage and go to the train without hurry for the seven o'clock train. About six I inquired as to the state of our plans and detected signs of perturbation in the General of the Army. I asked if he was about ready to close his office. It developed that a little Russian girl artist who has been painting his picture with sittings at intervals all summer is hurrying it for the Salon, where it is to be exhibited. She had not had an opportunity to get the details of his campaign hat and belt, which were

not worn by us in the summer, and the General had sent her his hat and belt to copy while at work at the office. At five he had sent his chauffeur and car to get them and at six they had not returned.

Our offices are a good twenty minutes from 73 rue de Varenne; the A.D.C.'s house where his baggage was, ten minutes farther; and it is ten to fifteen minutes from the house to the Gare Quai d'Orsay from which we were to start. Time went on but no chauffeur appeared. Colonel de Chambrun was to meet us at the station; the orderlies were at 73 rue de Varenne. At six-thirty the General was still hatless and beltless. It was then decided that I should take another car and run for his baggage and meet him at the gare; the General to come direct to the station in the car which would bring back his hat and belt if it came. Otherwise if the General did not appear at the station, the special car must be cut out of the train and our departure would be postponed.

I started for the house with a French chauffeur and the stenographer. The chauffeur had not been informed of the emergency and I had continually to admonish him to "Allez plus vite," which developed a state of agitation in him, and rounding a corner he choked down his engine, and consumed three or four good minutes starting it again. The streets he selected were the busiest in Paris, and it was his first trip to rue de Varenne. Finally, though, like Christmas, I did arrive. The orderlies stepped lively and we filled the car with four of us and a multiplicity of bags and scurried for the station. De Chambrun and two chauffeurs whose cars had been loaded in the afternoon were waiting at the

curb, and the Count in much agitation, very much *excité*. It was exactly the hour for the train to start, "and Pershing twenty blocks away." No General, no A.D.C.

I hurried de Chambrun to see the conductor to implore him to hold the train if possible. Our car was not the last in the train and to cut it off with our baggage meant that it could only be done when the train reached the Gare d'Austerlitz in another part of the city, and with the customs of our Allies so different from, though not necessarily inferior to our own, to let the car go with the baggage meant possibly several disagreeable eventualities. It might go to St. Nazaire; it might go some place else; at the best it would be across Paris several miles away.

We strung ourselves along the curb at the different points where automobiles discharge passengers and prayed for delay. At eight minutes after the train was supposed to leave, the General and A.D.C. arrived together, with one hat and one belt between them. It transpired that after I left the A.D.C. stood by to assist his Chief instead of going for his own baggage. After waiting a few minutes longer the *concierge* located the chauffeur who was supposed to have gone for the hat and belt, waiting at the corner. He had not gone for them at all, getting the idea in some way that the directions given him minutely by the General that afternoon were only intended to be acted upon when office was closed and that he was to drive the Chief around that way to get his property after he left the office. The General took the A.D.C's hat and belt and we got away, leaving the latter to get his baggage and follow by the train next day.

The special car,—a crude affair from an American railroad

standpoint,—was crowded, but the General and I were not "doubled" and I was fairly comfortable. St. Nazaire was reached next morning about seven, and after a breakfast in the station restaurant, and half an hour trying to buy a hat that would fit the Chief better than his A.D.C.'s, he pointing with evident satisfaction to the fact that his size was one-eighth larger than that of any member of his party,—to which I was tempted to reply that none of the rest of us had quite so much reason to have a large hatband, not having recently been made General of the Army, but I did not say it. He bought a Q.M. hat. I loaned him a gold hatcord, and we left St. Nazaire about nine for a run up through Brittany to one of our field artillery training camps, to return by a different road and another camp.

Brittany is lovely. It is a country of orchards, hedges, and vegetable gardens. There is always a quaint windmill tower on the horizon and generally many, the towers of Brittany being famous. The orchards give a gleam of color with the masses of red and yellow apples. There was an occasional holly bush with its red berries and waxy green leaves in the hedges. The country was hilly and picturesque. Almost every crossroads bears a huge stone cross, generally with a life-size figure of the Saviour on the Cross, for Brittany has always been a stronghold for the cross and crown; firm for monarchy and religion; the old royal line and the old faith, very loyal to king and country and *très Catholique.*

The peasantry are very picturesque in their native garb, and very Irish in their appearance, red-cheeked, black-haired and blue-eyed. They are true Celts and are really of the

same blood as the Irish. They have a French of their own and even their own people have difficulty in understanding those from a different part of France. The women wear a headdress that is characteristic, and the men a little black hat with a turned up rolled rim and a ribbon down the back. I note also that many of the older men wear that fashion of hirsute adornment of the face which we style "mutton-chop whiskers," this too adding to their generally Irish appearance.

At the artillery camp we found Colonel Morris E. Locke, in command of the brigade in the absence of Brigadier General Lassiter. Locke is the only regular officer in the camp, the others being national guardsmen from New England. This is the brigade for the Edwards Division. We did the usual inspections at Locke's station, which is in process of construction by the French to double its present capacity. It would practically accommodate them now but for the fact that the barracks we need are occupied by French soldiers and German prisoners, and for purposes of hurrying from an American standpoint this is as much a land of *mañana* as ever were Spain, Mexico or the Islands of the East. Things are very much specialized in these construction matters, very much worked out in detail on paper, beautiful maps and plans, which when completed and submitted seem very often to be regarded as the latter end of a building project rather than its first. Several independent agencies work in the same place with apparently no central control. No one of them knows anything of the progress of any of the others or in any way controls it, even though his own problem may be so interwoven with the others as to be interdependent.

Add to this that the officers now engaged on these projects far to the rear are generally those "Limoged" from the front for various reasons. Limoges at the beginning of the war was the station to which many generals were sent on waiting-orders status without command, and it has now furnished a respectable verb *Limogé.* For example, at one camp a member of our party said he had seen a certain Lieutenant Colonel of Artillery each year or oftener since the war, each time a little farther south. He is now between Bordeaux and the Pyrenees, looking rundown, a little seedy and unkempt, working on a camp for the amusing and exacting Americans. Nevertheless our Allies are most kind and are spending their resources freely to help us, and these remarks so lightly made as to their peculiarities are made with full consciousness of our own racial and national shortcomings, and the knowledge that everything that differs from our own practice is not necessarily inferior.

After leaving the artillery camp we diverged from the path of duty to visit one of the loveliest and most inspiring spots it has ever been my good fortune to visit. Brittany is lovely but this spot excelled itself. We motored into the valley of the Oust River, descending into a little town past a grand old gate and what appeared to be a park; coming around a cliff to the level of the river, now canalized in the interest of commerce. Above us the cliff rose perhaps a hundred feet, and surmounting it, built on and into the solid rock one of the oldest if not the oldest château in France. Everything indicated its age, but showed it to be the cream of the architecture of its own time. From a battlement there streamed the banner of the family of Rohan, whose ancestor

built the castle in 1026 A. D., four hundred years before the discovery of America and forty years before the Norman conquest of England. There is no older or more famous family in France. They have been princes, dukes, cardinals, proud as royalty itself.

The last Duc de Rohan was killed in this war after being wounded three times. He was an officer of the army, also a deputy from his district, but was constantly with his unit on the line. He left a widow and two little children. We had met the Dowager Duchess de Rohan in Paris in August.

After the view from the river we drove back to the gate and were admitted and walked through fine old trees to the level of the Château Josselin itself. The old façade is perfect, and has no superior in France. The young widowed Duchesse, her two children and their governess met us and took us through the principal rooms. I have never seen a dwelling so redolent in history, so eloquent in the achievements of those who have played their part within its walls. There were fine old portraits of dead and gone Dukes of Rohan and Princes of Léon; portraits of the Kings of France; the Rohan cousins, the Chabots, our English Cabots; here and there the fair daughters of the house of Rohan who mated with royalty itself; the face of Anne, the last Duchess of Brittany, and the stronger face of her kinswoman Margaret of Brittany. Armor, snuffboxes, miniatures, saddles, bridles, golden spurs once worn or used by this family which has dwelt in this château now nine hundred years. I can think of no surroundings more inspiring in which to grow up. How could any child growing up in such an atmosphere do otherwise than breathe in the instinct of pride of race and

patriotism? Much of the history of France is symbolized on the old walls.

We walked out with the little Duchesse, a girl of about twenty-seven I thought, in deep mourning, to the battlement where the banner was flying and looked down the lovely valley of the Oust as thousands of times the old Rohans must have done. (Another place which One must visit with One's wife when the war is over.) We lingered a few moments, the western sun dropping low over lovely Brittany and throwing long shadows on the castle walls and through the little town which in the ages has grown up around the Château of Josselin and once no doubt constituted the retainers of Rohan. The black-gowned little Duchess and her children told the Americans "Au revoir" and we hurried through Brittany toward St. Nazaire, soon losing to sight the streaming banner, one of whose mottoes in other days of France expressed in the quaint old French of the times, was: *Roy ne suis; prince ne daigne; Rohan je suis*—"King I am not; Prince I would not be: Rohan I am."

The old gray château stands for so much that was splendid, lofty and romantic in old France. Its halls are filled with the memories of departed Rohans; of kings, soldiers, lords and ladies, much that was knightly and chivalric, perhaps much too that was sordid and mean. The little town of Josselin has echoed to the grinding of cannon wheels, the beating of horses' hoofs, trumpets and drums. No doubt the retainers of Rohan and those of his rivals have mingled their blood in its narrow streets. Josselin is a castle for moonlight and romance, a beautiful inspiring old pile, but its glories were at their greatest when it was lighted with tallow dips,

when bathtubs were uninvented, when soap if it existed at all was in its early beginnings, when powdered hair and pannier skirts were the vogue, when Paris without a railroad was farther away than New York is now, when ignorance reigned in the land and poverty was almost universal. Only Heaven itself can properly weigh the balance as between the loss of so much that was brave and splendid, gallant and chivalric as against the gain of so much that has come with the passing of those days.

We motored down the gentle valley of the Oust, visited one more prospective artillery camp at sunset and then started on to St. Nazaire. Night caught us, and we stopped in a little village that nestled below another height with another of the old châteaux crowning it, that of La Roche-Bernard which in its day was a ducal house almost as ancient as Rohan, but is now extinct. We found a little restaurant where a dozen people were eating at a long table, and took the other end of it for ourselves. The old woman who kept the little café soon guessed who General Pershing was, and we were given attention and treated to her best dishes: boiled chestnuts, the wine that is made from the third pressing of the grapes, etc., etc., things that are peculiarly French and Breton.

St. Nazaire with its dirty streets, and the stuffy cold little private car seemed a poor ending for our day.

October 28, 1917.

Yesterday and to-day we have passed at Bordeaux and in its vicinity. It is a great port of 300,000 people, and the

center of the wine industry, perhaps of the world. The work of yesterday was inspection of port works, side-tracks, camps, storehouses, which cannot be so dressed as to command much interest in this little chronicle. The morning was terminated by a luncheon at the Chapon Fin.

We have two French officers along, the great-grandson of LaFayette, Lieutenant Colonel de Chambrun, French Field Artillery, entitled, I believe, to be called Count, and Captain the Marquis de la Ferronays of the French Infantry. These gentlemen are jealous of each other, and sometimes almost push the General to the wall trying to snuggle up to him. When one rides with him to-day, the staff know that it must be arranged for the other to have his turn to-morrow; otherwise, with our hot French blood, who knows what might happen? Some one might get slapped on the wrist, or they might start a duel with hairpins, or get to making faces at each other. It was de Chambrun's turn with the Chief, so we told de la Ferronays to order a luncheon, and he did. It was surely a delicious but horribly fattening affair.

To add to our interest we were told that the Chapon Fin (The Fine Capon) was supposed to be fast, that people came there with ladies not their wives, and men not their husbands. There was nothing doing in the fast line at luncheon, and we concluded to return for dinner, and did. About nine o'clock we were being thoroughly well fed up on delicious cooking, but the place seemed as proper as a prayer meeting. I asked de Chambrun about what time the devilment was supposed to begin. It never did while we were there, though we lingered long over our coffee, and I believe he was a paid advertiser when he made the statement. Being

thoroughly good people ourselves, we concluded not to go there again and to-day have patronized another place.

To-day we ran out about forty miles from Bordeaux to a camp where we are thinking of putting one of our divisions if they get to coming fast. It is now occupied by a small French garrison and a brigade of Russians. When the Russian Empire fell Russia had a division of soldiers on the Western front,—good soldiers too, it is said,—but they raised the red flag, murdered some of their officers, and started the same idea of military command and administration by committees that has ruined their army at home, and had to be withdrawn from the lines. Withdrawn they began to murder, burn and plunder the surrounding country, and General Pétain told General Pershing that he had sent them away from the Zone of the Armies. We later heard of them as having been divided in two classes, the good and the bad. The former were sent to where we saw them to-day. The French officer in command has black Senegalese troops.

We asked something about the Russians not working, the camp being in rather a low place with the drains stopped up and overflowing. He said they would not work, and could not be made to work. Starving them was suggested, which he said would not bring them to terms. It was then suggested that lining them up and shooting every hundredth man would probably bring the remainder to their senses. We visited the stables, for the Russian brigade has 900 horses with it, and found the horses poor and uncared for, standing in mud to their fetlocks. I never saw a dirtier place than that camp. Finally, in our conversation, it developed quite incidentally, in speaking of them, that they still have their

rifles and ammunition, and that the French have never disarmed them. That put a different phase on why they will not work. No wonder, when they outnumber their guards and are armed with rifles, that they do as they please. It had never occurred to us, General Pershing or myself, that they had not been disarmed when they were sent away from the Zone of the Armies. It is something we cannot now understand. They are not only armed and refuse to work, but the French are paying them wages, their usual pay. We certainly do not see things from the French standpoint.

As we left the camp, two Russian colonels approached and introduced themselves, one being the Chief of Staff and the other a regimental commander. Both wore decorations given them by the empire, and the regimental colonel a Croix de Guerre bestowed by the French. The General, the staff officer said, had gone to Paris to see when they were going to allowed to go to the front. Our General asked if he thought they had discipline enough to be allowed to take over a *secteur* of the front, to which he replied yes. J. J. P. then delivered him a few remarks on a state of discipline which permitted a camp as filthy as that, and the reply was that it was just like that when they took it over from the French. They have committees to run the administration of the companies; dictate how much work if any shall be done; how much drill there shall be; the function of the officer being to command at drill, purely a tactical rôle. Drunk, absolutely drunk with liberty!

We returned to Arcachon, a very attractive little summer resort city on an arm of the sea, and had luncheon. Several

Russian officers, well dressed and prosperous-looking, and wearing empire decorations, were in the dining room. We had a fine luncheon and were about to go when the proprietor with much groveling and apologizing asked the General to write in his Golden Book. Then a very nice-looking girl who spoke English, and said her mother was English, asked if he would not write in hers, and he did: "To my fair Ally!!!!" Smooth!!!

October 29, 1917.

Our car left Bordeaux about ten last night and we arrived at our first destination, Châteauroux, four hours behind time this morning. A motor trip to our principal Aviation School, and thence to where depots are building, and an afternoon spent in inspecting finally brought us to Bourges in time for dinner, and for a look at the old cathedral in the moonlight. It was begun in the eleventh century and finished a hundred years later, and is one of the finest in France. It is famous in a country full of cathedrals, and is extremely fine. We saw it under good auspices, a perfectly full moon and a clear sky. Luckily we were also able to see the inside of it. Here in Bourges, too, is the palace of Jacques Cœur, born a peasant, who became a Finance Minister to Charles VII of France, built a château almost the equal of Josselin, and finally died in poverty. Politics was an uncertain game even then. After dinner we drove thirty miles in the moonlight to where our refrigerated car was waiting for us, and were in Paris next morning.

November 30, 1917.

Three days ago, when the clock showed that the train should leave in twenty minutes, the Commander in Chief told me he thought I had better accompany him to Paris, whither he was coming to attend the meetings of the Inter-Allied Conference which, through the instrumentality of Mr. Lloyd George, has been called and for attendance at which our own Colonel House (no other nation has one) and others have been sent to Europe.

We had the usual chilly trip up. Snow had fallen on the Haute Marne and the car was unwarmed, except in the imagination of the attendant. It was like a vault for temperature, and for ventilation was using the same air that we left in the car on the third of November when we returned from the last trip in it.

We had General Scott along, Major Cootes, a Lieutenant Colonel of Coast Artillery named Fenton whom General Scott brought with him, and two Scott sons, both Captains. It was a very gay party. After dinner in the little restaurant-car, General Pershing decided that he wished to do some dictating to his stenographer and retired to his room and shut himself up, leaving his genial and sunny-tempered Chief of Staff to entertain the Scott party. Finally we reached Paris, though an hour late. 73 rue de Varenne looked very homelike after our bizarre bazaar château in the country.

The first duty any provincial has when he reaches Paris is to establish friendly relations with the bank and get a check cashed. Paris eats money. I bought two suits of

woolen pajamas at fifty-five francs each (between ten and eleven dollars the suit.) Thinking to acquire a plain goat-skin automobile robe, I made the inquiry and found that francs 275 would make me the possessor of one ($55), and decided not to purchase.

I spent my day doing some calls on various officials of the House Mission; on friends kind to me in other days in Paris; had luncheon with Logan at the Voisin; and with Colonel Dawes was invited to dinner at the apartments of Colonel Maude, an officer of the British service doing for that country about what Colonel Dawes as General Purchasing Agent does for us.

A Major Davidson lives with Colonel Maude in a very cozy little apartment that overlooks the Garden of the Tuileries. The other guest proved to be a Mademoiselle Something-or-other of the Gaby Deslys Company, who had spent ten years in England and spoke perfect English but with a slight accent which I took to be Spanish, but she said she was a native of Marseilles. She was a singer, and I fancy a dancer too, and seemed a very nice sort of a girl, thoroughly at home as the only lady present but modest and quiet and quite sympathetic. Colonel Dawes is very musical, being one of the principal patrons of grand opera in America, and his British friends were also, and so we passed rather a musical evening.

Yesterday morning General Pershing said General Bliss, on whom I called the first evening, had expressed a desire to see me, and that I was to go over with him to the Crillon Hotel where the House Party is being given or entertained or held,—or whatever it is that is done to a House Party.

The House Party consists, exclusive of stenographers, secretaries, supes, soldiers, Roman citizens, etc., etc., of Colonel and Mrs. House, Mr. Auchincloss, son-in-law and Special Secretary to the Special Ambassador; Admiral Benson; General Bliss; Messrs. Oscar T. Crosby, a graduate of the U. S. M. A., explorer of the Garden of Eden, Bagdad and Mesopotamia, exploiter of D. C. street railway lines, a near-Governor General P. I. at the time Mr. Harrison was appointed and now Assistant Secretary of the Treasury; Paul D. Cravath, an eminent legal adviser; Vance McCormick, an editor and late chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee and supposed to be the man who had General Wood sent from New York; Bainbridge Colby, a supposed shipping expert, a great lawyer, but who as a member of the Shipping Board can hardly bring over here more than a wide comprehensive ignorance of his very important subject and a few figures furnished indirectly by these Headquarters and passed on by the Papal Delegate Chauncey Baker; Professor Taylor of the University of Pennsylvania, who lectured to us at the War College last winter, of conditions in Germany; Thomas Nelson Perkins of Boston, cousin of Cameron Forbes, representing the Munitions Board; besides statisticians, "experts" and a Disbursing Agent. A very numerous and Democratic aggregation.

We reached the Crillon at the hour and after a few moments in General Bliss' room went to the salon where there was to be an informal meeting of the House Party. I met the great little man, the man who can be silent in several languages, the close friend of Woodrow Wilson, the man who carried the Texas delegation from Bryan to Wilson at Baltimore, the

creator of Governor Hogg, Culberson and others in Texas. He is one of the few men with practically no chin, whom I have ever met, who were considered forceful. The upper part of his face and brow are good. His eyes are quite good and his expression very pleasant and affable. He called the committee together and made them what I considered a baldly cynical little speech. Here were the representatives of a great nation,—the greatest on earth our Fourth of Julyers are pleased to consider it,—come to meet their Allies on the transcendental matter of unity and coöperation between them. We are the hope of the small ones, perhaps even of the large ones too. He said in substance: "We are going to meet this morning. Nothing will be done more than to go through the form of an organization. No speeches, for some one might blunder on to the subject of Russia; and some of the little fellows might ask disagreeable questions. It will be our business to be pleasant and sympathetic with the small nations. Listen to what they say. Do not promise them anything. Do not tell them anything about tonnage. Be pleasant. It is our day to smile. Just circulate around among the little fellows and listen to their stories. Be kind and agreeable." If that isn't giving a stone when they ask for bread, then I dunno.

Then we drove over to the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs, the famous Quai d'Orsay. A very large room with long tables with place cards, each delegation to itself. Seventeen Allied nations, such as U. S., Great Britain, Brazil, Liberia, Cuba, Japan, France, Serbia, Montenegro, Italy, Russia, Roumania, Argentine, Belgium, etc., from chrome yellow through brown and black back to clear white in color;

a perfect polyglot of tongues, the Tower of Babel without the tower. A gathering so little hopeful of unity, so probable of dissension and disagreement, that as an investment I suspect the hard-headed Germans would have willingly paid the expenses of it. A very historic gathering with many great names.

The meeting was called to order by M. Clemenceau, the venerable Premier of France, once a Massachusetts school-teacher; by his side sat Stephen Pichon, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs. Down the table a little farther was the British delegation, the scholarly and aristocratic Arthur Balfour, an ex-Prime Minister of England, an aristocrat of the best English type, on his mother's side a Cecil; by his side, General Sir William Robertson, the former stable boy, now Chief of the Imperial General Staff; Lord Northcliffe, the great editor, square-jawed and clean-shaven; the little weasel-faced Lloyd George, the little Welshman so radical that Englishmen shudder at what he may do to existing institutions if he brings the war to a victorious close, and now in the initiation of this Conference supposed to be making a wild grab for civilian control of the armies to the exclusion of Haig and Robertson. Then our own delegation with Colonel House sitting on the edge of his chair nervously gazing about; the rather good-looking Crosby and McCormick; the sonorous Colby; Generals Bliss and Pershing, each with his four-starred shoulders; Benson and Sims of the Navy.

Behind Ours at the next row of tables sat our wise little Oriental Allies, the Japanese, presided over by Viscount Chinda, whose Viscountess sat across the table from me as

I came home on the *Chiyo Maru* in 1914. Behind them, immersed in swarthy whiskers, were the Portuguese, and the various other Levantine and Mediterranean Allies. General Cadorna of Italy, who has just lost his command through the German advance towards the Piave, was in plain sight, as were various assorted Allies from Siam, Serbia and the Southern Seas. As the cynical Colonel House said, nothing was done. They agreed to some committees and various chairmen arose and gave the names of their members appointed to them,—and the names were as diverse as the men themselves. I watched it for an hour and then left with my Chief.

Colonel Dawes, with whom I have many tastes in common, and I had decided to have luncheon together at the Tour d'Argent, eating Duck No. 48921, I believe, and then go to Brentano's and pore over the old books. Dawes is fond of Napoleonana, as I am also. He is a man of great wealth, some millions I understand, and he bought what he saw that he liked. He tossed into a pile book values that would have been the earnest subject of prayerful deliberation with me for half a year, left a hundred dollars with Brentano for the afternoon's work, and gave me about half the books he bought. Old rare editions, "History of the Bastille," "Martyrs of the Bastille," etc., etc. We went to his room at the Ritz and gloated a few gloats and then attended Mrs. Ambassador Sharp's tea for the Army. For dinner we went to the nice little cozy apartment of Colonel and Mrs. Boyd, nice little cavalry captains at home but temporary colonels as A.D.C. to a general. After dinner

we went to a circus, and saw a very interesting performance; two good acts with trained Arab horses, especially.

To-morrow the hard works again for me, and next day back to the farm.

December 18, 1917.

The past few days have been interesting as well as filled with potentialities for the American Expeditionary Forces. The visit of the first seventeen Major Generals called for perhaps more comment from our British and French Allies than any other event that has happened.

There is no general officer on duty with the British Expeditionary Force who is sixty years of age. There are few so old in the French service, and of the French it is said that no less than one hundred and thirty-eight general officers were sent to Limoges the first year of the war. It became the custom to order such officers to Limoges for duty, where there were no troops and nothing to do, and the exiles formed an excited and disheartened little community, no doubt gesticulating industriously and shrugging shoulders until their uniform tunics were worn out between the shoulder blades.

We have decided to adopt Cannes as the place we shall send them to. The Adjutant General is already there recuperating and John Palmer spent two months there. It sounds much more American, though doubtless less elegant, to say that a man has been "canned" than to say that he has been "limoged."

Our first detachment of generals returned to our own

country but the aftermath of their visit in the glimpse of physical inefficiency which would be fatal to our arms lingered in its effects. The C. in C. frankly stated his views to the War Department. General Biddle, who had witnessed their inability to get around and to endure hardships, went back to Washington full of it. About that time General Mann, sixty-three and a half years, rather stout and inert, but a politician always, arrived with his Rainbow Division. General Blatchford, who was originally selected for the Line of Communications, had proved a failure, and though not really very old in years seems far gone in age. Liggett, who stands well with the Army, has a tremendous waist measurement which promises poorly for activity, though to do him justice I see him walking nearly every morning trying to walk it off, a very discouraging task, once it has arrived. Sibert has a fine reputation as a distinguished engineer, though there is something to indicate that Goethals considered him not entirely successful in his particular work in Panama, and it is said that only the marked conservatism of the Engineer Corps prevented his relief and possibly some disciplinary action. He was later made a Brigadier General for his Panama services.

When we left the United States no one in our party dreamed that Sibert would be made a Major General, much less be sent over here in command of the 1st Division, but he was. He is without much training as a soldier since cadet days, has appeared somewhat indifferent, and has let his division run down. Two weeks ago, after an inspection of that 1st Division, the Inspector General recommended the relief from command of two officers, one being the Division Com-

mander, the other the Colonel of the 28th Infantry. The latter was easily accomplished by putting the colonel back on the Line of Communications. The other has been accomplished from Washington. General Sibert was the senior next to General Pershing and his lack of soldierly experience not only unfitted him for a division, but made him a positive danger as the second senior officer in France.

Authority came unsought to send Mann and Liggett to the U. S., and authority was obtained to substitute Blatchford for Liggett. Sibert was ordered also, and all three leave this week.

As their departure will not be sent out by the correspondents, it may be that on landing they will be featured somewhat in the opposition press. No doubt the sending of General Sibert home is fraught with some peril, as he is still a vigorous man physically, and has many friends who may proceed to build a backfire against Pershing. I trust they will send him to Panama, where his distinguished engineering abilities may find proper scope.

While I do not suppose the relief of Sibert will be the beginning of a controversy such as divided military opinion on the court-martial of Fitzjohn Porter in the Civil War, or become as famous as the Court of Inquiry which grew out of the relief of Warren at the battle of Five Forks by Sheridan near the close of that War, yet it has fine possibilities when General Pershing enjoys less of popular favor than at present, and the nicely disciplined American press begins to take a hand in running the war, and howls for action.

It is the first relief from high command; General Sibert's friends will not recognize its wisdom, so apparent to us here,

and may claim that he was made a sacrifice in order to clear him off as a possible successor, he being the next senior.

The round of visitors is fast becoming a regular thing with us now. We have them regularly met; divide them into classes according to importance or the accident of acquaintance, and each class has a set program. A civilian at Paris desiring to visit us applies to the representative of the Provost Marshal, who takes it up by telephone with the Adjutant General's office and ascertains if the visit will be permitted. Then, if answered in the affirmative, a Permit is made out; a Visitor's Agreement is signed which binds him for censorship purposes; he is advised about tickets, trains, addresses, etc., and sent along. Notification being given, he is either a guest of the Commander in Chief; a correspondent or public man; or an ordinary unofficial civilian; and he is met and program arranged accordingly. Generally they are given a run through the Headquarters General Staff offices here and then sent to see some of the troops in training. If personal guests of the C. in C., they may be brought to our Château Quillar to stay; otherwise sent to the Guest House, where we have a housekeeper and cook. If of enough importance, they are asked to luncheon or dinner at the château, whether known to General Pershing or not.

For example: this week we have had seven gentlemen sent over by Hoover to get material for lectures throughout the country. They were brought to the house for luncheon, and that afternoon sent to training areas where they have been mixing with "the boys" for four days. Yesterday they returned here. I sent them to each General Staff section

and had its purpose explained to them, and at the end gave them ten minutes' talk on the general organization and then sent them to their train. The down train from Paris arrives at luncheon time, and the up train leaves here at 5:30 P. M., which is rather convenient.

A day later we had General Gourko, of Russia. He is a small man, black mustache and goatee, otherwise cleanly shaven, where from the name I had looked for a bearded blond giant over six feet in height. He commanded a brigade of Cossacks in the war with Japan, a cavalry division just before the Great War, and has since commanded an Army Corps and then an Army. Good taste did not permit that he be asked as to his views of his present government exactly, but I inferred that his sympathies are with *l'ancien régime.* He spoke quite desparingly of present conditions in Russia and said a few weeks would probably either see the bottom absolutely touched and Russia gone entirely to pieces, or would see a betterment in conditions and the nation pulling itself together again.

His mission was to arrange for the entry into American service of some hundreds of Russian officers, regulars, professional soldiers, left stranded by unfortunate conditions in their native land, and judging from actual reports liable to assassination at any time by their men. Naturally, the matter of citizenship, language and other reasons bar this ambition to lead American troops in the Great War.

Still a day later we had General Zankevitch, another Russian general, the titular Chief of the Russian Mission in France, who came on the same errand as Gourko, and with the same result. The Russian Mission; was any other event

in history so productive of Missions as this war? The Parsons Mission, the Baker Mission, the House Mission, the Mission with us, the French Mission to the United States, the British ditto to the ditto; a Mission at each Headquarters, the Mission from Bolivia which wishes to come to us, also the Japanese Mission, etc., etc. Our Mission to Russia last Spring; our present Mission there; all those Missions from the four corners of the earth trying to borrow money of the opulent and unarmed United States. "Mission" and "Liaison" are the two words which this war has immortalized, to which at these Headquarters may be added "Coördination." Little Zankevitch had little chance to present his case for the Russian officers, for the C. in C. had to catch a train for Paris, which he did and took Zankevitch with him.

To-day he returned bringing with him M. André Tardieu, High Commissioner from France to the United States, Chief of the Mission to Washington,—the inevitable Mission, we can't get away from it. Tardieu is a clever, keen, attractive Frenchman, who has been short-cutting in the War Department all summer, doing business for his government, to our confusion and embarrassment here. We had three hours this afternoon to try to bring him into camp so that when he returns to the United States next week he may bother us less. He is a clever politician sent to America to get him out of France, it is said.

Last Sunday night General Pétain stopped over on his return from a visit to some portion of the French front, with his two Aides, and took dinner with us. We had in de Chambrun and General Ragueneau, and Colonel Willcox. Pétain is a man of nearly sixty, as I have said several times

before, and has the air of command, so that seeing him enter a room you unmistakably recognize him as one who has much exercised authority. Singularly enough, though, he is said to be very diffident. Until he became a Commander in Chief, he had, it is said, never met a foreigner, and he shows it now in a certain nervousness of manner when he is talking to General Pershing. He talks freely, perhaps somewhat more freely to hide that nervousness or because of it, than otherwise. He discussed the probable outcome of the German peace negotiations in Russia, the withdrawal of German divisions to the Western front as a result of it. The Italians he thinks little of; in fact, they seem to have no admirers and even apologists for their quality as soldiers. They have lost over 3000 cannons to the Germans, and over 300,000 of them have laid down their arms, many of them without a fight. They are wretchedly cared for, poorly led, and worked like slaves. They sunk miles of poorly located trenches in solid rock, which they abandoned at the first fire, and hundreds of miles of fine mountain roads over which they haul nothing. With all Pétain's directness in talking to the General,—and they have been most free,—we do not quite get the results from his staff that we should and are conscious of a certain latent hostility among them, which in spite of himself, probably, Pétain's official acts reflect somewhat.

There is considerable sensitiveness among the French about our not adopting *in toto* their methods of training to the exclusion of and even complete abandonment of our own. Yet, the war can never be won by acting on the defensive, and they now teach nothing but Defensive Warfare. They

wished to make us French in teaching, took charge of our programs and had to be resisted with considerable moral force to prevent it. So, too, with the staff organization, they sent us instructions as to how to organize our staff, ignoring our former organization, our history, our peculiarities, our laws, and are a bit sad that in training and organization we have insisted on remaining American. We asked for four officers as Advisers in our new Staff College, but they detailed the senior as Director, and we talked for a month to get them to realize that he was not asked for as a Director but as an Adviser. The result of all this is that when the House party was here, General Pétain, asked about the Americans when General Bliss was lunching with him, gave one of those nice little shrugs of the shoulder and nods of the head which indicated that in his opinion there was much to be desired in the matter of training.

One gets these things settled, apparently, and a week later the same old *idée fixe* bobs up, indicating that the intervening talks and conferences have had no effect and our polite Allies have never changed their minds a moment. Yet we admire them and they collectively do wonderful things. No one who knows history can question the esprit, the valor or the organization of the race that stopped the German onrush at Verdun, at the Marne; whose trumpet calls a hundred years ago had sounded in twenty European capitals; whose Napoleon fills more pages of the world's history than any other man or monarch.

Monday morning we were invited to a commemorative service for the dead who by land and sea have fallen on the field of honor, whether of the Army of France or of her

Allies. It was held in the fine old church of St. John, which dates from the thirteenth to fifteenth centuries and is one of the finest of France. The Bishop of this See presided and a Mass was said. It was the first time I have attended a Catholic service since my last Sunday in Manila in December, 1913, when I heard the funeral sermon for poor John Mehan. We turned out fifty officers by order for this occasion. The General and I were met at the church door by Generals Wirbel and Ragueneau, our two local French Generals, and we four sat on the front row of chairs in front of the high altar, right under the "drippings of the sanctuary" as it were.

The Bishop has a fine face, a very handsome man, not very large in stature, but carrying the unmistakable air of authority which is always to be seen in the high prelates of the Roman Church. The only part of the service which I thoroughly understood was the collection, in which the methods of all the world agree. The service lasted nearly two hours. The Bishop preached in excellent French, it is said, though I was too far away to hear him; the pulpit, as in all Catholic churches, being well back to the center of the edifice. The whole ceremony, its object, its setting, were most impressive.

Two days after the ceremony described, Cornélis Willcox and I went by appointment to the Church of St. Jean to be shown through by the old Curé. Half of it was begun and finished during the thirteenth century; the other, the more elaborate and ornamental part, was built in the fifteenth century. Those were the days when men and time were cheap. The building is stone, and in the fifteenth-century portion, the galleries, the mullioned windows, the ceiling

with pendant stone ornamentation, the pillars carved in traceries approaching the delicacy of lace, must have called for a world of time and the best artists in stone. Those, though, were the good old days before America came into the war, when Columbus had not yet performed that wonderful act that put us "on the map"; when steam, electricity, gas, printing, telegraph, telephone, and motor cars were not yet dominating the earth; when people were ruled by kings, when constitutions, socialists, congresses, anarchists, and many other inventions that now make life so attractive were yet undreamed. There was no hurry and work was well done.

The whole apse of the church, which is the fifteenth-century portion, is surrounded by a trifolium gallery, all reaches of which are at different levels, and which enables one to look down at the High Altar. To ascend to it there is a spiral staircase. The columns that bound the fine gallery are carved, and there is much to suggest the Moorish. Why not? The Moors dominated Spain for eight centuries; Spain through marriage with Burgundy ruled this part of the country prior to the time of the Emperor Charles V, and several indications in this old church point to Spanish and through that to Moorish influences.

Behind the High Altar there is a little Reliquary where there are preserved a splinter of the True Cross and two thorns from the crown which surmounted the brow of the Saviour. For this statement I have the word of the Curé. There are also preserved certain little images used in the processions of the sixteenth century and many other things now sanctified by time. In a recess in this part of the

church there is carved in stone the Tree of Jesse. A panel of stone perhaps twenty feet high by same breadth has carved on it the representation of the genealogical tree of the Saviour. On each limb there is a figure representing that generation. Under the lowest limb of the tree where sits little David, son of Jesse, there lies the giant head of Goliath.

At the opposite end of the church from the High Altar there is a representation of the Holy Sepulcher, now happily once more in Christian hands. One goes through a door and down a few steps, and there in a stone coffin lies the life-size figure of the Christ. The casket, its lid for the moment shoved aside, and the life-size recumbent figure, are carved from a single block of stone by an artist of five centuries ago. On the opposite side of the body from where one stands there is a life-size group in stone of the party of humble mourners that gathered at that tomb and typified the sorrow of countless thousands in all the ages of the Christian Era. These figures are carved each separately in stone, the group not being one block, and are arranged with the figure of Joseph of Arimathea at the feet of the dead Saviour. All the figures are black with age. It is a shrine at which many thousands of people have made their devotions throughout all the changes which time has wrought in fair France in five hundred years: the Valois, the Bourbon, the Revolution, the Bonaparte, a Restoration, and Orléans, a premature republic followed by the brief glories of a Second Empire, with now the Third Republic with its sacrifices of the Marne, of Verdun, and many other hard-fought fields perhaps yet to come.

PART III

The Winter of 1917–1918—The Period of Training and Inspection—First visit of Secretary Baker.

January 28, 1918.

OVER a month since I immortalized any of my joys and sorrows by entries in this journal. Not that I have not had sorrows in an official way, not that there have not been some joys, official and otherwise, but because life has been crowded with events so important and so absorbing that there has been no time to record them.

The Christmas season passed with a maximum of official recognition involving teas with the French Regional General, dinners with the Prefect, who waited four months to entertain General Pershing and then it is said did so on receipt of a letter from his Government asking what he had done toward preserving or increasing the *entente.* It was a nice dinner and the teas were nice teas,—two of them. Then there was the customary exchange of telegrams between our General and other Commanders on the several fronts; and a similar exchange to the United States with the Secretary of War.

Presents for nearly 2—— men in France occupied over one hundred freight cars to bring them from the base ports at a time when freight cars were at a premium and due to the movement towards Italy were almost impossible to obtain. The gifts are still coming. The big boxes are many of them not yet delivered and gifts will doubtless continue to struggle in until July. Meantime the C. in C. has concluded that for future holidays the turkey and cranberries will be cut out as unbecoming a nation-in-arms, and as interfering with the transportation of more necessary things. So, too, there will be

no large all-pervading Christmas shipments next December if the submarine menace is still menacing.

Ever since we arrived there has been the constant desire of the French to mother us in the matter of training. Our 1st Division suffered from this for months, absorbing nothing but defensive warfare from them, whereas only offensive warfare ever wins a war. Conference after conference has been held with various French authorities. Time after time the matter has been considered settled by us only to reappear in some other form. The question was thought to be settled before the House Party came over but after they left it developed that General Pétain still adhered to his original ideas notwithstanding his apparent acquiescence in General Pershing's views, and that he had not thought it improper to give Colonel House the impression that according to his ideas our training was not proceeding as it should. This was carried to America as an evidence that we were not in accord with our Allies, and synchronizing as it did with all the flub-dub about the Supreme Inter-Allied Council, it was made to appear as but another evidence that soldiers cannot get along with each other, and thence to the easy Lloyd George reasoning that politicians ought to run the war.

The French Prime Minister, M. Clemenceau, now a very old man but yet vigorous in mind, was once a school-teacher in Massachusetts, and is supposed to know the peculiar but amusing and sometimes efficient ways of the Americans. His personal manner is described as very direct and frank. Some months of perfectly direct and frank intercourse with some Frenchmen, however, has shown us that when most direct and frank they are sometimes making mental reservations dif-

fering from the openness turned out for American consumption. So it probably was with the old Prime Minister. After the most frank and open conference with General Pershing, he listened to General Pétain's accounts of their differing opinions, and with no warrant of military knowledge to justify him in taking sides, he sent a cablegram to Ambassador Jusserand in Washington to the effect that Pershing and Pétain could not get along.

The question just then at issue was Pétain's insistence that we should take our regiments and incorporate them in French divisions, speaking, of course, a different language with no opportunity thereby to train the brigade and division commanders; and incidentally to be in said French divisions if by chance our friends the Germans should suddenly launch their long advertised heavy offensive on the Western front. A French officer assured me that while ostensibly training was the object in General Pétain's mind, what he really wished to do was to reinforce his depleted divisions with American regiments. The loss of our national identity in the war, the absence of training to our higher command, meant nothing to him. Incidentally a cablegram from the War Department indicated a visit from Jusserand and that he had imparted Clemenceau's view as to the incompatibility of Pétain and Pershing.

General Pershing, direct, simple and frank, addressed a note to the Prime Minister telling him that he had given a wrong impression in Washington, and that he suggested that their differences had better be fought out here. It was a rather daring note from a foreign general to the head of the French Government and brought a hot reply to the effect that

the head of the French Government had been within his rights in addressing his Ambassador, but denying that he had expected the Ambassador to report the matter to the War Department; though why else he sent it, it is hard to conceive. General Pershing was en route to Paris when he sent the note to Clemenceau and when the reply came, and they had another frank conference, before which Pershing had again seen Pétain and had a definite understanding with him that our regiments with future divisions coming would be sent for a month on arrival to serve with a French division for the purely French features of their training, thereafter to be united as a division under our own officers; the program while with the French to be of General Pershing's suggestion. With this information he was able to assure Monsieur le Ministre that they were in sweet harmony, he and Pétain, and the Prime Minister seemed much gratified and relieved, and exhibited a very apologetic note from M. Jusserand denying that he had ever shown the first cable to the War Department.

About this time, so suspiciously unanimous with it that it suggests the possibility of accord between French and British on the policy of extinguishing the American identity in the front lines,—those two agreeable Allies seldom being in accord on matters in general,—the British came up with a proposition also to train our battalions in British divisions; also with the possibility of using them there in event of the expected German offensive being pulled off before they were graduated. Their proposition was to allow us to land our troops at Channel ports, put them into billets already prepared, supply them for us, train them, and no doubt use them. It was a more attractive proposition than the French,

because of the offer to put them into prepared billets, to supply them, thus saving much tonnage, and because most of us speak English better than we do French.

In fact, the Commander in Chief, while insisting that our men when they finally went into the line must go in under their own officers, must be trained according to American methods, and must preserve our national identity,—we being here to settle our own row with the Germans, not merely help in one started against our Allies,—had always held that if an emergency arose demanding the use of our divisions before they were properly trained he would nevertheless put them in, had also held that if it was necessary to split them up in battalions for absorption in foreign divisions he would put them with the British. This determination generally caused the French to softpedal on the separate battalion idea when he advanced it. This proposition from the British brought out a further proposition that if we would let them have the infantry of a great number of battalions they would furnish the ships to bring them over, a most important consideration. This proposition was cabled to the War Department for consideration almost simultaneously with the arrival of General Bliss for duty on the Inter-Allied Supreme Council. At once the War Department cabled it to him for discussion with the British in England. Four days ago General Pershing was to have a conference at French General Headquarters with Haig and Pétain on impending operations, and as he was starting received a cablegram from Bliss in London asking him to meet him in Paris, where, with Sir William Robertson, the Chief of the Imperial British Staff, they would discuss the matters. That is why we are here now.

Friday night, a few minutes before train time, I received a long-distance telephone to catch the evening train up and bring certain papers. I did it with no wide margin and am here. Last night the Chief gave a dinner at Le Voisin to General Bliss, General Lochridge and our old friend Arthur Poillon who now appears here in General Bliss' train. The future is pregnant with possibilities with General Bliss participating in the Supreme Council. Confined to that alone he would be comparatively harmless, for its deliberations seem a little wild, and it is generally referred to over here as the Soviet. But he is fresh from the exercise of authority as Chief of Staff. He has had the confidence of the War Department and Secretary. There will be the inevitable tendency under such circumstances for them,—for civilians never draw fine lines in military matters,—to wire inquiries to him on matters that should come to Pershing. It will be very difficult for him to keep himself out of things. His cables will not be seen, so inconvenient, but as a full General he might become the confidant of every sorehead of all three nations; conferences with him will be constantly necessary, and Pershing will have always to go to him instead of sending for him. The situation is extremely interesting but it offers possibilities that have caused me more worry than the anticipated German offensive.

Yesterday I went with General Pershing to call on Marshal Joffre. We remained an hour and a half discussing possibilities in the military situation. He is a calm simple old man, and we felt that the visit had been very profitable; more profitable than any previous interview of the several we have had with him in the last seven months.

Arthur Poillon is unchanged by residence at the court of

Wilhelmina, and advises holding to real estate at Calexico. His father has had an agent look at our holdings down there. How far away it all seems to 1914 and Calexico!!

Perhaps the most encouraging circumstance of these times of talk about the necessity of Allied Unity, with a wild-eyed Council sitting at Versailles, the wily Lloyd George and Northcliffe instituting a campaign to oust Robertson and Haig and the old school of British professional soldiers, and Bliss busy through the cable offices, is the fact that for the first time in seven months Haig, Pétain and Pershing have held two conferences in the last two weeks, and the initiative in bringing them about has been John J. Pershing's.

January 29, 1918.

The Chief remains in Paris to handle the Bliss-Inter-Allied situation, and I am back at Headquarters. General Bliss apparently was so moved by the *entente* with our English friends that he completely embraced their view on the matter of the American troops to be brought over. This proposition was to bring over one hundred and fifty battalions which should for all practical intents and purposes become British troops, being merged into British brigades under British officers, be contolled by British staffs, etc., looking little to the time when we would, after the completion of the remainder of our shipping program, bring over the auxiliary troops and be prepared to unite in their own divisions the infantry thus trained under the British.

General Pershing's idea was that if they have the tonnage to spare they should bring over the personnel of complete

divisions, not only infantry but the other arms as well, which as soon as we could get the vehicles and animals could then be formed into regularly organized divisions, thus preserving our national identity, and forwarding the date when we shall have a substantial force in the front line serving under its own officers and in its own *secteur*. The matter would perhaps have been handled with little difficulty but for the arrival and intervention of General Bliss. Arriving just at that time in England, the Secretary of War cabled him to take the matter up with the British, and with General Pershing to reach a conclusion and cable recommendations.

Bliss reached Paris with his mind made up and prepared to line up with the British chorus, leaving Pershing to sing a solo. He prepared a cable yesterday, before consultation with Pershing, accepting the British proposition, using the "I" all through the cable and forgetting any mention of Pershing. When the latter went to talk to him he exhibited this cable and asked if the General concurred, to which the latter said he did not. General Pershing then suggested that they were the only sources of information the President and Secretary would have and that it not only looked badly for them to disagree on the first matter to come up after Bliss' arrival, but that it was their positive duty to get together. So it was agreed that the cable would go over for discussion for the following day. That is to-day and that is the reason the C. in C. remains in Paris. I can foresee that with General Bliss there is going to be considerable remaining in Paris.

Travel on trains is unpopular with me at all times. On a French train with no air and no seat it is more so than ever. From eight to half past ten I stood in the corridor waiting for

a chance to sit down. All trains are crowded to the limit with compartments and corridors full. Nearly all of them run late. Nearly all are smelly and unventilated, and the atmosphere is a mélange of various brands of perfume. But *c'est la guerre,* I suppose.

February 1, 1918.

On the twenty-ninth, with de Chambrun, Adjutant General Davis and Major Catron, I started on a little tour of necessary visits to French commanders on behalf of General Pershing detained in Paris. We visited General de Castelnau, the Commander of the Eastern Group of Armies; General Debeney, the Commander of the French First Army; and General Passagat, the Corps Commander; all of these being connected with our 1st Division undergoing its experiences in the lines. General de Castelnau is an adherent of *l'ancien régime,* a Royalist, it is said, from the South of France, and handicapped in republican France by the possession of the title of Marquis. It is an impression that prevails that the possession of a title handicaps one. Some say there is nothing to it except that some holders of ancient titles have not had the ability and force to rise and have assumed that the title was the impediment. My observation of republican France is that like our own dear land,—our own plain democrats,—they are far from reluctant in accepting titles and decorations, and that a title carries much prestige among them, if it is a real title. General de Castelnau is also handicapped by the fact that he is very Catholic. France has wandered from the old-time faith into free thought and agnosticism.

It is a coincidence that such departure has kept pace with a number of other phenomena that are generally considered to mark the decadence of France; though in waging war they are certainly far from decadent. They have poured out their blood like water, and the number of their dead alone in this war almost equals the British killed, wounded and missing. Yet the impression I constantly get is of a terriffic waste of officers on duties far from the front. Paris is simply full of them. They swarm around the various missions and regional commands. Here a Mission which we were assured and fondly hoped would consist of three or four officers now consists of over sixty. They are not performing duty that would justify their detachment from the troops in more than half a dozen cases. Every excuse seems seized to create places that will justify the detail of officers away from troops. The number actually needed in our case is enormous but with us our line of communications runs up from ports and through numerous regions where it is necessary to create establishments for the storage and salvage of supplies, the maintenance of order among officers and men on leave, the repair of the thousand and one kinds of machinery, arms, motors, etc., that are necessary to keep us going, and all of these in a foreign country with nothing but our military establishment to furnish the necessary personnel. With the French it is different. They are not landing troops at ports of a foreign country. The whole service of the rear with them takes place in their own country where the customary peacetime machinery is available. The civil officials are all in place. Their establishments are increased but not absolutely created as are ours. The problems that confront us are mainly solved for them by

the fact that they all work in their own country. Nevertheless, they give me the impression of having more officers at the rear than we shall have.

General Debeney is a typically provincial Frenchman. He is a very handsome man of middle age, with the unmistakable air of one who has exercised authority. He was until recently the Chief of Staff for General Pétain but has now succeeded to the command of an Army. He was supposed at Headquarters to be rather anti-American, and I am inclined to think the supposition was correct. He was courteous to me when I met him. I saw him and dined with him in January when I was up making arrangements for the troops going into the line. This time I called on him but did not see him. I did see General Passagat, the Corps Commander, a six-foot man with the rosy face of a baby, rather a good-looking man. The Chief of Staff for General de Castelnau, Major General Hellot, is a very handsome fellow.

As we came to inspect the troops in line we ran up to —— after the visit to General de Castelnau. The fine old capital of old Lorraine is the city of Nancy, where Charles the Bold met his death some years before America was discovered. Its good hotel with hot baths as well as the beauty of its old square make it a Mecca for Americans in this region.

Next morning we ran out and made our call on Passagat and then went to the American sector. That afternoon was foggy and we could get out to the front with less danger than usual, for the fog hid one and our party could walk on the roads instead of wading through a trench, and our motor car got about two miles closer than the shelling usually permits on a clear day. I made the round of a battalion front-line

trench, meeting one or two wounded men and seeing where a Boche barrage had flattened things out that morning in a little salient of our line. I went with General Duncan. It occupied nearly all afternoon. Again a night at Nancy. Next morning I inspected the artillery under General Summerall. One of his Aides is the good-looking son of Mrs. A. B. Butler of Washington. Going through a battery of 155's I discovered that the battery commander was our old friend M. S. Wightman of Philippine days. A graduate of Plattsburg, he is now a First Lieutenant of Field Artillery.

That afternoon we visited Liouville, out on the heights of the Meuse, but the weather was so foggy that the expected view of the German lines was not to be had. Another night in Nancy.

The next day was spent between inspecting another division in its training area and getting home.

February 27, 1918.

I have just returned from a three-day absence from my desk which held about as much usefulness and excitement as any other three days since I came to *la belle France*. These little absences are what I mainly depend upon to give me a necessary outing now and then when I need it. Then we are often told that the staff must show itself among the troops with frequency. We staff soldiers who are fighting the war at desks must throw a little camouflage now and then and at least give the impression of activity. I try to show myself to people as often as duty and the General will permit, and

never come back without feeling that the journey has made me more useful for my desk duties.

I took with me Lieutenant Colonel de Chambrun, 40th French Field Artillery, an exceeding able artillerist and very companionable man. Incidentally we talk a little French,—or he talks a good deal and I a little. I am an excellent listener.

We left here early Monday morning and ran south to our principal Regulating Station, a point two hours south of here by motor car. The *Gare Régulatrice,* as the French call it, is new to our military parlance, for we have never made war before from a standstill, as this trench war is waged on the Western front, and have depended much on the old-time methods of supply. The congestion of railroad traffic in France and the nearness of the fighting to the center of life in France, with the necessity of being able to make frequent shifts of personnel, individuals and in units, led the clever French long before this war to establish Regulating Stations at many strategic points throughout the country and to work out the problems of troop supply on many parts of their frontier.

At a certain distance behind the frontier, in this case the front-line trenches, a regulating station with numerous side-tracks and switches, and sometimes storehouses is established, with a *Régulateur* in charge. Every man going from the interior to the front, every ounce of supply, comes through a regulating station. Each day the Regulating Officer gets telephone information, from all parts of the front that his station is supposed to supply, of any changes of units, and he

has at all times exact information of where all such units are. Supplies arrive from the rear, and are switched about and made up into trains by divisions and sent out with correct destination. Soldiers going on permission come back through the Station, deposit their rifles and other equipment and go to their homes. Their division may shift a half dozen times during their absence, but when they return the *Régulateur* gives them back their equipment and sends them straight to the proper place. It is one of the necessary institutions of the war, and the French say is almost the only one of their War College teachings that has worked practically without a change as they taught it before the war.

At this one of ours, the French also have one, and the two *Régulateurs* work in harmony. Ours is our old friend Hilgard of Camp John Hay, and just as efficient as when building flowerbeds and little Japanese bronze or concrete lanterns along the drives of Baguio of blessed memory. I found him managing his important duty with the same quiet efficiency that he used to show up there, and said I was quite surprised to find that he has not started some flowers among the perfect wilderness of railroad tracks. He has a score of fine storehouses, each 500 feet long. Instead of putting all his meat in one, his flour in another and the beans in a third, where if the Boche dropped a bomb on one he might put the whole command out of beans or meat, etc., he has each storehouse in complete units, a certain end being for meat, a certain part for flour, etc., so that if one were burned the supplies would not be thrown out of balance by the destruction of an entire component.

The drive down from our headquarters is through some of the loveliest part of lovely France; winding river and canal, valley and hill, forest and field; towns that have stood where they are since Roman days. Langres was once the headquarters of Julius Cæsar, and this region has been fought over since the dawn of time. Every village has red tiled roofs, each is built along the road, sometimes winding, and every one has one or more little drinking fountains. It is a lovely country. The roads are always tree-bordered, and can be distinguished miles away across the country by the double row of trees.

People who live on ground tilled by their ancestors who were old in the country when Cæsar marched his legions through Gaul do not measure time and achievement as we do in hurried and abrupt America. With us who have seen virgin prairie converted into farming land, when it had grown wild grasses since the world began, land is wasted; fence rows grow up in weeds and encroach on the cultivated ground, and each year the new farmer increases by a little the tillage of the previous year. Here the limits have been set since before the Romans; there is no new cultivation, and the most careful fertilization of every foot of tillable land has been practiced for ages. In our country our people plant little but that on which they can realize in their own lifetimes; they construct improvements but they are such as they themselves wish to enjoy. Here the peasant sets out trees knowing that his great-grandson will need the timber just as the frugal care of his ancestor provides him with trees planted perhaps when Louis the Grand Monarch was reigning in France. The charm of age is over the land and it gives everything a flavor that is

missing from our own country, yet we need not love our own land the less.

I studied Hilgard's regulating station several hours, had a good lunch with him, and at three started for Épinal in the Vosges, where we expected to spend the night. It began to rain. Neither of us had been over the road before, and dark found us far from Épinal. Village after village was to be passed. "C'est la route d'Épinal?" and "Combien de kilometres?" were asked a score of times. The country before dark was the picturesque foothills of the Western Vosges, the "advance mountains" as they would call foothills over here. Hour after hour went by and finally at nine instead of at six, as we had expected, we reached Épinal and sought a hotel where Chambrun, now on familiar ground, had once stayed. Half an hour after our arrival, who should come in but Colonel James A. Woodruff, Engineers, my classmate, and seatmate at War College luncheons all last winter. We had a half hour together. He is in charge of extensive forestry operations, one of the activities developed in this mechanical war we are making. I was getting out at six next morning so we parted early.

Yesterday we were to visit the American division now training with the French along that section of the front. We had an early start from Épinal and ran for several hours, stopping about eight at a place where de Chambrun is a shareholder in a crystal factory, which we stopped to visit. The manager, a very nice old man, who in peacetime employs three thousand people in the factory, showed us hastily through, and as a souvenir insisted on presenting me with two cut-glass vases that stand up about fourteen inches,—awfully handy

souvenirs for a soldier-man to pack around with him.

At the first brigade headquarters we reached, the Brigadier had left on a trip of inspection; on reaching a regimental headquarters, the Colonel was also out inspecting; similarly at the battalion, and finally we concluded to go direct into the trenches of the nearest sector, it being one with which de Chambrun was very familiar from having been stationed there once with his regiment. It pleased me to see such activity on the part of commanders instead of finding them bending over desks shuffling papers. We went to the extreme right of the first American battalion and soon met the Lieutenant Colonel of the regiment also inspecting. It was pretty muddy but the men were on the alert, and keen for their work. It took about two hours to complete that sector. When we came out we drove for another brigade headquarters, the headquarters of my little playmate General Michael J. Lenihan, where I figured we would get some luncheon. Driving along we heard the sound of machine guns and getting out of the machine were witnesses to a very nice little row between five airplanes some thousands of feet over our heads, which were peppering away with their machine guns at each other. Twice more during the day we witnessed such activities but no plane was brought down.

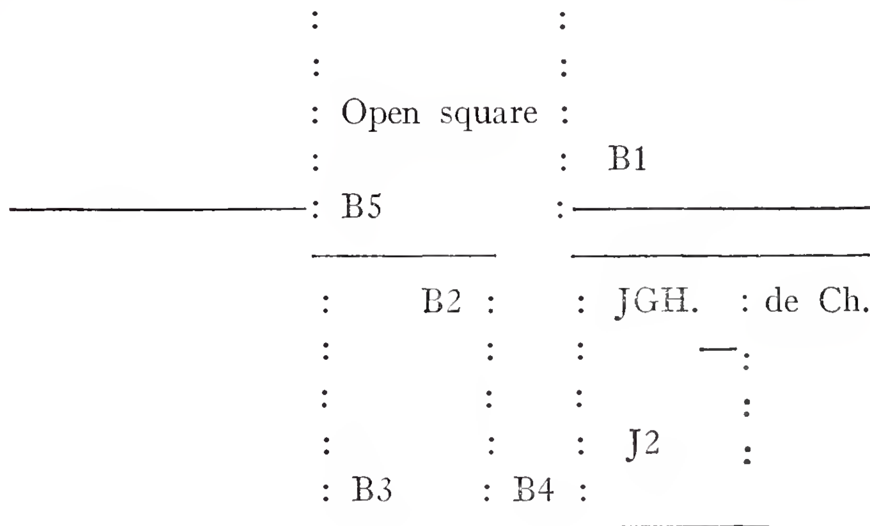
After a very good luncheon with Lenihan and his staff, we visited the sector of one of his battalions. Later we were taken by the French divisional infantry commander to the old Fort of Marrainvilliers, which overlooks the main railroad from Paris to Berlin, and saw at a little distance, now in German hands, the little town which was once the last French station before entering Germany. The fort was taken by the

Germans in 1914 and after the Marne they fell back and blew it up. They packed the galleries with dynamite, melinite and other ites and made what, from the evidence still existing, must have been one of the greatest explosions the world has ever seen, probably ranking close with the blowing up of Krakatoa near Java, with the eruption of Mont Pelée or the Halifax disaster. Great pieces of concrete as big as a room were thrown up and across the fort. Pieces of iron as thick as fourteen inches and as big as a double bed were tossed into the air. It was very interesting and the view from the fort is splendid, showing the country for many miles. We stayed until the sun was dropping and then drove to Lunéville, where I made a hurried call on the French and American Commanders. I intended inspecting another division headquarters this morning, and attracted by my favorite hot bath, always to be had at the Hôtel d'Angleterre at Nancy, decided to drive on there only an hour away and in the direction to be covered to-day.

As we left Lunéville the round full moon in a clear sky was just rising and we caught a glimpse of it through the open columns of one of the palaces of the last Duke of Lorraine and of Bar,—Stanislas the ex-King of Poland and father-in-law of Louis XV. It was exactly framed through the opening. We hurried on towards Nancy and the most exciting night I have ever had.

When within half an hour of the city, and darkness had fallen, it became evident that, tempted by the full moon, the Germans were raiding Nancy the Beautiful. On each side the French anti-aircraft guns were firing. The flashes from the hidden positions of the batteries would first be seen, fol-

lowed almost instantly by the flash of the bursting shrapnel in the sky. No airplanes could be seen by us but the flash-lights were playing across the sky, and the flash of the guns was practically constant. As we came near, a section of the city lighted up with a rosy red, the flames of fire set by incendiary bombs. Fragments of shrapnel pattered down on the motor-car top until my orderly on the front seat asked if I hadn't better put my helmet on, fearing one might go through the limousine top. As we drove in the firing ceased and we congratulated ourselves that the raiders had gone. We had telephoned for rooms and came in and went directly to them on the sixth floor. The following is a little diagram of the location with reference to the railroad station which has long been an object for destruction by German raiders.



I had the corner room on the sixth floor marked *JGH* and a bathroom led off it to the right, and then came de Chambrun's room. About the time we reached our rooms the firing began again. We opened the blind in his room and looked out but could see nothing except the flash of bursting shrapnel, some of which was pattering on the roofs near us.

I returned to my room intending to shave and get a hot bath before dinner, and went to the bathroom in my underclothing intending to shave while the hot water was running in the tub, and turned it on. Almost immediately there was a tremendous explosion and the window of the bathroom flew past me and filled the tub with broken glass to the depth of three or four inches in the hot water. The four windows in my bedroom all blew in, covering my bed with glass, and the floor, as well as bringing in the curtains and part of the window frames. The whole house of concrete trembled and swayed. *Every pane of glass in the whole building was broken.* The front was largely composed of plate glass in the ground floor and it all went in as though cut by a knife. Our motor was yet standing in front of the hotel and it freakishly left the windshield, which was facing the explosion, and blew in the glass of one side entirely.

I grabbed my clothes and shut off the water and ran into de Chambrun's room. He had in the meantime gone down to the first floor before the explosion and was standing in the hotel office when it came. He was slightly cut on the head by a piece of glass. The whole hotel force, guests and all, were in the *cave voutée,* as a vaulted basement is called, which is the place of refuge from bombers. The bomb was the one

marked in the diagram as *B1,* which was another hotel, which at once took fire, adding to the rather stirring excitement. I asked for another room, and decided to cut the hot bath for the present. We looked into the *cave voutée* and found it full of people looking rather serious. De Chambrun and I agreed that we didn't think it would look very well for us to go there and stayed above. The firing ceased and gradually the people came up, and preparations began for dinner.

We went into the darkened dining room; the lights were turned on and the room filled with twenty-five or thirty people, including ourselves and my orderly and chauffeur. Five minutes later perhaps, the firing began again and everybody in the room ran for the cellar except our two soldiers and de Chambrun and me. Eventually things quieted again and others came up and dinner was resumed and ended. In the meantime the fire department was pumping away down in the street on our burning hotel across the street. I went to bed, and the firing almost immediately began again.

My room was in the same sixth floor but at the part marked *J2*. Within a moment there was another tremendous explosion and *B2* entirely demolished a building, as we found this morning. It shook our hotel like an aspen. There wasn't much doing in the sleep line until finally about twelve-fifteen the last firing died away and the Boche sought his own side of the line. The bombs fell at *B3, B4* and *B5*, being the big 300-kilo bombs (660 pounds) of dynamite and other high explosives. The firing would be silent a few moments, the Boche being apparently driven away, and then it would suddenly resume and within a minute or two there would be a

terrific explosion somewhere and we knew another bomb had dropped. Then the guns would chase the raider away again and the same thing would be repeated about twice an hour. Without doubt they were aiming for the station and were rising to very great heights, gliding down across the city and dropping these bombs and then getting away. The anti-aircraft guns only serve to keep them from coming too low and seldom hit one. Nevertheless they serve a valuable purpose in keeping them up, otherwise they would fly as low as they pleased and drop their shots with accuracy.

It was a lively night. Doubtless the thing to do is to get into a cellar, but how can a Brigadier General in the National Army do that!! Especially if he doesn't do it right away at first. Doing it at first might look like a policy, but waiting a while and then doing it looks as if one were scared,—which one was, but couldn't well admit. Then, too, to go to bed and then get up and hunt a cellar wouldn't look well, and how would one in a cellar know when to come out and go to bed? So de Chambrun and I stayed in bed. But I wasn't very sleepy for some time.

This morning we visited the street. The bomb at *B4* hit the street between buildings and dug a hole big enough to bury a limousine in. The *B2* and *B3* completely destroyed the four-story buildings they struck. *B5* failed to explode. As we left the city this morning we passed many other buildings that had been struck, but the explosions described were the ones that most interested us. Poor Nancy, I fear, is doomed like Rheims. Hereafter I only visit her in the dark of the moon.

March 15, 1918.

The Commander in Chief is away escorting the Secretary of War through the Line of Communications, which we now call the Services of Supply. His mantle falls on my shoulders in the matter of offering hospitality to some of the "deserving Democrats" that are being sent over now. Several new opportunities to crowd the payrolls and swell the expense accounts have arisen. There are two great indefinite, easily stretched, hazy, ill-defined terms which can like sweet charity be made to cover a multitude of sinners if not of sins. One is "Propaganda." This is as useful a word as the threadbare old word "camouflage." It means anything or nothing. If there is anything that ought to be told, it will make good propaganda to let it out. If there is anything that ought not to be told, it would be good enemy propaganda if it got out. The speeches of Czernin and Hertling are good propaganda in a world that seems to favor no annexations; the fruitless message of the President to the Russian Soviet is good propaganda for him and his admirers, though here the frontier between "Propaganda" and "Camouflage" seems a bit dim, and they look like twins.

Wherever you have propaganda you have propagandists. Ours have invaded France to spread American propaganda, presumably convincing the gallant French of the justice of a cause that they have given more than a million lives to defend. There is sometimes little care used in selecting these missionaries. The conscription net had rather a coarse mesh judging from the youth of some of these men. The publicity service in

the army, is utilized entirely for the purpose of sending home accurate information as to what is happening. General Pershing has been strict in trying to induce press correspondents to avoid exaggeration. Propaganda is perhaps a necessary influence in the waging of modern war. We wish that our own information as to the reasons for some of the things that are done could be made clearer to us. That would be helpful propaganda. A general classification, which included all civilian Americans who journey hither at public expense, would be most cruel and unjust. This war differs from all others we have fought in that we never before have had general conscription, nor so much need of influencing public opinion at home. That work has had to be done, not to mention need of competent civilian aid over here in the coördination of control and allocation of shipping, use of raw materials, manufacture, and similar activities outside the sphere of the men who wear uniform.

The birth of the Third Liberty Loan is approaching. There must be some effort made to boost it. The Amexforce was "bled white" in the Second Liberty Loan and can't "come across" with any more money. But the opportunity to send a few deserving Democrats over here to get "dope" for speeches and to have a trip at government expense is too good to be overlooked. Seven of these L. L. orators have been here this week. There is among them one man of more than average intelligence, who eats with his fork, is not angry because the *petits pois* are round instead of square, and who seems to have heard of the places he is visiting before he came. Only one. The others are second-rate business men when they are not boys under age, and if the T. L. L. depends on them our country is in straits before they start to talking. This group

is the most helpless we have had. I had three of them to lunch but realized by the time we had sat down that I had overplayed them. Our conversation, simple enough though it was, went way over their heads. I had them in the office to try to interest them but found it hard to talk down to their level. Perfectly hopeless and helpless, but no doubt democratic and deserving.

This rôle of entertainer is a penalty for living in the mess of the C. in C. There is much of it to be done. It raises the mess bills beyond any value received, and it throws a great strain on one's temper when one is in a hurry and dislikes being bored. That dainty little thing about "Suffer fools gladly" is surely one of the necessary qualifications of a Chief of Staff. Once in a while, though, an interesting man comes. Such was Colonel Reppington who visited us last fall, then the correspondent of the London *Times*, and recently prominent in the press in connection with an attack on Lloyd George at the time of the relief of General Sir William Robertson as Chief of the Imperial General Staff. Another is Mr. Hilaire Belloc.

Belloc, whose articles are being syndicated in certain U. S. papers, is certainly a fascinating, clever Englishman. He is forty-seven years old; has served six years in Parliament; married an American, a California lady dead since 1914; and has written several books and for numerous papers. As a youngster he enlisted as a private in the French artillery and served up near Toul and Nancy just for the adventure. He speaks French perfectly, and has written some of the best stuff on the war. Before the war a lecturer on Church History at Oxford, he is one of the great authorities, I believe,

on the history of the Catholic Church, and is a Catholic himself. Once since the war he has represented England at the Vatican.

He visited us last week and took luncheon with me. His conversation, a steady stream, was most interesting. He knows the prominent men of Europe, and there are few heroes to him. To him Lloyd George, whom I very little admire myself, is a creature of Lord Northcliffe. He regrets the unpopularity of George V, who, he says, tries hard to do his duty, and is "a nice little man" but too much under the domination of forceful Mary. He knows the British, the French and the German Generals, and has Joffre high on a pedestal as the Hero of the Marne. He recognizes the good in art; got down on his knees and examined the carpet in our sitting room, pronouncing it to be worth £400, and said our Spanish leather on a wall was painted and therefore modern. The crucifixes which hang over our beds in this French home have the arms of the Saviour in a peculiar raised position which the Belgian Minister of Finance who visited us in February said was characteristic of the time of a certain archbishop in the seventeenth century, and Belloc remarked the other day on the same thing. He was interested in the history of the neighborhood, and showed wider information than any other visitor we have had. We let him talk to good purpose, for Nolan told me afterwards that he was perfectly delighted with his visit. All visitors are handled by Dennis Nolan's section.

Two nights ago we had at the Y. M. C. A. Miss Elsie Janis, the actress. I went and was glad I did. Miss Janis quite carried "the boys" by storm. The rather large hall

of the Y. M. C. A. was simply crowded to the limit. She sang, danced, told stories and gave impersonations, and was wildly applauded. Coming home I stopped in at the McCoy-Logan mess and found there Vicomtesse Salignac-Fénelon and her daughter Comtesse de Castries. The latter I had met at a dinner at the Ritz several months ago with Mrs. Larz Anderson. She is married to a cousin of de Chambrun's who is an officer of the French Army, now a prisoner of war in Germany. General Alvord, who was with me, de Chambrun and McCoy and I were invited by these two ladies to take dinner with them last night at their château at Cirey-sur-Blaise, a distance of some forty-five kilometres from here.

Last night, therefore, we drove out to Cirey-sur-Blaise. I took de Chambrun with me for the practice in French; Alvord and McCoy going together. The road, one of the beautiful French highways, for some distance lay down the Marne, or first the Suize and then the Marne. At Vignory we left the Marne valley and traversed the watershed toward the Blaise. Vignory is a quaint old town under a hill, on the projecting promontory of which stands the ruins of an old château, its towers well to the front. It was probably old in the time of Henry of Navarre, and doubtless was the castle of some raiding seigneur of France when the Bourbons were still parvenus. It was inaccessible from all sides except from the point where the promontory led back to the plateau behind. France is full of such old châteaux, each generally with its little village nestling near, the home of the peasants descended from the retainers of the ancient seigneur.

We dropped into the gentle valley of the Blaise half an hour before sunset and drove to the ancient castle where we

were to dine. It stands just at the edge of the little town of Cirey and has more than the usual interest that attaches to so much that is charming in France. Here in the early days of Louis XV lived the great Voltaire, and here with him dwelt that lady who left her husband for him and to whom his letters refer as "la belle Émile." She was the Marquise de Chatelet, Émilie de Tonnelier de Breteuil, whose husband was a Lieutenant General in the armies of the handsome and dissolute Louis XV. She was a court beauty when she forsook the court to go with the "bourgeois" Voltaire,—whose name is not Voltaire, but François Arouet,—but who is, however, one of the chief ornaments of French literature. Voltaire was already in middle age and was doubtless growing more testy and sarcastic with age, his wit having always had more of vitriol than sweetness in it, and the liaison was interrupted by many quarrels. At Cirey, however, and during their union much of Voltaire's best literary work was done. As age came on, however, the beauty forsook him and fled with Saint-Lambert, a Captain of Cavalry, doubtless with less fame, infinitely less wit and intelligence, but alas! with much more youth. The fair Émilie was a learned woman, familiar with Liebnitz and Newton in a day when learning and erudition had hardly a place outside the Church. Undoubtedly there were strong intellectual ties between her and Voltaire, and some more physical attractions. Here at Cirey still remaining is the little theater in an upper story of the château where Voltaire was wont to try out his plays. Here "Alzire" and "Mérope" were written, and part of the history of the time of Louis XIV.

The château, which is of the time of Louis XIII, gives

one a first impression like that of Fontainebleau, though it is, of course, much smaller. The present owners have restored an old wing, installed heating apparatus, and transformed the grounds into a beautiful park of about six thousand acres in which wild deer and wild boar abound, and which requires a small army of employees to keep it in order. Madame has given all her dogs but six to "Les Chiens Sanitaires." The inside of the château is also very attractive.

Dinner was a solemn ceremony in a very lofty spacious dining room with the same paintings probably that adorned it in the days when the "belle Émilie" presided for the clever Voltaire. Mesdames had much to say about Alsace-Lorraine. The elder lady is a native of Alsace. A solemn butler waited on the table. The *pièce de résistance* was *goose*. The champagne was good,—so I was told. We took coffee in the drawing-room. At ten we started home, and arrived without event.

March 21, 1918.

I returned last night from perhaps the most interesting outing I have had. The Commander in Chief sent me with Secretary Baker in his visit to the divisions in the trenches. I planned the trip on Sunday afternoon, the day the Secretary's party arrived. It was considered absolutely necessary to keep his visits a secret on account of the danger of the information leaking to the enemy and thus endangering his life and those of many men in the trenches, and that, of course, precluded his being accompanied by a drove of news-

paper men, such as would have been keen to follow him if his intentions had been known. He himself was in the plan and did not tell even his own secretary or General Black, who was of his party. The idea was to see as much as could be seen in three days, or rather two days and a half, for we did not leave here until Monday afternoon.

I sent de Chambrun out to make arrangements at the Rainbow Division, which consisted in taking a letter to its General and arranging for our party to sleep in a little town not far behind the lines from which we could, by getting an early start, be ready to send him in to the trenches before things livened up much for the day, and when he would be most safe. I sent letters to the C.G. of two other divisions, enjoining them to great secrecy. For the newspaper men, Major Frederick Palmer went along and wrote the necessary statements for the press, which were given out and have no doubt been cabled to the United States.

Monday just after luncheon General Pershing and the Secretary and others of us went to the Army Schools to see a most interesting demonstration by the Army Specialist Schools assisted by the affiliated schools we have there. It was held near the ancient fortified city of Langres, now as in Roman days an important city for the military. Can the spirit of Julius Cæsar, I wonder, look down and see it in use by a race of soldiers that came from a country discovered fifteen centuries after he fell at the foot of Pompey's statue that fatal March morning! And old Marcus Aurelius, whose arch still stands in Langres, what can his wise old spirit think of a man from Cleveland, Ohio, visiting American schools in its shadow? And the gate of gallant Henry

of Navarre, through whose portals so many of the brave of France of other days have passed. And farther away than even Henry, on these same tree-crowned hills fought old Vercingetorix the Gaul, against the Roman. A race, many of whose ancestors fled from France for religious liberty in the days of the Huguenots' persecutions, are now battling on her soil for their mutual liberty.

The school demonstration was very entertaining to the Secretary and lasted an hour longer than was expected. Our plans were to leave at three, for we had a long journey to make to where we were to stay for the night. We actually got away about four. Our "getting away" consisting of starting for Baccarat instead of back for Chaumont. Off we hurried through red-roofed villages, over low hills, and along tree-bordered *chaussées* in the direction of the front. We reached our destination about 8 P. M. De Chambrun was waiting for us, as were our host and family of ten. With our five we sat at a table with sixteen. It is really a very attractive family, six young ladies, three daughters and three nieces of the host. The host was the same kind Frenchman who gave me a couple of tall cut-glass vases about a month ago. We were interrupted at dinner by the arrival of General Menoher and his Chief of Staff who came down to make the arrangements for the next morning. The prospect of getting up at four-thirty sent us to bed early, with the sound of artillery firing close at hand to lull us to sleep.

We breakfasted at five and started at five-thirty, still dark here with the clock advanced an hour, and motored through the early dawn to the little village of Moyen, where a battalion from the Secretary's own state was drawn up to

receive us. It was quite a setting for his first contact with the troops. The stars were shining, and the sun just beginning to redden the eastern sky when this battalion marched past in review. Very sturdy and soldierly they looked, with the unmistakable air of men who have had their experience in the trenches. Not clean or spick and span, not much like militia such as they were a few months ago, but real field soldiers swinging by at a good steady step, their clothes showing signs of wear; and over it all the stars shining down, the German guns booming over the hills. The officers were called to a little group at the roadside and the Secretary made them the first of several very clever little speeches I was to hear that day. He is extremely easy in his manner, speaks with deliberation and without apparent embarrassment or effort. He told of his interest in this particular battalion, of the interest of the whole country in the Rainbow Division, and bade them believe that he would take home the tale of their soldierly achievements.

We soon arrived at an advanced headquarters where the party was to be made up for the visit to the trenches. The limit in numbers, in order not to draw the enemy's fire, was to be three besides the Secretary. Palmer had to go for the press. Menoher was entitled to go as Commanding General. The regimental commander also had a right. So I stayed behind, wishing though that I might go. I hunted up Lenihan, who was just getting up, and had a second breakfast with him. Just as we were finishing in came the Secretary's party announcing that the enemy was shelling the road they had to travel over and that it was not safe to go in there. De Chambrun offered then to guide them to the

trenches over in the Badonviller *secteur.* So the colonel of the regiment dropped out, de Chambrun was substituted and the party drove off. They came back with glowing accounts of the visit; what the Secretary said to the men in the front line; that they tried to make him show a pass entitling him to be there; how a shell burst on the road within twenty-five yards of his motor. He told the men he had come to follow their lives from the landing place to the front lines, and that now he found them standing on the very frontier of freedom.

While the party were gone I improved the time by visiting an underground hospital not far from Benamenil. Built into the reverse slope of a high hill with the entrance well camouflaged, one could hardly realize that nearly a thousand wounded men could be cared for underground, with modern operating rooms, kitchens, dispensary, long galleries with tiers of beds on either side, quantities of supplies, etc. Besides the surface of the hill, the hospital is protected overhead by five feet of concrete.

When the Secretary's party returned full of delight at the success in finding him the experiences he desired, we decided to include in our run to Lunéville a small group of American graves of men fallen in action since the Rainbows have been in the line. As we arrived there a funeral procession came out of the streets of the little village near by: one of our men killed by shell fire the day before, Private Wilkinson of Missouri, a member of the Signal Battalion of the Rainbows. The body in its plain wooden box draped with the flag was borne on the shoulders of his comrades; the village priest and the Catholic chaplain of one of the infantry regiments led the procession behind the band; and crowding the ranks

of his late comrades were several hundred French soldiers and civilians, among them some poor women, for a few are up there tending their crops and exacting their livings from an ungenerous soil, clinging to hope doubtless that the Hun will soon be driven back from France by these same Americans or with their help.

The procession stopped at the end of the little row of graves, at a newly made grave. We all stood by. The usual impressive Catholic service was said, then up stepped to the head of the grave a French staff officer who said: "Private Wilkinson, you gave your life for your country. In the name of the French Division Commander I confer on you the Croix de Guerre," and laid the much-prized bronze cross on the end of the soldier's coffin. Over us just as the volleys were fired and the last taps was blown, was circling a German airplane at which our anti-aircraft batteries were firing shrapnel. There was little lacking to impress the scene on the Secretary's memory. As the band swung into the road playing a lively air, for the living must not long be depressed by thoughts of the dead, we walked along the little line of graves, and I called the Secretary's attention to the fact that each bore at its head the Stars and Stripes, and at each foot there was a tiny Tricolor of France, showing that these men are considered to have died not alone for America but also for France.

We hurried on, paying a brief visit to the French Corps Commander, General Bazalaire, and then to inspect a battalion of the old 69th New York, now wearing a higher number in a greater army. The battalion was commanded by a nice-looking New York Irishman named Donovan, wearing

a bright new-looking Croix de Guerre conferred on him by the French the day before. General Menoher called the attention of the Secretary to it, saying: "This officer is wearing this without warrant of law or regulations, Mr. Secretary." The Secretary replied: "I give you executive authority to wear that cross. If any one questions your right to wear it, refer them to me."

After a very clever little talk to the officers of the battalion the Secretary visited the hospital and saw wounded and gassed being evacuated on account of the early departure of our division from this part of the line. He spoke to man after man. They all seemed cheerful. One poor devil who had been gassed said: "It helps me to shake hands with a man like you. My lieutenant was decorated for bravery yesterday and I was so happy it almost made me well."

It rained as we reached the 1st Division but we did some looking around nevertheless. A great sausage balloon, our own, was just being sent up with two men swinging in the basket, to whom the Secretary sent his compliments by the telephone connection. Colonel Lahm, our balloon expert, came down in a few minutes, which gave us the chance to see how the great bag was brought down. A few minutes later we inspected Major Theodore Roosevelt's battalion. We went to the advanced dressing station, asked a few intelligent questions, and then returned through the rain to Bullard's headquarters, where we had tea and talked.

The Secretary had expressed his desire to see the wounded, especially Captain Archie Roosevelt, so we drove to the hospital some miles in rear. A ward was full of wounded officers, young Roosevelt among them. To each one of them

the Secretary spoke and chatted for a moment. He said to Archie Roosevelt that he would take pleasure in writing to his father that he had seen him. In the enlisted ward we lingered quite a while, the number of cases being considerably greater. The poor devils are all cheerful, but it is a tragedy to see a fine straight smiling sergeant of twenty-three or four standing there with his right hand gone just below the elbow, and others who will never walk again.

It was nearly night when we left the hospital but we had to pay a visit to the Army Commander General Debeney, smiling sardonically, dignified, good-looking, but a trifle chilly to all Americans, but now quite lavish in his praise of our fighting men. The Secretary as usual said the happy thing and we left in the falling twilight for Ligny-en-Barrois, where we planned to spend the night.

Over the high hills of the Meuse, gliding through little villages, along canals into the valley of the Ornain, we raced through the darkness, finally arriving at Ligny-en-Barrois with its ancient Tour de Melusine. The Secretary, Colonel Boyd and myself stayed at the château, a most modern and comfortable residence, with electric light, fountains playing in the yard, modern plumbing, an arrangement for heating water by the side of one's washstand, and, surprise of surprises in a country where everybody likes to be cold, there was a bottle of hot water to warm my bed, which I found when I turned down the covers to go to bed. In the bedroom was a little tabouret with some books on it, one a novel, one a history of Ligny.

One feels pretty modern to find that Frederick, Count of Bar, was the Grand Seigneur in those parts in the second

half of the eighth century and that it became a hereditary duchy but a few years later. Eventually it was divided into two parts, lying respectively on either side of the Meuse. Many of the great names of France have played their part in Bar. Stanislas, the last Duke of Lorraine, was also Duke of Bar, and Bar-le-Duc, Bar-sur-Seine, and Bar-sur-Aube are all evidences of a day when Bar was a power to be reckoned with, and its seigneur a man of the best blood in France.

At dinner about eight in the evening in the little hotel in Ligny, it developed that the Secretary counted seeing Carlyle Babcock as an event without which his visit would be incomplete, if not indeed somewhat a failure. Carlyle is the son of a lady who lives across the street from the Secretary in Cleveland; a city which is to Ohio as Ligny-en-Barrois once was to Bar. Carlyle had enlisted some months ago as a Marine and was known to be in France. Nothing else was certain but the Secretary believed he had been in the last regiment which came over. Surely if he returned without seeing Carlyle it would throw doubt on the authenticity of his various claims of having visited the trenches, gotten his feet wet, having seen what the soldiers were enduring, etc.

The regiment to which Carlyle pertains was guessed by me to be the 6th, it having last arrived. The division which we were to see the following morning had just gone into the trenches; its telephones were not in operation; its people were possibly not all there; yet it seemed as if our organization might be considered to be somewhat lacking if we could not find Carlyle Babcock, a young Marine whose mother is a neighbor of the War Secretary. So I said it would be a

pleasure and very simple, and, trembling at the thought of failure,—entire collapse as a Chief of Staff,—that we would have Carlyle on hand before the Secretary left the division next morning. So the faithful de Chambrun was put on the telephone and by midnight had got a French staff officer (protesting that he was of the Troisième Bureau and that it was not his *métier* to deliver messages), to take a telephone message to the American Division Commander about Carlyle Babcock.

It rained softly all night and the drive next morning was very muddy. It was over the great road which will be famous as long as the memory of this war and of the heroic defense of Verdun shall survive in the hearts of men. It is the road over which for five months flowed all the tremendous quantities of supplies of all kinds which enabled the French to hold back the oncoming rush of the Germans. Five thousand engineers patrolled it day and night during that time, a man to every fifty yards, repairing that highway so the stream of motor trucks, one every twenty seconds night and day, week in and week out, might not fail. As we drove through the light rain, de Chambrun pointed out the positions of his batteries during the Battle of the Marne, for this is near the hinge or angle in the line on which the French fought at the Marne. We stopped a few moments at Souilly to see the General of the French Second Army, the Army of Verdun, which I visited last June. Here we heard nothing but praise for our division which had debarked here within the week to march to its position on the Meuse.

We drove through the rain, to the headquarters of the French Corps with which our division is fighting, and were

met by General Bundy and his officers. We inspected a couple of battalions, and went on through village after village of war desolation. Over the Meuse, out towards the German lines until we finally reached our farthest point, and urged by an engagement to review a brigade nearly sixty miles away we reluctantly turned our faces homewards.

Enter here Carlyle Babcock, neighbor of the War Secretary, son of the lady, Mrs. Babcock, who lives across the street in good old Cleveland. Rather dirty and muddy looking, splashed badly, for he had come some miles in a motorcycle with side car, but cheerful and happy was Carlyle, answering the Secretary's inquiry as to how he was getting on, by "Fine, Sir, Fine!!!" The ubiquitous photographer took a picture of Carlyle and his neighbor who lives across the street, and with hurried good-bys we started toward Bar-le-Duc, where we expected to get luncheon and then have time to reach Traveray, where the Secretary was to review the 1st Brigade at three, and for which I did not wish him to keep six thousand men standing around in the rain any longer than necessary. I put Boyd in with him and took de Chambrun and Palmer and the lead and set them a pace. We took the ditches like a hurdler, slid around corners, skidded across railroad crossings, skirted gutters, missed a few children, splashed mud on passing soldiers, tooted our klaxon incessantly, and ran the seventy kilometres in one hour, arriving at Bar-le-Duc as though we had only been across the street to see Carlyle Babcock's mother instead of seventy kilometres away.

One hour for luncheon, and then off to review at Traveray. We had five minutes to spare when the guide left on the road

to take us to the reviewing ground showed us a steep muddy road up to a high plateau, which our chainless auto failed to negotiate. So we walked a mile. Just as we were nearing the troops up dashed General Pershing and General Black and an aide. They had arrived just after us, also stuck at the bottom of the hill, but borrowed horses of some orderlies and rode up. Reaching the level the Commander in Chief thought to show the Chief Engineer a touch of high life and spurred his horse to a gallop. General Black lost his cap, nearly lost his balance, and seemed to have lost his breath.

The review was of the 16th and 18th after six weeks in the trenches. They are the nearest we have to veterans. Those great long 250-men companies looked like the battalions of other days. The bands played well. The men swung along with a good stride. The rolling kitchens rolled along behind the battalions. The review was a success. The Secretary made a fine talk to the officers and paid a tribute to the regular army, around which our whole military fabric is to be built. Somewhat of a crowd gathered, French, civilians, Y. M. C. A., nurses, etc., and among them, in a Y. M. C. A. uniform, whom should I see but Murray Bartlett, some time President of the University of the Philippines and Dean of the Cathedral of St. John and St. Mary in Manila. Looking a little grayer, and very glad to see me. Alluding to my disappointments of 1913, he said: "Well, you have come into your own!!"

The review over the party returned. At Domremy there was a stop to visit the humble home of Jeanne d'Arc, the Maid of Orleans, the Saviour of France, whose only request to the country she had saved was that her native village of

Domremy should pay no taxes, and to which the King said: "There shall be no taxes paid in Domremy forever." And so it ran until the ashes of the gallant Maid had been scattered to the winds of her native France for three hundred and sixty years, and the Bourbons reigned no more. The Revolution came and Domremy has paid taxes ever since. *Vive la Rêpublique!!*

April 8, 1918.

I have had in mind for some time the matter of my eventual rotation to the line, for both the Commander in Chief and I believe that the staff is better when recruited by fresh blood from officers just come from service with troops, and the line will be improved by the arrival of an occasional officer to give them the staff point of view. It is the basis of the detail system which was inaugurated in the time of Secretary Root, and has been more or less the anathema ever since of the Croziers, the Aleshires and the Ainsworths who have desired to build up a peacetime permanent organization.

The Germans reach it by a better method. They select in his comparative youth the officer who is to become a General Staff officer and do it by extremely severe tests which practically insure only the selection of the most fit. Then periodically after that the officer serves with troops. That operates to concentrate the ambition and the effort of the staff officer (by staff officer I am speaking of the General Staff officer, not the groceryman, the clerical staff, the ordnance expert, the lawyer or the doctor of the service) in the single direction of General Staff service and eventual

command, for their high commanders are chosen from these selected men who have traveled all of them the same path of service and instruction.

That method also furnishes the indication why at the beginning of war we have to retire or otherwise get rid of numbers of officers who prove too stiff mentally or physically to exercise commands of general officers,—men of from fifty to sixty,—while the Germans employ officers up to seventy and some of their best are over sixty. The French sent a hundred and forty of their generals to the rear in the first year; the British have also put a number into the peerage or otherwise disposed of them. It is a fact that in middle age or more advanced age an officer cannot adapt himself to an absolutely new environment, new responsibilities, and especially the exercise of command when he has never before had the opportunity. On the other hand, at quite an advanced age an officer can continue to do well those things which he has been accustomed to do all his life. The German High Command, selected from a class which all its professional life has been doing command work in its General Staff, continues in age to do well that which it has been trained from youth to do.

The diversion of our General Staff from legitimate duties as such in peacetime; the method of selection of officers for it; the attitude of such general officers as General Bliss towards it; the temporary nature of the detail, we detailing the line officer to a temporary tour on the General Staff where the Germans detail the G.S. officer to a temporary tour with troops; all these things combine to give us at the outbreak of war a lot of generals of high rank who have but trifling

experience in anything but administrative duties in time of peace. The exercise of authority, especially tactical authority, can but rarely be acquired in middle life.

Pursuant to the foregoing ideas of rotation between our line and staff, I asked the Commander in Chief to give me a brigade when he feels that my services can be spared from the staff, and he has promised to do it. This action is not unmixed with other motives, such as the actual desire for the experience, the slavish nature of the staff work in which I have been engaged for ten months and the feeling that without a change I must ultimately break down or greatly slow up in efficiency; and the desire for promotion, easier to be earned with troops than at a desk.

The transfer of the 1st Division toward the Picardy front, with the plan to give it a little open-warfare training before putting it in the battle, seemed to be a good time for me to spend a few days with it and get out in the open air. I thought I should like to see exactly the routine followed under certain circumstances by a Brigade Commander whose conduct of affairs has been good enough to win for him the recommendation of the C. in C. for promotion to Major General. So I asked to be allowed to join General Duncan and accompany his brigade during the rail trip; during its billeting in a new area and the subsequent open-air training.

I left Chaumont the evening of the fifth, and went with an orderly and an officer who has been on duty in my office, by motor car, to where Duncan's brigade has been resting at Menaucourt. The run was through the same picturesque valley of the Meuse that I have so often traveled these past seven months. I dined at General Liggett's corps head-

quarters, and then ran on through the rain. The road lay by Gondrecourt, celebrated as the first place where we quartered troops in the war last July; Domremy with poor little Jeanne d'Arc's house and her church; many little red-roofed French villages full of neatly stacked manure piles; old stone houses with the arched doorways of Lorraine; historic Andelot where one of the treaties between Huguenot and Catholic was signed, one of the Guise family being then Duc d'Andelot; Liffol-le-Grand and Liffol-le-Petit; all little villages that I have learned to know very well. Leaving Neufchâteau one sees on a wooded ridge the beautiful château of Bourlamont, the home of the last Comte d'Alsace. All the villages are war-worn and weary, broken up by the frequent tramp of armies, subject to constant billeting.

At the Château of Menaucourt, I found General Duncan and his staff waiting for train time. They were to entrain at Ligny-en-Barrois, where I recently spent a night with the Secretary of War, distant perhaps three miles from Menaucourt. We ran over in a few minutes in the motor cars, and after considerable conversation in the native tongue of the very garrulous Chef de Gare, were directed to our train.

In France all military trains are made up in just the same way. The soldiers all go in box cars, and when extraordinarily well looked after a little straw is scattered in the bottom of the cars. On all box cars the number of horses and the number of men it will carry are stenciled. Sometimes it carries the one and sometimes the other. When I think of the noise made on the border in 1916 because one or two New Jersey and Pennsylvania units came down there in our fine day coaches instead of tourist sleepers, it makes

me smile when looking at these side-door box-car sleepers. The officers travel in the ordinary French day coach, though sometimes, in rare cases, I understand that a *wagon-lit* car is provided.

No such luxury waited us. The one coach was built to hold thirty-two persons. There were thirty officers. Nicely calculated. One slept sitting upright, if one slept, and I did. I took a blanket out of my bedding roll, tied a handkerchief around my bald head à la Filipino-with-a-headache, and passed a fairly comfortable night in an erect position. Six of us occupied the compartment which, built for eight, had the two extra seats referred to above. Being separate from one another, they added nothing to the luxury of the trip. The disagreeable feature of the journey under such circumstances is the entire absence of any toilet accommodations of any kind whatsoever. I cannot think when I have before gone over twenty-four hours without washing my face and hands. The train made an occasional stop at the outskirts of some town, and then usually in the town itself.

About six o'clock we reached a place where we were met with some hot coffee, which with some ham sandwiches which Duncan's Aide had in a basket made a fine breakfast. A cigarette after the hot coffee gave a new outlook on life. About noon we got more coffee and had the rest of the sandwiches.

The route lay through the valley of the Seine, running through the northern outskirts of Paris at twilight. Eventually our detraining point was reached in the rain. The railroads in France have none of the methods which we have come to consider necessary in our country. Their manpower

is greatly depleted by the war. It happened that the engine placed the first cars of freight for unloading by a little platform or *quai,* as they call it, and then went away, leaving all the other cars to be "spotted" by the men getting out and pushing them. We stayed until the men were unloaded, some time after midnight, when my motor car came off the train.

A staff officer from the division headquarters had been sent ahead to attend to meeting the trains and billeting the units. (I say trains, for it takes fifty-eight trains to move one of our divisions, and they ran one every hour for over two days.) He told us that General Duncan's headquarters were to be at Trie-Château, between twenty and thirty miles further on, so we ran on over there, arriving between 2 and 3 A. M. One of General Duncan's staff had preceded us by twenty-four hours to attend to the billeting. No one knew when we would arrive, so when we did we found the little town asleep. The policeman on watch was more asleep than any one but finally we were shown to the Château of Trie, owned by Madame la Marquise de Bonse, a widow whose husband died six months ago; whose nephew was killed the day we arrived; and whose son,—only son,—is an aviator with the French. Poor little lady, she got up and insisted on showing us our rooms. I slept until 8 A. M. Duncan did worse; nine for him.

After breakfast, General Duncan and I walked to the nearest town, caller Gisors, which is four kilometres distant, and had a really enjoyable time looking at the things in shop windows. It is a very nice French town of perhaps twenty thousand people, with rather good-looking shops, and it is

the first leisure moment I can recall that I have had in the vicinity of shop windows since leaving America. With all the wealth of Paris in my vicinity, I lived there three months without time to walk down a street and look at windows or people.

After luncheon General Duncan sent word by the interpreter to the little Marquise and asked permission to present his officers. She sent word that she would be in the drawing-room in a few minutes, and we went in and were presented. She is a little lady of about fifty-five I should judge, in deep mourning; very bright looking; gray hair that was once brown, brown eyes, and very nice gracious manner. She expressed herself as glad to be of service to the Americans, and asked us to consider the château as our house.

The château is a very old and a very cold one. The main tower is reputed to be a thousand or more years old. That, of course, is by no means the most ancient in France or Normandy, but it is fairly antique. In one of its rooms, Jean Jacques Rousseau once lived for a while and composed part of his "Émile." In the drawing-room hangs a plan of the château and grounds, the plan itself a hundred years old. The walls are covered with ivy. When a château with its Grand Seigneur was the center of its little community, it was complete with its own church or chapel, its own burying place, and its own arrangements for defense. The retainers lived around the château and in time of attack sought refuge in it. From this château run subterranean galleries in several directions, one especially to Gisors, two and a half miles distant, by which the retainers could gain entrance to the castle when it was besieged or by which the seigneur could

sally forth and take his besiegers in the rear. The life in a château is by no means ideal. They all have stone walls from three to six feet thick. It is always colder inside than out. The accessories of life are all either modern of the Victorian period or are lacking. There is much lovely old furniture. This region abounds in old châteaux. Near Lattainville, on a hill, there is a ruined one apparently. When we rode to it, we found it to be by far the most picturesque that I have seen except the château of the Rohans at Josselin in Brittany. The top and towers seem to be in ruin, but actually it is in good repair below. It is occupied, and the grounds are beautifully kept. The windows, the entire façade, are very old Gothic, having the pointed arches, the inverted "V." The mistress was ill, the domestic told us, else she would have been delighted to receive the American Generals.

I am settled here for at least a week unless the pressure for reinforcements forces our division into the line prematurely. The guns can be plainly heard to the northeast of Trie-Château.

April 21, 1918.

The chief items of interest in this life of mine since the last entries in this chronicle have been persons. I suppose those are the chief items of interest in the life of any one; persons and the events and scenes that cluster around them.

My tour at General Duncan's 1st Brigade was the equivalent of a leave of absence for me, with its freedom from responsibility, the opportunity to be on a horse half the day,

and to get the contact with troops, and mingle in the life of active outdoor command, looking to later command in the face of an enemy. At the end of the sixth day, however, while still hoping that my address at G.H.Q. had been mislaid, along came a letter from the C. in C. outlining something he wished to be done, and I felt that while I might stay a few days longer my holiday, as far as its freedom from care and responsibility was concerned, was done. That night at midnight a courier came in with some more official letters, and before noon the next day I had a relayed telegram directing me to come to Paris to speak with the C. in C. over the long-distance telephone.

I received the message about luncheon time, so finished that and then drove to Paris, a two hours' journey. Meanwhile the C. in C., with characteristic impatience, had handled in another way the matter he wished to speak to me about, and the official part of our hundred-and-fifty-mile conversation was nearly limited to telling me what he had done, and directing me to follow it up in person next day with a visit to headquarters of General Foch, the new C. in C. for the Allies in France. My motor car had its self-starter out of repair, so I had to remain in Paris for the night.

My friend Colonel Dawes is always refreshing to meet. His busy practical brain is working all the time. I have a standing engagement to let him know when I reach the city and to take a meal with him if time permits. This particular evening he had me to dinner at the Ritz and proposed to cheer me up with vaudeville afterwards. The program was about the usual thing: slack-wire artists, singers, buffoons, jugglers, jumpers, specialists of various sorts. The sweetest

song by the prettiest girl of the evening was just ending when the "Air Alert" was heard outside; a manager came before the curtain and announced that the enemy's airplanes were over the city dropping bombs, and that under the rules the performance had to conclude. The audience started out and the orchestra started the stirring strains of the "Marseillaise."

What can you,—if you are a Boche,—hope to do with a people like that? You drop your bombs with hundreds of pounds of high explosive, you wreck homes, you kill people and you maim others, but while you are busy with your little errand the French people are marching to the strains of "La Marseillaise"; and no can run away when the "Marseillaise" is playing, no one can get in a panic, no one can feel much terror or even appear to be in a hurry. It was a fine defiance; and the Boche will never win from a people like that.

We walked out and Colonel Dawes and I walked across the city to our house. There was an occasional explosion over some distant portion of the city; a fire or two started; the flash of bursting shrapnel in the sky; the sounding of the "Alert," but in an hour it was over and next day the papers said twenty-three had been killed and some seventy-eight wounded.

The drive to the headquarters of General Foch from Paris took me until 2:30 P. M., only to find that he was out and would not be back until 6:30. I waited. The route from Paris to his headquarters took me by the 1st Division and I stopped a few minutes there to see General Bullard, who had rejoined. I had with me Lieutenant Lovering Hill, a young Reserve-Corps artilleryman, a man who won his Croix de

Guerre with Palm by gallantry in driving an ambulance at the first battle of Verdun, and who knows his way about France very well.

We took our luncheon at Beauvais. That little city was once the seat of great tapestry manufactures and its other point of interest, besides now being crowded with French refugees and soldiers of all the Allies, is its fine cathedral which in its interior represents the highest refinement of Gothic architecture. It is an immense edifice, but except for size not particularly imposing; but inside, the lofty heights, the pointed arches of the Gothic style, particularly in the part over the choir, are very beautiful. It is cited as the best example of that architecture in France, and is consequently in peacetime a point much visited by tourists. I visited it while Hill and the driver were hunting for some gasoline. Then we tried for luncheon but only at the third restaurant could we find two vacant seats, so full is the little city of a transient population. The third restaurant was also third-rate, and we crowded in at a table with about a dozen other people of all kinds, typical boarding-house style.

My four hours at Sarcus, General Foch's headquarters, were very dull. I betray no confidence in naming the place, for he has changed them since. I found there Colonel Wells from General Bliss and the Versailles Sewing Society. "General Foch is one of the glories of France," according to my friend de Chambrun, and he is credited with the principal part of the victory on the Marne in 1914. He had been a soldier of reputation for years before the war, and is the author of some military books relating to the art of war. He is, however, sixty-seven years of age, and his eyes look very tired to me.

He has associated with him the keen little Weygand, a Jewish-looking or Japanese-looking little French General, who is said to be a very able staff officer and about whose birth there runs an interesting romance linking him with a Royal House. The remainder of his staff that I saw I did not think much of. He keeps in his vicinity constantly a reserve officer named Captain Popier, a man it is said of considerable business importance in France before the war.

Time went on and at six-thirty Foch did not appear and nothing was heard of him. Seven and seven-thirty came and no Foch. Wells is not in the mess with General Foch but in a staff mess near by. He asked me to dinner and I was inclined to accept though knowing that if General Foch were there I should be asked to dine with him. Popier did some fine maneuvering, typically French. He was apparently afraid to ask me to dine with General Foch without first seeing the latter; he was afraid to let me go to the other mess and risk a jumping from General Foch for that; and he kept the whole performance in suspense until after eight o'clock. He delayed the other mess; hinted at asking me and explained that the General might be in any moment but did not ask me, but at a little after eight I accepted the other invitation and started. Then he ran after me and invited me to the General's mess, and included Wells and Hill, and so we went to the château. I expressed my hope that they would wait until General Foch came, but once having me on his hands the efficient Popier seemed keen to get the dinner over with before Foch would get back. So we sat down and were hurried through a simple meal, in the midst of which Foch returned. While he was getting himself ready for dinner we

finished, and were escorted over to the H.Q. office to wait, where finally at about nine-thirty I was summoned to see General Foch. My business consumed about ten minutes of his time and then I left. I was at Trie-Château and Duncan's headquarters by 1:30 A. M.

The quiet days of my vacation were over though; my address was known, and there was no more rest for me. Sunday I received a mission by mail, and Monday was a Division Maneuver which was attended by General Pershing and by the French General Micheler. The growing crops prevented the maneuver from being anything but a representation, however, and the telephone lines were laid, the wireless installations were made, runners detailed and all the complicated mechanism of the "liaison" of a modern combat was put to work. General Micheler visited all brigade, regimental and battalion commands, asked very searching questions, and made very useful comments. General Pershing did likewise. The latter made an appointment to come out from Paris the following day and address the officers of the 1st Division, which it was known was to march for the front within two days.

The address to the officers next day was a very stirring talk, made in that simple direct manner which is supposed to appeal to the American soldier, and in which our General quite excels. Beyond any doubt, to an audience of over a thousand officers among whom the Reserve element so largely figures, the appeal to remember the traditions of our country and to respond to its expectations was a very powerful one.

That afternoon I went with General Pershing again to the headquarters of General Foch, to whom was presented

our hope that he would shape his plans so as to permit the building up a distinctly American Army in his front at the earliest date possible, to which he acquiesced in principle. We were back in Paris for the evening and I finished the vaudeville performance so rudely interrupted by the airplanes a few evenings before.

One day back at Headquarters and a telephone message summoned me to return to Paris to join the C. in C. for a visit to the British headquarters and London. I am getting fairly "fed up" on motor-car travel but that was all there was for it in getting to Paris that night, so at eight-thirty we started, the other being Lieutenant Adamson, a confidential man of the C. in C. Four hours for one hundred fifty-four miles brought us to the Paris palace at twelve-thirty, an average of over thirty-eight miles an hour. Some going!!!!

The next afternoon, after a morning spent in talking over cablegrams and the general outlook, the General, Boyd, A.D.C., and I spent in going to Sir Douglas Haig's château and headquarters. We were received by a smart British guard and were made welcome by Sir Douglas himself. He looks much as he did in the last days of July, 1917, when I saw him last; the gray hair at his temples perhaps a little more evident; perhaps a few lines more in his fine strong Scotch face, for he has fought Paschendaele and Cambrai, and stood a month of the heaviest offensive ever seen in war since that date. He is a smart-looking soldier, always well groomed and immaculate, trousers creased, spurs shining, leathers well polished. His manners are by no means effusive, nor should they be, but he is quite cordial. I sat on his left at dinner, to which, be it regretted, we were fifteen

minutes late. He has about him the same personnel as nine months ago except that the Chief of Staff is now General Sir H. A. Laurance instead of Kidgell; Butler, the Deputy Chief of Staff then, is now commanding a corps in the gallant Third Army; and the jovial Charteris, then the Chief of his Intelligence, is now replaced by Brigadier General Coxe.

Next morning we ran to the headquarters of our 2d Corps, which is forming behind the British. I recently sent there as Assistant to the Corps Quartermaster one Captain Joseph Aleshire. I sent for him and had a little chat with him while there. From there we ran to the headquarters of our "Yaphank" Division, which is just arriving, and had luncheon with General Evan M. Johnson, Booth, Lloyd C. Griscom and the High Headquarters mess.

General Pershing has long desired to pay a visit to the Canadian Corps, and we ran there that afternoon. Lieutenant General Sir Arthur Currie commands it. He is a man big enough physically to dwarf General Pershing, and has the bluff cordial manner which we are accustomed to consider American. Both he and General Pershing voiced the thought that they "understood each other's language." Currie was very genuine in his welcome. He bordered on criticism of his superiors a few times in his conversation. He said "The Germans do not keep coming when you stand up and fight them." Again, "If you have a Rolls-Royce and a Ford, and whenever you need a car it is always the Ford that comes up, you begin to wonder if there is not something wrong with the chauffeur." Again, "I left 16,000 good Canadians at Paschendaele last fall. We were told it was absolutely necessary to take it, but it was given up without

a struggle two weeks ago." Also, "I should like to see the offensive taken up by a force of Americans, British-Canadians and French." He gave us a tea and had in his principal staff officers to meet the General. The two had to submit to a photographer afterwards, a group also being taken of the remainder of us.

That night at dinner at the château, the Earl of Derby was a guest, he being on his way to Paris as H.B.M. Ambassador, and just relieved as Minister of War in the British Cabinet. He was on the right of Sir Douglas, and I on his right. I was mortified by my General being late to dinner. Sir Douglas waited about three minutes and then took us in and we all sat down. General Pershing was nearly ten minutes late, and was evidently a little bit startled when he found that Sir Douglas had not waited for him.

I never sat through an evening of more interesting conversation. It was between Lord Derby, Haig and my own Chief. Lord Derby was by no means guarded in his remarks, is witty, and quite took the lead in the conversation. He alluded to his embarking on a diplomatic career at his age,—he is about forty-five I should judge, perhaps less,—and whether he was expected to tell the truth or not. He flouted the other members of the Cabinet of which he has been a member, and distinctly sneered at them. He said he didn't believe in Coalition Governments. "After all, what one needs is an autocrat." Some one remarked that it had its advantages in war. He said yes and in peace too, and that he believed that the people were happier after all under a government that was prompt and firm; adding that promptness and firmness were not characteristics of a British Govern-

ment. Then he said, looking at General Pershing, that our President is the leading autocrat of the world to-day. If he might be allowed a word of criticism he considered that the President had not made the best use of both parties, that he still retains his peace-selected advisers of the Democratic party. General Pershing said there were practical difficulties in using Roosevelt, if that was who Lord Derby had in mind, to which the latter assented. He remarked that there was no one in the world carrying such a wealth of power in his hands, without much advice, as President Wilson. He remarked that our War Office and theirs were organized along entirely different lines. That he had considered it his function to save the Commander in Chief from worry in every way, and to get him what he wished where he wished it. He appealed to Sir Douglas Haig to say if he had ever bothered him with opinions on the purely military side of his duties. He immediately added that he thought seventy-five per cent. of General Pershing's responsibilities would be saved him by a proper administration of our War Department, or by a proper conception of its functions. He described the great War Department characteristic of "passing the buck," and said he sympathized with General Pershing in the mass of detail necessarily thrown upon him. He turned to Sir Douglas Haig and said: "Bad lot these politicians, aren't they?" To which the British Commander in Chief laughed and said: "I don't know. I haven't had much experience with them." Then everybody laughed, for the whole world knows how little Lloyd George has hectored the British Army, driving Sir William Robertson out of power and longing to do the same with Haig, and Lord Derby replied: "You are

a qualified diplomat yourself. We shall yet see you as Our Honored Representative."

After dinner the two C. in C's., Lord Derby, and the two Chiefs of Staff adjourned to Sir Douglas Haig's private office and agreed on the handling of the divisions that are coming from America to the British, as to their training, command, etc. When we left, Lord Derby followed General Pershing out into the hall and said: "I see we shall be great pals. When you think my government or myself is acting the damned fool, I hope you will tell me so, and I'll do the same for you." He looks a bit 'eavy, but 'e isn't, you know,—now is 'e? . . .

April 24, 1918.

We came to London Sunday afternoon, with rather a rough passage from Boulogne to Folkstone, escorted by numerous destroyers and an airplane, or rather seaplane. General Biddle met us with Colonel Rethers, and escorted us to London and finally brought us up at the Savoy Hotel, where we were last year. Next day there were the usual calls on the American Ambassador, the Admiral, or Force Commander, as Admiral Sims is styled over here, and luncheon at the American Officers' Club, which is in a fine old mansion turned over for the purpose by Lord Leconfield. In the afternoon there was an interview with General Sir Henry Wilson, the Chief of Staff who succeeded Robertson some time since, and who impresses me as a good deal of a politician.

The interview adjourned at an appointed hour to the office of the Secretary of War, Lord Milner, whose little book on "The English in Egypt," written twenty-six years ago, was

a bible to me in Philippine days. He is an extremely forceful and able man. He was born in Germany of British parents and seems to have acquired a little of the blood and iron. At least he is the most difficult person to bring over that my General and I have attempted. It is all on the question of how many troops shall go with the British and what they shall be. He wants all infantry and machine guns, and while protesting that they all look forward to the day when we shall have our American Army on the line as such, is demanding the things that will make that impossible, at least before 1919. Unfortunately our home authorities seem to have committed us to it under the influence of that aggressive and brilliant Jew, Lord Reading, now representing the British in Washington. They commit us to it and throw the responsibility for the really important decision on General Pershing by attaching his consent as a condition to the way it is to be carried out,—whether the men so brought are to be allocated to American, British or French units. Worst of all they commit themselves to the agreement and do not tell us about it, and let the British spring it on us as a surprise. It is a very difficult situation in which to place Pershing.

We are due for another interview with Lord Milner this morning and have been working much of the night getting ready for it. Great things hang on what we are trying to do now. I wonder if the President realizes what it will mean to get a division or two annihilated under the British flag with Ireland in arms against conscription, and our people none too warmly inclined to the British Alliance, and our equally strong obligations to our other Allies, the gallant French.

PART IV

With the Marine Brigade at Verdun and Bois de Belleau—The Second Division in the Soissons Offensive July 18th–19th, 1918.

May 14, 1918.

WHAT a busy year it has been since I reported to General Pershing in the War Department that afternoon of May 14, 1917!!! The Amexforce in France has grown since June 13, 1917, from less than a hundred persons to a half million. The Commander in Chief has grown from a Major General to General; the Chief of Staff from Major of Cavalry to Brigadier General, U. S. N. A.; has given way to a Major General and has been rotated to the line, landing in command of a crack Brigade of Marines.

My last entry in this chronicle was in London, where we went the last part of April to redeem the bad outlook for the organization of a National American Army on the Western front brought about by the influence of Lord Reading over our home authorities inducing them to promise to bring nothing but infantry and machine guns to Europe for an indefinite period, thus postponing for a much longer indefinite period the actual organization of the divisions, corps and field armies necessary if we are to ever have a National American Army on the line. We—General Pershing—succeeded in convincing Lord Milner of the propriety of our requests and a signed agreement was reached, promising infantry and machine guns for May, and leaving to the future the subsequent months.

The British developed much shipping the existence of which had not been hitherto known, and claimed to be able to bring a much larger number of troops to Europe than we

had been able to hope. The excess shipping is to be devoted to completing the divisions brought over, thus hurrying the day when our flag will appear on the Western front with our men under their own generals. The agreement reached between Sir Douglas Haig, Lord Derby and ourselves on the last evening we were in British G.H.Q. before going to England also looks to that end.

We returned via Boulogne, where the motor cars met us, and by previous arrangement hurried to Sarcus, where we dined with General Foch, General Bliss also being present. After dinner we discussed the agreement reached with Lord Milner. General Foch did not at first accede, the C. in C. reserving the news about the augmentation of British shipping until the last moment. A great light broke over the veteran Foch and he agreed to the numbers and organizations of troops without further parley.

It is was past midnight when we reached Paris, and the lovely 73 rue de Varenne now in the splendor of springtime with its beautiful garden in the heart of Paris. The Big Bertha was still firing occasional shots and I was awakened by an explosion of one of its shells some time after I had gone to sleep.

The next day was spent in a conference with the representatives of the Shipping Board in Europe; Atterbury, Logan being present besides ourselves. That night I dined with Colonel Dawes and met Miss Laura McNulta, a daughter of General John C. McNulta whom as a boy I remember as a Civil War veteran and prominent citizen of my native city of Bloomington, Illinois. She is over here in Red Cross work with the French; a good type of Western girl, about

GENERAL HARBORD AND STAFF, MARINE BRIGADE, MAY 30, 1918

Sitting: General Harbord

Standing, left to right: Major Harry Lay, U.S.M.C.; Major Holland M. Smith, U.S.M.C.; Lieutenant Fielding S. Robinson, U.S.M.C.; Lieutenant R. Norris Williams, F.A.; Lieutenant Martin Legasse

Taken at Le Bout de Bois near Gisors just before the move to the vicinity of Château-Thierry in front of Vaux and the Bois de Belleau

thirty years of age, I should guess. After dinner at the Ritz we went to a vaudeville at the Olympic; "we" being Colonel Dawes, Miss McNulta, Colonel Boyd, Mr. Dwight W. Morrow of the Shipping Committee, and myself.

Next morning early I caught a train back to Headquarters and took up the grind again. The usual thing. Meanwhile the General lingered in Paris, coming home two days later. He had hardly arrived when a message came from M. Clemenceau asking him to a conference at Abbeville with the British and Italian Prime Ministers, and the Ministers for War in those countries. General Bliss was also present, but was of no particular assistance to General Pershing in the conference that followed, which dealt with the matters treated in our agreement with Lord Milner in London. There was much diplomatic wriggling and sidestepping, but General Pershing, with his habitual directness, brought them to see matters in even a more favorable light for us than was secured in the Milner agreement. But he had a hard struggle. Our Allies hate each other and disagree on many subjects but they are a unit when it comes to casting lots for our raiment. They seem to look on America as a common resource, and while loudly proclaiming their wish to see America on the firing line as a National Unit, resort to all manner of subterfuge to defeat and delay that eventuality to which we look forward with so much hope. Eventually an agreement was reached.

Not to get ahead of myself in this chronicle: General Pershing visited me yesterday and informed me that no sooner had the French and British Prime Ministers reached the agreement with him at Abbeville than their Ambassadors

in Washington began to besiege the President to abrogate its terms and send nothing but infantry and machine guns to Europe; a policy under which we can never build up an army of our own, under which the war can never be won, in my judgment, and with which America would carry no weight at the final Peace Table.

In the interval of two days before General Pershing went to Abbeville after our return from London, we again discussed the advisability of my relief as Chief of Staff and going to a command. A Medical Board had found physically incapacitated for field service Brigadier Generals Alvord, Bradley, Walsh, Murray and Doyen. The last is a Brigadier General in the Marine Corps, his brigade consisting of the 5th and 6th Marines. The Commander in Chief said he could give me no better command in France than to let me succeed General Doyen with the Marines and I agreed with him. After much reminiscence of the past, and some dreaming of the future, it was agreed that I should have the Marine Brigade, known in the American Expeditionary Forces as the 4th Brigade, U. S. Marines, which constitutes one brigade of the 2d Regular Division under Major General Bundy, the other brigade consisting of the 9th and 23d Infantry, in which General E. M. Lewis has relieved General Peter Murray.

General McAndrew was selected as Chief of Staff. He is "Dad" McAndrew of the Class of '88, a man several years older than myself, with an excellent reputation as a well-informed officer, and an authority on school and training matters. He has been in command of the Staff College since we organized it, and has just been made a Major General. The C. in C. is strong for rotation and as he swung the ax

in my case the appetite for blood grew, and he relieved Colonel W. D. Connor from the G.H.Q. and sent him as Chief of Staff of the 32d Division; relieved McCoy as Secretary of the General Staff and assigned him as Colonel of the 165th Infantry (old 69th New York); relieved three of his own A.D.C.'s and detailed two others. Colonel James L. Collins, an extremely efficient A.D.C., became Secretary of the G.S.; Mosely succeeded Connor as Chief of a Section in the G.S. at G.H.Q. Colonel Eltinge was detailed as Deputy Chief of Staff, a position which I have long wished to have filled but on which I could never push the C. in C. to a choice.

The changes, which no one had anticipated, came as a shock to many of those who have been at G.H.Q. since the beginning and there were many very complimentary things said relative to my relief. Perhaps no one said more or better things, however, than General Pershing himself. We have learned to work together very well in this year. The General spoke of this change as temporary and of his intention to bring me back to G.H.Q. I said he should not consider himself bound by any such remark made at the moment of parting. If I failed as a commander he could not afford to bring me back; if I made good I might be more useful out with troops than again on the staff.

During the five or six days of the absence of the C. in C. at the Abbeville conference, General McAndrew was brought to G.H.Q. to understudy his part as Chief of Staff; Collins began to take over from McCoy, and by the time the General returned McCoy and I were ready to leave. I remained one day, and then on May 6 joined my brigade east and southeast of Verdun, where it was holding a sector in the line. General

Doyen lingered three days and then left me. We were in a comfortable camp in which I had a very neat little hut to myself. The mess is a headquarters affair for which we have a French chef, and to manage which we use the French interpreter who is attached to the brigade. The ceremony of turning over the command was a simple one. General Doyen sent for the two Marine Colonels, for the Artillery Colonel supporting the brigade, and the Engineer Major attached to it. He read his order, said a few words enjoining loyalty to me and paying a tribute to the Brigade of Marines. Then I spoke a few sentences alluding to General Doyen's efficiency and our regret at seeing him go, and my sorrow at having to profit by his misfortunes, etc., etc. They all shook hands with both of us. Colonel Neville said the motto of the Marines was "*Semper fidelis*" and that I could depend on them. The other Colonel, Catlin, was a classmate of mine in the War College in 1916–17, and is a good man also.

I busied myself for several days learning the sector, letting the men see a star in the front line, which I understand they had not seen before. Several days of hard work, physical labor which gave me that tired feeling at night but which, please God, is freedom from office grind. It is fine to be able to know that your duty lies in certain established lines, and that your meals will be served when the hour comes, etc. I admire General Pershing more than any officer in the army, but his utter lack of consciousness of time and his irregular habits are extremely trying. After a hard season of outdoor work I might welcome a return to staff duty but just now life is much more enjoyable with the brigade.

Within four days after I took over the command we had

notice of our early relief from the sector, and assemble to take the route for the north, where after a period of training we shall probably play an humble part in the big battle. The relief was accomplished as far as my headquarters are concerned at ten yesterday morning and I established myself here in Venault-les-Dames, a quaint little French village of several hundred inhabitants, not far from the Marne River and its big battlefields. The brigade is not all here yet, but will all be here by the sixteenth. This is a very attractive part of France, now in the full chilly glory of her springtime. The woods are full of strawberry blossoms, and of lilies of the valley, my wife's wedding flowers, which grow wild in lovely France. I, with my staff, am inhabiting an old château belonging to some one who used it as a summer residence, and has not been here since the war started. Electric light; all modern conveniences. My room is redolent with lilies of the valley, bringing memories of nearly twenty years ago.

June 17, 1918.

Over a month since the flower-scented room at Venault-les-Dames. Much that has transpired will be lost to history,—if history depends on this chronicle,—for the rush of events has crowded the recesses of my memory to overflowing and lost the record. Much too that seemed to shriek for record as it happened has been softened by the passage of the days, and will get a less distorted perspective by the delay.

A month ago we looked forward to a part in the *grande bataille* up in Picardy. We were ordered from the region of Vitry-le-François and Venault-les-Dames to a point

northwest of Paris. With the usual hiding-your-head-in-the-sand, no one was told where we were going except all the world but us. It was a mighty ignorant and poorly informed French officer who didn't know all about it, but from us, the principals in the case, the secret was deeply veiled. We moved in fifty-eight trains. Motor transportation went overland. The Brigade Commanders, instead of being sent to make arrangements and start the all-important training of their units in the new areas, were left to oversee the loading of the units which departed from stations in the area in which their brigades had been stationed since coming out of the line. The same inscrutable wisdom of the Division Commander sent the Brigade Headquarters, except the B.G. and A.D.C., on the first train, so that the mess, the stenographer, the baggage, etc., went on the first train, and the B.G. in this particular brigade remained for thirty-six hours after his last regiment had gone, helping Brigadier General Willie Chamberlaine watch his artillery load itself on trains. Meantime the Brigade Headquarters in the new area had no head and every one did as he pleased and wasted four valuable days while I finished watching the artillery get on their trains.

General officers were told that they could go through Paris en route north if they wished. Every one else who went by motor was sent around that attractive and diverting capital. I left my little room at Venault-les-Dames at 3:30 A. M. We breakfasted at Montmirail, in the Hôtel La Tour d'Auvergne; named, no doubt, for that gallant soldier whom Napoleon styled the First Grenadier of France, and in whose memory it was decreed that forever when the roll of his com-

pany was called, his name should be called, and a soldier would answer: "Dead. Dead on the Field of Honor."

Alas for La Tour d'Auvergne and his memory, the soldiers of the Empire are gone; the eagles have disappeared, and his name lives only in musty tomes, and perhaps in an occasional reminder like the dingy little hotel in Montmirail. Montmirail is forever associated with that last brilliant campaign of 1814 in Champagne, which ended in the abdication at Fontainebleau, and Elba. It was perhaps the scene of Napoleon's very last battle before his first overthrow. As we left the little city on the route for Paris, we passed at its outskirts a tall column, surmounted by the Imperial Eagle and bearing the inscription telling of the great soldier's last battle in 1814. On each corner of the little inclosure surrounding the dignified and imposing column, the present government has tastefully plastered a large "R. F." indicating government ownership, and even possibly a republican pride in the achievements there commemorated.

In Paris I saw the Commander in Chief for a few moments at 73 rue de Varenne, overhauled my trunk and left some woolen clothing, abstracted my automatic pistol, had luncheon at the Ritz with my friend Colonel Dawes, paid a bill or two, made one or two purchases, and at 4 P. M. left the city for the north, guessing but not knowing my destination. At Pontoise the secret was to be communicated to us, but the officer designated to communicate it had thoughtfully located his office in an outside corner of the town and with great success concealed his whereabouts, and we rolled on north without finding him, following the trail of others of our division. As we neared Marines (not named after the cele-

brated brigade of that name), a little town not far from Trie-Château where I spent some days in April with the 1st Brigade, it was evident that our division was to occupy much the same area as the 1st Division some weeks before. Finally we met a Military Police at a crossroads who said 4th Brigade Headquarters were at Le Bout de Bois (the End of the Wood).

Le Bout de Bois is the home of the Vicomte and Vicomtesse Villeneuve and they were giving a house party to relatives when the staff officer of the 2d Division had rolled merrily by two days before and without inquiry as to room or space had waved his hand and murmured "4th Brigade Headquarters." Imagine one's feelings if one were a patrician whose family had owned the same land since about the year 1000, and one had invited one's father-in-law and sister, and one or two other guests, and the number of one's bedrooms fitted the number of guests, to have six American officers drop in uninvited to be billeted. It was a delicate situation and the sky looked dark for the uninvited Americans, but cleared eventually.

The American Brigade Commander, appreciating how his own beloved wife would feel under the same circumstances, was as tactful as he knew how to be. The band of the 6th Marines is a good band. Madame la Vicomtesse was asked if she would accept a concert, and she did. She is a sculptress and specializes on horses, and the arrival of a new thoroughbred gave an opportunity to ask her judgment. She spoke a little imperfect English, and was told what a marvel she was with that difficult tongue, etc., etc. Friendly relations were soon established. The Adjutant gave the Vicomte a bag of

Bull Durham for his pipe. The A.D.C.'s made themselves agreeable to the two young ladies of the family. We loaned them a little gasoline for their motor car. Every effort was made to give them as little trouble as possible. We were there a week, and when we left they had given us a tea one evening, had had us all to dinner another night, and were at the window shedding tears and waving lace handkerchiefs when we drove away in the early dawn of the 31st of May. I have never met a more hospitable family.

The Vicomte traces his descent from one Raymond Villeneuve who drifted from Arragon into Provence in the tenth century and founded a noble family among the Provençals and in Navarre, and by marriage the Normandy estates came into the family. His family gave one Grand Master to the Knights of Malta, who lies buried in the old Church of St. John at Valetta, where so many gallant knights lie sleeping the long sleep. His elder brother inherited a beautiful château in the region which has but recently been swept over by the German advance which began March 21. The sister who was visiting has lost an only son in the war, and they have lost seventeen nephews. Her husband is one of the older of the French generals not now in active command but in command of Boulogne,—not an active command but one where he gets bombed every night by airplanes. The girls, two young ladies, stammered a few words of English, but were rather diffident, though attractive, with the ever-present beauty of youth, its curves and colors.

One afternoon while there the family suggested that I drive over to call on the old Marquis de Villefranche, who owns the beautiful Château of Villarceaux not far from Le

Bout de Bois. I took an aide and the interpreter and made the call. The grounds were simply superb, the center of a French forest with vistas cut in every direction, a lake in rear of the château, and the château itself very typical of the old régime. Not more so than the old Marquis himself, a very dignified old man, whose family tree was emblazoned in colors on either side of the great door. The furniture, the precious old tapestries, the screens, lamps, pictures, are all beyond my powers of description. Their only rival was the lovely old Château of Josselin in Brittany, the seat of the ancient family of Rohan which I visited last October.

In a little corner of the lake stands the little Pavilion of Ninon, as it is called. It is a cozy little stone cottage on the shores of the lake where once a Lord of Villarceaux installed the famous Ninon de l'Enclos,—his *femme légitime* living neglected in the Grand Château while the lovely Ninon held court in the pavilion. On the walls of its tiny little reception room and *salle à manger* the Cupids and Psyches appropriate to the revels held therein still show dimly their once bright colors faded by time. A little cupboard with two shelves proved to conceal a little recess in the stone wall, with a seat and a tiny window for air, in which an unauthorized visitor could be concealed, the door to his prison being locked when the shelves were in place. The Germans passed through this region in 1870 and respected the old château and its treasures. They have not proved so considerate in the portions of France and Belgium which have come under their heel in this war.

Decoration Day brought us orders to proceed by marching to an area one day's march from the battle in the north, and

preparations were made for a start on the thirty-first. Late in the afternoon rumors came that we might not go. The great German offensive had begun between Rheims and Soissons, and the Boches were sweeping towards Paris on a front of about twenty miles. By midnight we had orders to put the men on trucks at five the next morning; the animals, artillery, and trains to come by rail. At nine I was at breakfast in Paris. We had said au revoir to the hospitable Villeneuve family and turned our backs on lovely Le Bout de Bois, with solemn promises to return after the war.

Soon after noon my staff and I arrived at Meaux, where we were to be told our destination by a staff officer who was to meet us. We waited two hours, meanwhile having a hurried luncheon. At the little hotel there was a perfect mass of hungry and insistent French officers; the place crowded, waiters rattled, and food scarce. I noticed a white-haired lady wearing the Y. M. C. A. brassard. She was getting luncheon, but when she finished she volunteered as a waiter and began to assume the management of the place. She was Miss Herron of Ohio, sister of Mrs. W. H. Taft, and the bearer of a letter to me from Mr. Taft, which she had never presented, she said, because she had not yet needed any help. We owed our luncheon to her.

After luncheon I was given orders that my brigade would go out to the northeast of Meaux and billet in four little villages to the west of the Ourcq River and Canal, outposting toward Mareuil. The Germans were said to be not far away and we might expect to be attacked before morning. Meaux had been heavily bombarded the night before by airplanes. The hotel closed immediately after we had luncheon.

The streets were thronged by French officers and civilians. Every sign of hurried evacuation was present. Our troops, soon to arrive in trucks, were to be sent on after us, so we left, running out north through the green valley of the Ourcq. Every rod of the road was covered. All kinds of French units, artillery at a trot, straggling groups of infantry, lone engineers, Red Cross, trains, wagons, trucks, which sometimes would congest and block the road for half an hour so that there was no movement possible.

Hundreds of refugees crowded the roads, fleeing before the German advance. Men, women, children hurrying toward the rear; tired, worn, with terror in their faces. Some riding on artillery caissons or trucks. Many walking, an occasional woman wheeling a baby carriage with her baby in it. Sick people resting by the side of the road in the fields. Some driving carts piled high with their little properties including all kinds of household effects, one old woman leading two poor little goats while she trudged along the crowded driveway. Little flocks of sheep, occasionally a led cow, sometimes a crate of chickens on a cart. Everything that a frightened peasantry fleeing before a barbarian invader would be likely to think of bringing from among their little treasures was to be seen on that congested highway. I have never seen a more pathetic sight. Probably the flight of Evangeline and the Acadians immortalized by Longfellow may have equaled it, but I doubt that even they carried in their faces the terror shown by these victims flying before the Hun advance.

Meanwhile we passed a great many French officers and men, but all going from and none towards the front. All afternoon they passed, that motley array which we read char-

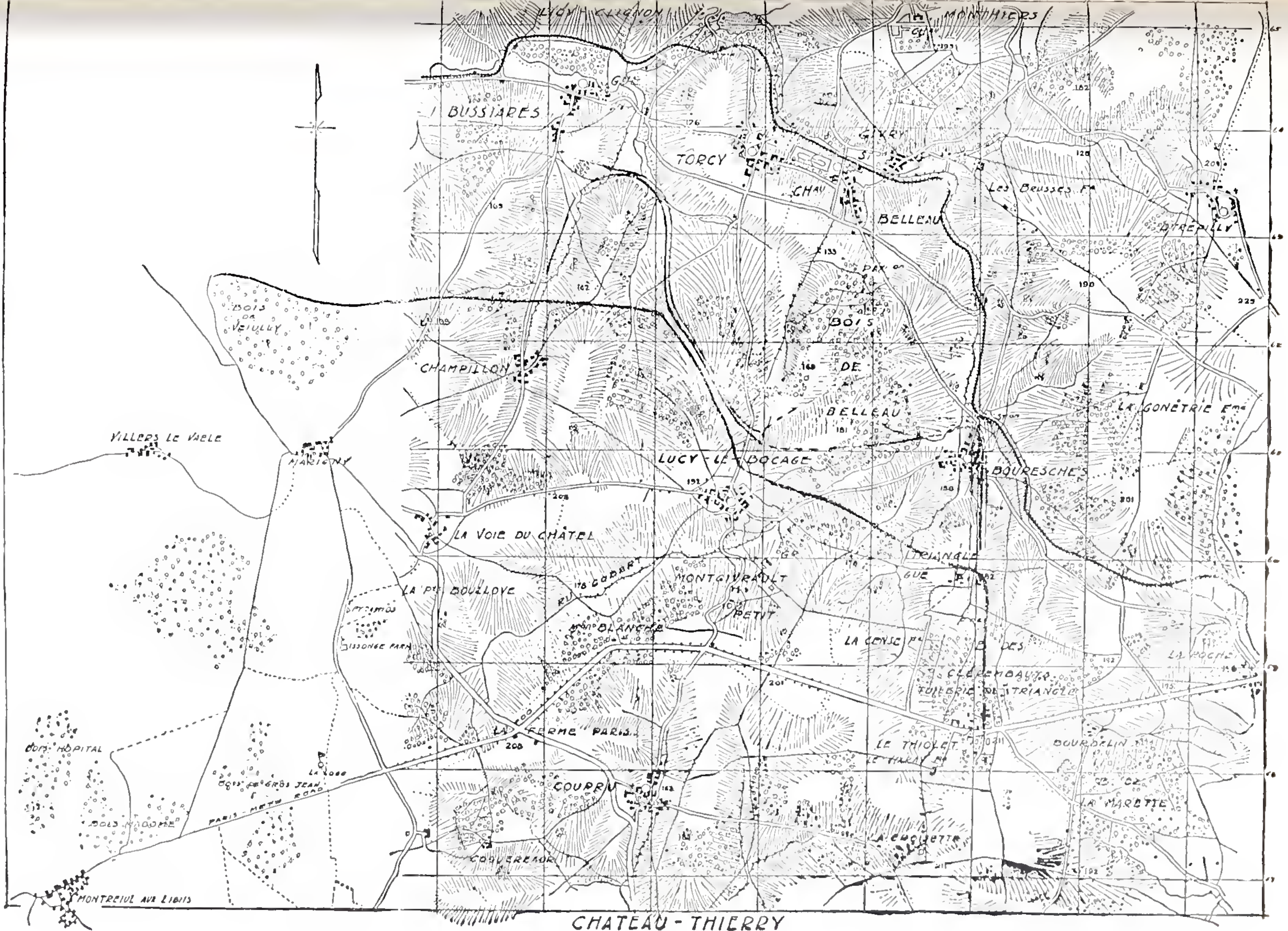
acterizes the rear of a routed army. Along towards nightfall there came one unit with its faces turned towards and not from the enemy: a brigade of French cavalry, neat, natty, horses well kept and equipment well turned out, headed for the front. They "looked good to me."

Meanwhile I was trying to straighten out the arrangements to be made for the night against the time when my men in trucks would begin to arrive. I had used up considerable gasoline doing this when an automobile came up with a staff officer and changed the orders, putting us on the east side of the Ourcq instead of the west and giving us orders as to the line to be outposted. I started to drive to that line, but the congestion was so great that progress was snail-like. Finally I looked it over, selected my headquarters in a little deserted village called Bremoiselle. All the farms and villages were deserted. The French soldiers had entered every one of them and looted it of everything not taken off by the refugees, scattering the contents of drawers over the floors, tearing dresses into strips, ransacking wine cellars, killing chickens, showing every phase of that vandalism which we ascribe to our enemy, except the maltreatment of inhabitants, that being impossible because the people had fled.

I left the adjutant and interpreter at Bremoiselle and started back to direct troops to places. Back on the main highway at 7:40 P. M. (I remember the hour well) I met the Division Chief of Staff who said the French staff had changed the orders and we were to march to the vicinity of Montreuil-aux-Lions that night and hurry into position there. Our people,—troops,—were being unloaded from the French

trucks all along the road and were mingling in the rabble that thronged that crowded highway. Darkness came on. I hurried back to get the staff officers left at Bremoiselle, and finally got them and got back to the road and started back to a point where I had sent a staff officer to stop any marine units from coming further north. The place designated for us was a day's march away. Our troops had been up nearly all night the night before, and in trucks all day. Some of them did not actually join us until twenty-four hours after their embarking in the trucks. I spent nearly all that night on that road in the dark trying to get units of dead-tired marines assembled, and turned in the right direction. A German plane came along and bombed the highway. I finally got word along the line to remain in place and bivouac until morning, and that at 4:30 we would start marching. I ran into little General Bundy's A.D.C. about 1 A. M., who told me the General was sleeping in a house near by, and I went in and had a couple of hours sleep .

At 4:30 A. M. the columns started, and I came ahead in my car and reported to the French Corps Commander (Degoutte) and asked for instructions. He figured on the hour my brigade would probably arrive, and said let them rest and he would not call on us before night if he could help it, but to be ready any time after 11 A. M. to go into line. Afternoon came and General Bundy was asked to put in a brigade. A regiment of the other brigade was ahead of us on the highway, and so he decided to put in the other regiment of that brigade, the famous 23d Infantry. There was a little delay about it getting started, and he turned to me and asked if I could get one of my regiments out right away.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MONTHIERS
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LUCY LE BOCAGE
LA GONETRIE Fme
BOIS DE VEUILLY
VILLERS LE VAELE
MARIGNY
LA VOIE DU CHATEL
MONTGIVRAULT
TRIANGLE
LA CENSE Fe
LA FERME PARIS
LE THIOLET
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PARIS-METZ ROAD
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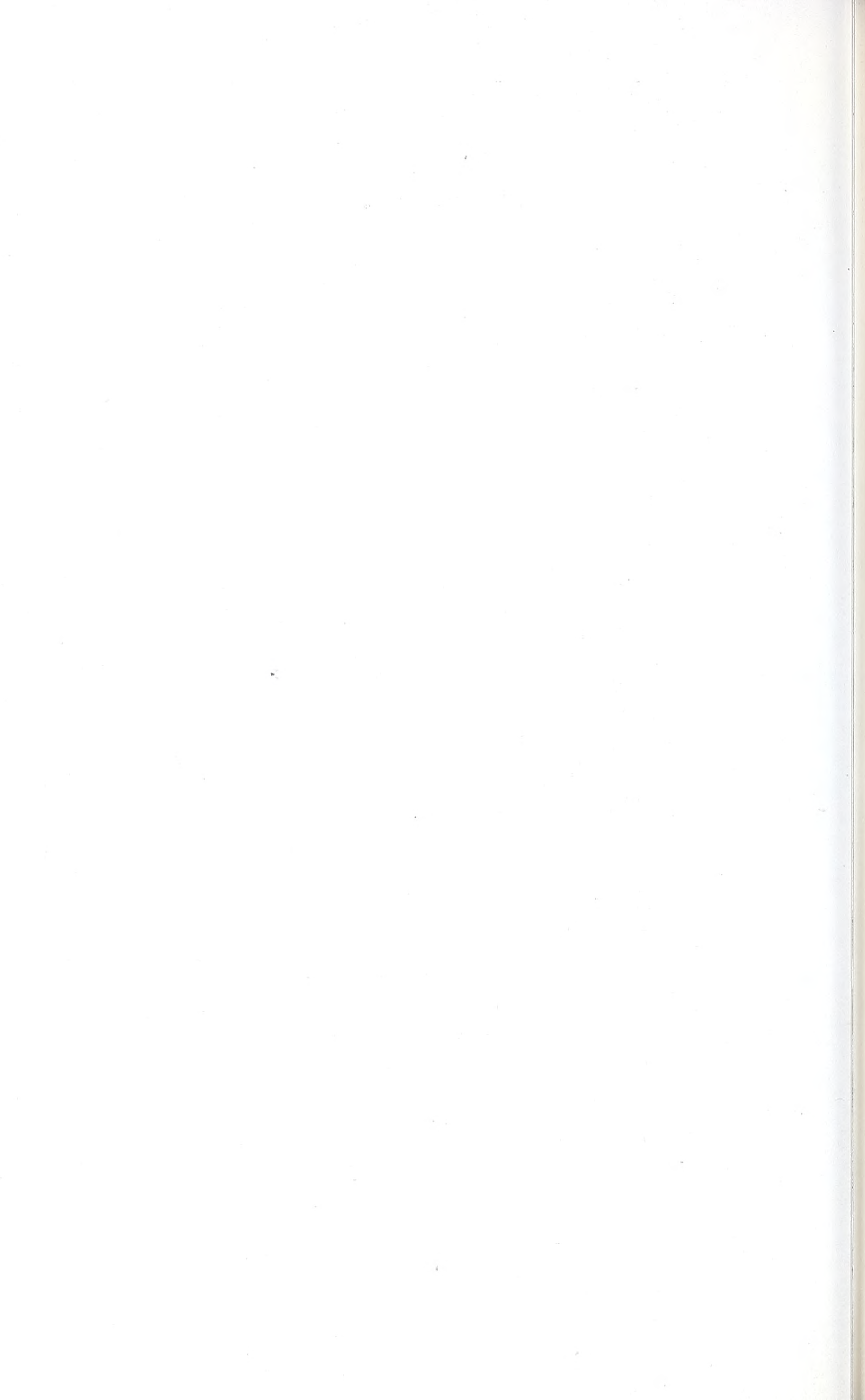


Meanwhile several gallopers arrived from French corps headquarters urging haste, that their troops were tired, had fought for six days without rest and in some cases without food, and were steadily falling back before the German advance.

One of my battalions of the 6th Marines was unloading rations from some seventeen trucks in the edge of town. I at once started the three battalions toward the front along the main Metz-Paris highway on which the French desired our right to rest, had the remainder of the rations thrown off the trucks, and began picking up the men of the rearmost battalion and hurrying them to the front in the trucks. They arrived as far to the front as it was safe for vehicles to go, discharged their passengers and hurried back for a second load. By the time the second got to the front the other two battalions had marched to the turning-off place and were deploying through the fields toward the line to be occupied.

The regiment was going into line under the French divisional command, and I hurried to a little village called Lucy-le-Bocage, in rear of the center of the line, where the French Division Commander was having a consultation, and made my report to him. Lucy was a fairly noisy town that afternoon with the windows shaking every few seconds from artillery fire, "going" or "arriving." "Going" and "arriving" is the way custom speaks of the shells of our own artillery and those of the enemy. Sometimes they cross and the reports are often simultaneous. But when they are not one can hear the roar of the shells, and very easily distinguish between "going" and "arriving" by the sound. There is always a doubt expressed as to whether a man hears the shell

that kills him. Generally the shell strikes and explodes before the roar of its passage through the air ceases. Whether a man hears the shell that kills him is a difficult question to settle without practical test, and then the impassable barrier deprives us of the answer.

The other regiment went into line the next morning, June 2, and with a few shifts and changes the long line has been held by this devoted brigade until the 16th, when a fresh regiment was added to my command for a few days to enable me to relieve and rest my exhausted battalions. The events of this fortnight will always be a memory to those of us who have survived the time. Unhappily seventeen officers and over four hundred enlisted marines have been killed, and nearly three thousand wounded and gassed, of our total of eight thousand. Such losses in percentages equal those of Gettysburg and Chickamauga, and are greater than those that the Prussian Guards endured at St. Privat in the War of 1870.

My first headquarters that afternoon of the first of June were established at a farm called Yssonge, the home evidently of a very prosperous farmer and stockraiser who with his family had fled two or three days before. His house had been at once occupied by the French troops and they had completely looted and plundered the place. Every room was inches deep in property emptied from wardrobes and chests of drawers. All kinds of feminine apparel strewed the premises; books were torn up; triple mirrors shattered, keepsakes and personal mementoes were thrown into the yard, drawers rifled,—the German in his worst moments could have done no more damage than had been done by these patriotic Allies of ours.

Two days later the owner came back, and when explanation was made that we found the premises in that state, he said he knew it, that after leaving with his wife and daughter, he had come back for something he had forgotten. The French had in the meantime occupied his property and were doing the destruction I have described. He mildly remonstrated, and the soldiers tied him over a chair and beat him severely. He was pleased at the way we had cleaned the place up, and offered us anything the place contained that we could use, saying he was glad to have us have it and that it was lost to him. We replaced some of our mess furniture with some of his surviving cut glass and specially monogrammed plates, cups and saucers.

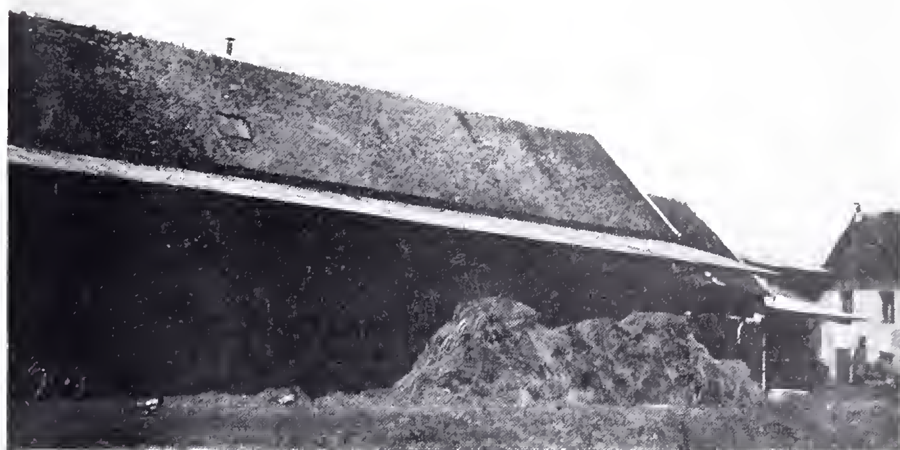
We only occupied Yssonge two days, for the enemy began dropping shells in there, several men were wounded, and a couple of horses killed. It was on a highway and was conspicuous with a red roof, and there was too much traffic past there attracting attention of enemy observation. The sector was then turned over to our division and I occupied as headquarters a little farmhouse vacated by the French general, some few hundred yards off the Paris-Château-Thierry road, where we still are. It is called La Loge Farm.

This chronicle does not permit of a detail of the fighting of the last seventeen days. Suffice it to say, perhaps, that along the whole Soissons-Rheims front the French had been each day retiring before the German advance distances of from one to ten miles. No unit along their whole front had stood against the foe. Their Headquarters, we know now, were in most serious worry, and people were evacuating Paris by hundreds of thousands. The first unit to stand, and it is

still standing except where it has moved forward and pushed the enemy back, was the Marine Brigade. The effect on the French has been many times out of all proportion to the size of our brigade or the front on which it has operated. Its firm stand brought the Germans to a halt in their farther advance on Meaux, which was the road to Paris from the northeast. It heartened the French up immensely. It has caused the enemy, we know positively, to divert fresh divisions against us that were intended for other parts of his lines, and it has used up four of his divisions so that they have had to be withdrawn.

The Commander in Chief took off the prohibition to the correspondents of mentioning organizations by name, and the Marine Brigade has been named to the whole world for its deeds. They say a Marine can't venture down the boulevards of Paris without risk of being kissed by some casual passerby or some *boulevardière.* Frenchmen say that the stand of the Marine Brigade in its far-reaching effects marks one of the great crises of history, and there is no doubt they feel it. In another way it has given their High Command a confidence in American troops that will contribute powerfully to the early establishment of an American sector in the Western front where our troops shall operate under their own staff and no longer be step-mothered by the French or British.

The Brigade Commander and the brigade, the two regiments and their colonels, are to be cited in orders from the Sixth Army (French), which gives the three individuals the Croix de Guerre with Palm. It also gives the regiments the right to carry the citation on their colors and with one more such citation will give us all the right to wear the French



LA LOGE FARM, HDQRS., MARINE BRIGADE NEAR BOIS DE BELLEAU, JUNE, 1918

fourragère (*aiguillette*). The Croix de Guerre is an evidence of citation in orders. It is a small bronze cross suspended from a green and red ribbon. If a citation in Division Orders, the ribbon carries above the cross a small bronze star; if from Corps Orders, the star is silver; if by Army Orders, a small bronze Palm adorns the ribbon. That is a much-sought honor.

What shall I say of the gallantry with which these marines have fought!!! Of the slopes of Hill 142; of the Mares Farm; of the Bois de Belleau and the Village of Bouresches stained with their blood, and not only taken away from the Germans in the full tide of their advance against the French but held by my boys against counter attacks day after day and night after night. I cannot write of their splendid gallantry without tears coming to my eyes. There has never been anything better in the world. What can one say of men who die for others, who freely give up life for country and comrades? What can be said that is adequate? Literally scores of these men have refused to leave the field when wounded. Officers have individually captured German machine guns and killed their crews. Privates have led platoons when their officers have fallen. Many companies have lost all their officers and been commanded by non-commissioned officers.

One of my youngsters, Lieutenant Moore, with the veteran Sergeant Quick, a medal-of-honor man, volunteered to run an ammunition truck down a shell-swept road into the town of Bouresches the night we captured it, and did it. Instances of men rushing out and carrying in wounded comrades which in other days called for the award of a Medal of Honor have

been so frequent as to be almost common in this brigade. Major Edward B. Cole, commanding my machine gun battalion, lost his right hand, one eye, and was shot through both thighs a week ago and is already sending me messages from the hospital about coming back. The doctors have all been heroic in their devotion, dressing wounds under heavy fire, day and night. Two chaplains have been mentioned in recommendations for their work on the firing line among the wounded. My own Aides and the motorcycle riders have gone through shell fire day after day. Several motorcycles thus ridden have been ruined by shell fire. Red Cross ambulances, some of them, are so pitted with shell fragments that they look like smallpox cases.

We have a Marine with flat feet who waits on the table in the Headquarters mess. His name is John Stellin. He came into the office the other afternoon and asked for a pass. Inquiry being made as to what he would do with a pass, he explained that he very much wished to go up to the front and kill a Boche; that he would be back before dinner, but in case he was delayed he had arranged with another man to wait on the table that evening.

And the Germans: their dead pile the slopes, and fill the silent aisles of the Bois de Belleau. The testimony of the prisoners taken is very eloquent as to the gallantry and dash of the Marine Brigade. They are in a better position to testify to it than is the Brigade Commander.

June 23, 1918.

The eternal waiting, waiting, waiting, which seems to characterize a Brigade Commander's duties, gives time for reflec-

tion, but makes great demands on one's patience. You decide to try to straighten out a small reëntrant in your lines, perhaps, or the Boche decides to do something to you, and for about one minute of thought followed by a decision delivered perhaps in ten seconds you sit through hours of waiting. You wait for the necessary preliminary reconnaissance; for some artillery preparation; perhaps for the approval of some superior whose mind does not seem to you to function quickly: for the reconnaissance you must await the report before you can make up your mind what it is you wish your action to be; the artilleryman must get some data to tell you whether he can do what you ask; the necessary matters of ammunition for rifle, Chauchat, Stokes, V.B., 37-mm, or machine gun, all of which now form part of your armament must be considered; also the weather, the interval to nightfall as compared with the time it will take to make your operation; what the enemy is liable to do; what your own people on either side of you can do or will do, etc., etc., etc. Finally all these preliminaries are gone through, and your orders are made, and your attack is launched in the Bois de Belleau or wherever it is going to be. Then comes the hard waiting.

You know your people have started forward, and the outcome is on the knees of the gods. You can do nothing more, but you wish you could, and it is sometimes hours before you know what is happening. The telephone wires are cut; runners are killed; your men are out of sight and hearing. Eventually, perhaps, an airplane drops a message at your headquarters as it flies over. An orderly hastens to pick up the little tin cylinder in which the aviators drop their messages, and you get the information that "Americans are in sight on

the Belleau-Bouresches Road" or "Americans are in possession of Torcy." Wounded men begin to arrive at the dressing stations in the little Red Cross Ford ambulances, and sometimes you get your first news from them. Eventually a signal goes up "Objective attained" or it may be "Falling back" or "We want to advance, lengthen the fire" (this for the artillery); or "Our artillery is firing on us." By and by, when you are frantic for news, a message arrives by runner, but is almost illegible and quite generally very vague, being written on some officer's knee with a soft pencil, and carried through brush and shell fire, and probably written under fire.

You wish more than anything else in the world to know the exact position of your troops, and exactly where the enemy is with reference to them; where you can ask the artillery to place their further fire; whether or not the casualties have been heavy among our people, and among the Germans; and the number of prisoners. This information sometimes takes a day and night to filter in, and it is difficult to be patient. The telephone gets cut at critical times, and you cannot use it except in code, for the modern listening sets enable the enemy to hear, and the operators have continually to be cautioned to be careful about revealing confidential matter over the telephone. Officers under fire are oblivious to the passage of time and forget the importance of reports. You can't help them unless you know where they are, how they are and when. Reports come in without the hour on them, and are worthless, for you do not know when the conditions reported existed. Certainly it is no exaggeration to say that the *liaison* is of the very highest importance. *Liaison* generally speaking consists in keeping *everybody* informed of *everything* he ought to know.

The "Hunting Lodge" at the northern tip of the Bois de Belleau

White boulders where the Marines met the Hun in the Bois de Belleau

Meanwhile one waits, and walks the floor, or smokes (some play solitaire), or worry over whether you have left anything undone or not.

A favorite or rather an inevitable topic when one is waiting is our relations with our Allies, particularly the French with whom we are so closely associated. They are the most delightful, exasperating, unreliable, trustworthy, sensitive, unsanitary, cleanly, dirty, artistic, clever and stupid people that the writer has ever known. Intensely academic and theoretical yet splendidly practical at times, it will be a wonder if we do not feel as much like fighting them as we do the Germans before the war is over, for our alliance tries human patience,—American patience,—almost to the limit. One of their orators said in my presence some time ago that all the world weeps for the same reasons, but only those who see alike laugh at the same things, and he reasoned that the French and Americans are alike because they laugh at the same things. We do, but we are surely very different.

Reproduction of maps from airplane photographs is in the French system assigned to the Topographic Section of the Army. With us our organization has only gone as far as the corps as yet. Our Division General Staff Section 2 (Intelligence) has been furnishing us some maps from airplane photographs. French staff officers spend a golden hour telling you that it is not the business of the Deuxième Bureau to make such maps but of the Section Topographique d'Armée. The war may be lost, the maps never be made, men die for want of the information the maps would have given, but "It is not the business of the Deuxième Bureau but that of the Section Topographique d'Armée to make such maps" and what

matters if the battle be lost or won if the Deuxième Bureau is not prostituted into the making of maps but unmolested does its regularly assigned work somewhere back in a safe place in the rear!!! Theoretically travel in trucks can be accomplished at a given rate; likewise rail travel, but neither works out in practice in war exactly as figured in peacetime.

Our division is ordered from Normandy to Champagne. It takes fifty-eight trains to move an American division. All French military trains are exactly alike. They are kept standing on sidetracks ready to move out, and not broken up and scattered for use in the meantime as would be done by a rude railroad system in America. Theirs is most wasteful of cars and time but has the advantage of having the trains ready when needed. To it is due the miraculous transportation from France to Italy last autumn of badly needed French and British troops at the time of the German offensive. A damaged car set out of the train remains on a sidetrack without report until discovered by accident. Their units of troops are different from ours in the proportions of animals to men and in some other particulars, so in using their trains for our troops' shipments we quite often have some empty cars, but they are carried along just the same. To get an empty flat car set out of the train and a box car set in, though one is for vehicles of which you have none, and the other for men of whom you have many, is a task that calls for tact, diplomacy, discussion, time and patience, and then generally fails.

The fifty-eight trains to one of our divisions has eight to carry the infantry and forty-nine to carry the trains, artillery, etc. In our move they decided to carry the infantry in trucks; the artillery, trains, rolling kitchens, etc., by railroad. That

is, by crowding the men into trucks and hauling them through the dust, with only reserve rations, and with no certainty of when they would again get their rolling kitchens and be able to cook, they saved eight trains. The trucks were to be in certain places at 5 A. M. They always say on such-and-such a road with the "tail" at so-and-so. The troops are supposed to start in time to march into the fields parallel to the trucks' formation, so that, divided into groups, they can all board the trucks simultaneously, and the procession move off. Necessarily there is generally some marching to get the trucks when troops are billeted through many small French villages, so that 5 A. M. meant generally no sleep after midnight. In this instance, with the kitchens gone by train, it meant no hot coffee and no warm breakfast.

Up at midnight and at the embussing places at five they were, but the trucks were from an hour to three hours late. Finally off they started, making a column nearly ten miles long of trucks filled with American soldiers and marines. After they finally got on the road, *then,* the French staff decided that the artillery would come by trains but the rolling kitchens would march overland. That meant no warm food, or coffee either hot or cold for several days. That is what actually happened. Our men marched and countermarched without sleep during the night of May 31, having had but a couple of hours' sleep the night before, marched to the lines on June 1, and went into the fight without warm victuals, and nothing but "canned Willie" or "monkey meat" as the French call canned meat, and in some cases were thirty-six hours without food of any kind. All because the French staff could not make up its mind and stick to it. Once arrived in this

region the orders were changed four times, each change involving more marching. And so it goes.

Of course against these things there is Verdun, and a hundred other historic battles, and in some way or other they do manage to get things done. Damned as they are by the most bureaucratic and functionary-ridden government in the world, cursed by politicians to whom our own "deserving Democrats" are not to be compared, they do muddle through and get things done in some way. They are not where they say they will be at the time they say they will be there. You find your left flank in the air, the French on whom you depended having concluded to fall back to their soup-kitchens or for some equally important reason, and failed to tell you about it. But next day the colonel will come out and sob around over "Mes enfants," and they will kiss each other on both cheeks, and go out and die taking the position they gave up the day before.

But they are our Allies, God bless 'em, and we have them to get along with until the end of the war. *Vive la France!!!!!!*

July 2, 1918.

The days are gliding by and we are still here, starting in on our second month. We are some 3400 fine officers and men less than we were a month ago, for we have lost that many killed and wounded on the sunny slopes and green fields of Hill 142, in the tangled woods of Bois de Belleau and the narrow streets of Bouresches. It is a dear price to pay for a bit of French territory, but is somewhat compensated for by the fact that the little bit of lovely France was at the very

apex of the German push for Paris, and that we have exacted a toll from four German divisions that outbalances our own losses. The tale of the brave and gallant-hearted Marines is for other pen than mine to tell. They have given their lives freely. There are hundreds of cases of individual heroism and not one of misbehavior. They have added the Bois de Belleau, Hill 142 and Bouresches to Mexico, China, Santo Domingo, Tripoli and a score of other names that are written on the tablets of Marine history and immortalized in the traditions of the corps.

My Sergeant Major, a very handsome young Marine of about twenty-six, a very expert stenographer, a candidate for a commission, was rather reluctant to accept the commission without a preliminary term at the Candidates' School. I had authority to appoint a number of second lieutenants, and told him I would appoint him and he could go to school afterwards. He found a stenographer to take his place here. The appointments were being made out on the twenty-fifth, the afternoon of the last fight in the Bois de Belleau. He asked me if he couldn't go out and get a little experience, and perhaps be of some use, there being nothing to do for the afternoon in the office. I said, all right, but do not take any foolish chances, report to Major Shearer and ask him to give you something to do. He went but did not return. Three days afterwards we had been able only to learn that he reported to Major Shearer, who sent him to the 16th Company, and that the company commander put him in charge of a platoon. No one remembered seeing him after that. The Bois de Belleau was a perfect mass of tangled growth of timber and almost tropical jungle. Finally we found a regimen-

tal runner who said he was carrying a message that afternoon and remembered seeing a man with sergeant major's chevrons fall as he was leading a platoon, and he believed he could find his way to the same place again. I sent him out and he found the body, torn with high-explosive shell, dead four days. That boy was under no obligation to go to the front; he did more than his duty. I recommended that he be granted the Distinguished Service Cross, posthumously. Thus ended the career of Sergeant Major William J. Geary, Headquarters Detachment 4th Brigade, Marines, A.E.F., a son of old Virginia.

A youngster came in from the front with prisoners. He was more or less excited and talkative about what he had been through. He said the woods were so dense that he got lost going through the advance with his company. Asked how he found himself again, he said, "I saw a man off on my right fall and I could tell by the way he fell which way he was going, so I just went over and went ahead of there."

One could fill a book with stories of the experiences of this last month. Perhaps some one will write them some day. Yet events crowd upon each other with great swiftness and the dead are soon forgotten except by those at home. Replacements are coming in. Two companies march in the Fourth of July parade in Paris. Some are to be decorated. Life is full, and so it goes.

Each day, morning and evening, the Boche puts over a little "hate" in the shape of shells, sometimes gas, sometimes H.E. (high explosive), sometimes shrapnel. We do the same, and "hate" just as strongly, perhaps, as they do.

The other day I was coming in from a little reconnaissance

and saw an airplane come down in flames. I have seen many aërial battles with exchange of shrapnel, etc., but this was the first one I had seen end that way. The plane was flaming. The pilot seemed to be speeding his plane towards the zenith, going almost straight up; then he turned and started off on a level, perhaps five thousand feet above the earth. I was watching through my glasses. Suddenly a black figure dropped from the plane and I knew the aviator had jumped. He did not seem to fall as fast as one might think, but he was down before the plane reached the earth, and fell within a few yards of one of our battalion commanders. He was German, thank God!! Our own airplanes are behind and over us now. We are very glad to see them. The German has absolutely dominated the air here since we came, and we look to our men to change that now. Our men fly quite high, and their motors have a distinct hum different from either French or German.

Indicative of the possibilities in republican France, it appears that when the recent push was at its height General Serrail, a French political general who recently commanded at Salonica but was relieved and has since been without command, contrived to have the Chamber of Deputies meet in secret session and made the statement that if he were made Military Governor of Paris and Caillaux were let loose, the Germans would not, he guaranteed, enter Paris. Caillaux is the former Prime Minister of France who is on trial for treason and is generally believed to be guilty. He had a scheme last fall, found among his papers when he was arrested, of overturning the government, and among other things it contemplated the appointment of General Serrail as Military Gov-

ernor of Paris. This guarantee of General Serrail seems almost certain evidence that both he and Caillaux have German affiliations, otherwise how could he promise German exemption of Paris? Another indication of efficiency in high places is that when the Germans began to push in the front of the Sixth Army between Soissons and Rheims, the army commander, General Duchesne, was absent in Paris without authority and away for the whole of the first day, leaving his army headless; he was supposed to be with a charmer in Paris. *Vive la République!!!!!* Duchesne has since been relieved and General Degoutte, a very able fine soldier, now commands the Sixth Army, in which we are.

July 9, 1918.

If the Germans do not bring off a very heavy offensive in the region between Château-Thierry and Rheims within the next few hours our French Allies are going to explode, blow up, disintegrate, go off, flatten out, or undergo some other psychical and physical phenomenon. It has been announced daily for days, but the Boche must know how we are worrying about it for he has so far failed to produce either the heavy offensive or any visible usual preparations for it.

The 2d Division went into line, or at least my part of it did, on the first of June, and is tired, very tired. There is little opportunity to sleep up in the front lines; shells burst every minute at night; there is the noise of one's own artillery; the air is full of "going" or "arriving"; the officers and men in the front line in this region are without opportunity to wash their faces and hands, as all water has to be hauled

or carried; their clothes are worn continuously for days. One of my majors did not have his clothes off for seventeen days. I merely happen to know of his case, but it is no exception. Everybody recognized that the 4th Brigade needed rest. The 3d Brigade had not been so actively engaged and did not need rest so badly. Neither had the 3d Brigade had the opportunity to distinguish itself as had the 4th. As early as the twentieth of June we knew informally that if the Division Commander would ask it a division would relieve us. For some reason he would not ask it. You could not possibly convince a member of the Marine Brigade that it was not because he had made up his mind to stay until the 3d Brigade also had a chance to "pull off a stunt." Eventually a "stunt" was staged for them with most elaborate artillery preparation, and they took the town of Vaux, or rather its flat ruins, for the artillery pounded it to pieces. That occurred the night of July 1.

Next day it was announced that the Yankee Division would relieve us, and orders were gotten out. My brigade was relieved a battalion at a time, ahead of the 3d Brigade because the French Army Commander so ordered it, and by the night of the fifth it was assembled in the woods behind our lines ready to march to rest billets about twenty-five miles farther back. Just at night the orders were changed, and we were ordered to the French Second Line, a line several miles in rear of the first, prepared on the expectation of falling back before the enemy, though that is not exactly the way they put it, but a line prepared in case the enemy overwhelms our front lines. The long-expected German offensive east of Château-Thierry was surely to happen that night.

Naturally Time is our ally, with America supposed to be coming with her millions of men; with hunger stalking through the Central Powers; with the German High Command advertised to end the war this summer, and generally it has been expected that another big offensive would come and that before autumn. Where it will fall is still a matter for guessing. A week ago the French Military Attaché at Madrid sent word that it would be between Rheims and Château-Thierry by July 7. Billie Mitchell's aviators reported great numbers of hangars, capable, he estimated, of holding 400 airplanes, located east of Château-Thierry. A German engineer officer captured made the statement that the enemy has massed great quantities of bridge and pontoon material in the same region, presumably for use in crossing the Marne. Everybody set his teeth, thought some serious thoughts, some doubtless prayed while others played, and the 4th Brigade manned the Second Line, while at dawn next day we listened for the artillery preparation which usually precedes the attack. Nothing came. Another day and another have gone by, and each day we expect the big offensive next morning.

Meantime the relief of the 3d Brigade is going on and it should be out to-night. General Clarence Edwards has been commanding the Second Line; Bundy the First, but when the relief is completed the command changes. This morning about daylight the Boche began dropping in some heavy shells in my little town, trying to hit the road and railroad bridges across the Marne, but only splashed twenty or thirty in the water. The big offensive is not on yet, but if it is not put on very soon, various French Allies will do what I said above, explode and blow up. They are very temperamental.

My headquarters came down to Nantueil-sur-Marne, a lovely little village in the valley. The Marne flows two hundred yards below my house; the high hills on the north enable one to walk out of the second story on the level of the street behind the house. It is the best quarters in some respects that we have had. The owners, apparently well-to-do people, left it suddenly, and when we came it stood just as they left it. Piano, music rack, chairs covered with white for the summer, dining room just as breakfast was done. My room is evidently that of the lady of the house. On the toilet table, a little alcohol lamp, and a curling iron; in the drawer a switch of brown hair; and various other articles which proclaim femininity. We are really quite comfortable. I suppose we shall stay until the offensive is finally realized.

July 20, 1918.

Events have been crowding fast in the life of this new Major General. In the closing days of the fighting around Belleau Wood a rumor went around the Army that I had been wounded or killed and I have received several notes indicating that the writers were glad that the report was a false one. Some one asked Colonel Dawes if he had heard it, to which he replied that he had and that it was not true, for he had "just had a note from him and it wasn't postmarked *Hell*." I received a cablegram of congratulation from my only wife on July 4, but the official confirmation of my promotion did not come until July 11; and while anything my wife says is official enough for her husband, yet one has to go through certain formalities before he can take over new rank and re-

sponsibilities, even on her say-so. The night I received the notice of my confirmation I was seated working in my little *maison* on the Marne when Harry Lay said there was some one outside who wished to see me. I said "Why don't you bring him in?" He made some excuse and took me to the door, and there were both regimental commanders and staff, the 6th Marine band, and several hundred other Marines who had come to congratulate me on my promotion. It was a complete surprise and touched me very deeply. The band struck up the Marine hymn, "From the Halls of Montezuma to the Shores of Tripoli." The men cheered and the band kept on playing. The regimental commanders presented to me a couple of silver stars, and all the officers came in and we had what is usually had on such occasions in a land of vineyards.

Next day General Pershing was in the neighborhood and took luncheon with me. We had a good opportunity to "foregather" after some weeks of separation and the visit was a very interesting one for me. He was furious at the list of new brigadiers. He had sent over the names of McCoy, Nolan, Eltinge, Fox Conner, Fisk and Malone, and none of them were made. It is an outrage, for they made engineers and field artillery down as far as the class of 1905. The amiable General March is not very strong for any of us who ventured to differ with him while on the Staff of the A.E.F.

The Commander in Chief's pleasure at the conduct of the Marine Brigade under my command was conveyed to me in his fine straightforward manner. The General has great native charm when he chooses to exercise it, and a message that one's brigade has done well would have to be very un-

tactfully communicated to be unwelcome. Also, the information was given me that I would probably be assigned to command the 2d Division, to which the Marine Brigade belongs, the other infantry brigade being the 9th and 23d Infantry.

The need of opportunity to do some shopping has been pressing me for some time. Absolutely nothing can be bought in the war-swept zone where we have been since May 31. It seemed to me the interval of several days until my assignment to divisional command might be utilized in a small trip to Paris, less than two hours away, and the Commander in Chief assented, though the formal permission had to come from my Division Commander. This last required the greater part of twenty hours, General Bundy being a slave to small punctilio, but was at last accomplished. The two Aides and myself and an orderly went to Paris the morning of the thirteenth, with permission to remain until the nineteenth, inclusive. It has worked out very differently in the march of events.

The great event of the thirteenth in Paris was meeting Brigadier General Freddie Foltz, *l'ancien* colonel of the 1st Cavalry, who sprang up from his luncheon table at the Grand Hotel to greet me as I entered the dining room. I felt my new second star shrinking as I went forward to meet the fine little soldier with his single one. He was most cordial, as you know he would be. All afternoon, to my embarrassment, he insisted on my preceding him on every occasion, and sitting on his right every time we entered the motor car. We shopped together like a couple of schoolgirls; priced leather goods, spurs, saddles and whips in half the shops of that kind in Paris, and wound up the afternoon with a cablegram each

to his wife telling her he had spent the afternoon with the other. With the little General was Colonel Brees, my squadron adjutant in the days of '98 at Cheyenne and Jacksonville, and now Chief of Staff of the 91st Division, commanded by General Foltz. We parted at nightfall, after I had an opportunity at 73 rue de Varenne to present General Foltz to the C. in C. My marine orderly, visiting Paris for the first time, I had told to go out and have a good time and report back at 7 P. M. When I saw him that evening I asked him how he had spent the afternoon. He said he had gone riding in the Metro, that he had never ridden in a subway before. So this is Paris!!!!

Dawes invited my two Aides, the sweetheart of one of them, and myself to dine with him at the Ritz and go to the Opéra Comique afterwards to hear *La Vie Bohème.* He was called out of the city on business and left the tickets and an order for dinner. We dined and went to the opera without our host, rather an unusual proceeding.

Next morning I reported the G.H.Q. by telephone and was told that I would receive an assignment that afternoon. Being Sunday, no shopping could be done, so I wrote some letters and brought up at the Ritz and had luncheon with Colonel Dawes. I spent the afternoon visiting wounded marine officers in three separate and widely scattered hospitals in Paris. They all seemed glad to see me, and none of them was too maimed to be cheerful. All were anxious to get back to the front. At about five, the hour at which I was to receive my telephone assignment, I returned to the rue de Varenne. The Chief of Staff, McAndrew, called me and told me that my assignment was to the 2d Division. It pleased

me very much, coupled as the information was with many complimentary allusions to the work my brigade had done in that division and a statement of the pleasure the assignment was giving to all my friends at General Headquarters. He said the C. in C. did not wish to cut short my shopping tour in Paris, and left the time of my joining to me, *but* in case I joined *before* the telegraphic orders reached the division I was to relieve General Bundy on his verbal orders and direct him to proceed to G.H.Q.; by which I inferred that if I was expected to beat a telegram, even in France, I could not linger much longer in Paris.

Monday following a holiday which falls on a Sunday is always a holiday in France as at home, and Sunday was Bastille Day. So, after waiting the developments of events for the day, I went that night as guest of honor at a big dinner given by about thirty American officers connected with Dawes' A.E.F. Purchasing Board, to the same number of French officers connected with the French end of the purchasing agencies. It was held in the Inter-Allied Club, once the residence of Baron Charles Rothschild, and one of the most beautiful places in Paris. The dinner was a very nice affair, perhaps ten little tables in the spacious dining room. I was at the head table and on the right of the principal host. There was singing throughout the dinner by a Greek tenor whom the music-loving Dawes picked up somewhere and has educated, and who is supposed to be the coming rival of Caruso. Speeches came on with the champagne, and to my embarrassment centered largely around the exploits of the Marine Brigade during June. The "heroic Marine Brigade," the "saviours of Paris," etc., all very pleasant to the ear but

pointing inevitably to a speech in reply. Paul D. Cravath, the famous New York lawyer, in Europe as Counsel for our Treasury, sat at my right, and in his speech which followed a rather incoherent effort that I made, said: "I would rather be General Harbord to-night than any one else in the world; I would rather be General Harbord to-night than to be in Heaven." And I sitting there with no wife near to apply cold applications to a rapidly swelling head!!!

Dinner over, I walked back across the Seine to 73 rue de Varenne and prepared for bed. The telephone woke me at midnight and Preston Brown, Chief of Staff of the 2d Division, was calling me to say that they had the news of my assignment, and that he thought the sooner I joined them the better; an important conference was to be had with the French High Command next morning and the Division Commander had to be present; and that it had better be the new D.C. So I called my chauffeur and chased him across Paris at midnight to the Grand Hotel where the Aides were stopping to tell them I would call for them at five-thirty next morning, and told him to be ready with his car.

We rolled out of Paris before 6 A. M., Monday, with my shopping all left undone, and a hope of returning two days later to complete it, which was not to be realized. I reached 2d Division Headquarters in the picturesque Château of Chamigny on the Marne before the retiring Division Commander was up; waited for him and assumed command when he appeared, and before 9 A. M. was streaking it across country to the French conference. Meantime the new German offensive,—now no doubt an old story in the American press,—

had begun that same morning and the conference, which had to do with an offensive of our own farther north, came to nothing on account of uncertainty as to what success the Boche was having. I spent the day in getting back to Chamigny, luncheon in Meaux, five minutes' chat with General Malin Craig, and waiting for little General Bundy to move his plunder out of my room, and get away.

I regard it as a cardinal principle that when a man is relieved and ceases to be "it," the sooner he gets away the better for him and those he leaves behind. Poor old General Doyen cramped my style by lingering three days when I took over the Marines at Verdun and General Bundy stayed until after dinner the day of his relief, forgetting several times that he was no longer in command. I finally moved into the room just before bedtime.

Saturday, before I joined the division, orders had been received from the Sixth Army Commander, General Degoutte, to direct the 2d Artillery Brigade to march to Betz, where definite orders would be received regarding its future mission. General Bowley marched his brigade to Betz, and reported at General Mangin's Tenth Army Headquarters. No one there seemed to have had any intimation of his arrival or had any orders to give him. However, as he started to march his brigade back to Montreuil-aux-Lions, where it had been, he was directed to proceed to a point near the Carrefour de Nemours in the Forest of Villers-Cotterets, and north of the town of that name. Further than that it had marched to Betz, no one at our division headquarters had any intimation of the ultimate destination and mission of the artillery brigade,

though three days later, we found it in the great Forêt de Retz in an assigned position covering the front afterwards allotted to the 2d Division in the attack of July 18.

Coincident with the orders to the artillery brigade, General Degoutte had directed that the trains and transport of our division be withdrawn from proximity to troops, and concentrated under cover in the general vicinity of Lizy-sur-Ourcq. This was a six-hour march and had to be carried out very expeditiously. The shortness of the summer nights made it very difficult to escape aërial observation. That meant that the shift had to be made in one march. The animal-drawn elements found it very difficult leaving their stations at 9 P. M. to reach the cover of the wooded area near Lizy before daylight at 3 A. M., but the movement was successfully accomplished. Thus when the new Division Commander joined on Monday morning he found a command short of its artillery and trains, and no one in authority who had the slightest information as to the purpose of those movements, or when the division might expect to be brought together again.

By Monday afternoon, however, it had become evident that the division was to move to a new area, and that its probable mission was one of combat. That evening orders were received from General Degoutte to embuss the infantry and machine gun units at 4 P. M. Tuesday, the 16th. They were to proceed to an unnamed area and to receive further orders at a motor regulating station, Marcilly, up near the headquarters of the Tenth French Army.

Meantime rumors began to reach us that good work was being done by General Dickman and his Third Division

GENERAL MANGIN

Commanding Tenth French Army, in which the Second American Division served at Soissons, July 18–19, 1918

against the Germans who had crossed the Marne at Château-Thierry, and that they were being pushed back to the crossings. It was 3 P. M. on Tuesday afternoon before we knew where the busses were to be in which our infantry and machine gunners were to embuss at four. About that time we heard that the new division headquarters would be at the Carrefour de Nemours, and that an attack was contemplated by the French Tenth Army, to which we were now to be assigned. With the field artillery and trains gone, and the infantry going, I saw little reason for lingering, so when the infantry got away I had the truck with our headquarters stuff loaded and started north in the general direction of Villers-Cotterets and Soissons. My Aides were both off on errands for the day, and Preston Brown, an orderly and myself started in my car for Carrefour de Nemours, via Tenth Army Headquarters. General Mangin had gone to an advanced command post, and we obtained no information as to the mission or disposition of our division, except that it would be in the French 20th Corps. We hurried on and about 7 P. M. reached the great manorial forest of Retz, or Villers-Cotterets, in which our Carrefours was located.

One principal highway runs through the forest with many forest roads crossing it. This main road was the artery through which everything necessary for a big attack was to flow, and in fact was already surging. We found that our new corps headquarters was at Reteuil and went on through the gloomy forest. In the growing darkness it took us over an hour to go two or three miles by the congested road over which utterly confused and unregulated traffic was struggling in both directions. Finally, long after dark and several hours

after dinner time, we reached Reteuil, and reported to General Berdoulat, a very gallant officer commanding the 20th Corps. He was pleasant but casual; insisted that we have a bite of dinner, and told us then, Tuesday night, that my division, which was scattered all over Champagne and entirely out of my hands, would be in the attack on Thursday morning at daybreak.

In truck movements of troops, the French never tell any one where they are going. You are always told to proceed to some distant point where an officer will meet you with orders, and though every voluble Frenchman in lovely France may know where you are going it is a secret from the person most interested, the American commander. After our division arrived at Marcilly, where they were to be met by the unknown officer with orders, I knew nothing except by rumor, of where they were to go, and nothing of where they would be at a given moment, and was powerless to hurry or change conditions. A division of twenty-eight thousand men, the size of a European army corps, had been completely removed from the control of its responsible commander, and deflected by marching and by truck, through France to destination unknown to any of the authorities responsible either for its supply, its safety, or its efficiency in the coming attack. The French Corps Commander and his staff were unable to state the points at which the division would be debussed or where orders could reach it which would move it promptly to its attack position. This within thirty hours of a decisive battle.

The only assistance the French Corps Headquarters was able to give was a liberal supply of maps and copies of the Corps Attack Order; though their Operations Officer offered

to write my attack order for me, an offer which I declined with thanks, and perhaps a little ice in my voice. They said the division would undoubtedly be in place in the forest by Wednesday morning. I doubted it and said so, and was reassured by many shrugs of French shoulders. I complained of the utterly confused and unregulated condition of traffic on the one forest highway as tending to make the arrival uncertain. The answer to that was more shrugs and the statement that it was the affair of the Army to arrange that, not the Corps, which observation was true but did not promise to hurry the arrival of my men.

As soon as courtesy permitted, Brown and myself with the maps and the corps orders, drove to Tallefontaine, where Generals Bullard and Bjornstadt, with the General Staff Section of the American 3d Corps Headquarters had been sent to observe the coming battle. It was probably twelve o'clock when we reached there. Luck was with us for they had a few stenographers, and a mimeograph machine, and plenty of stationery. A Major Berthier, a distinguished French General Staff officer attached to General Bullard's headquarters, had fought over this same ground in the first year of the war. He very kindly dictated a short description of the ground over which our corps orders indicated that the 2d Division was expected to fight. This short memorandum was the sole intelligence material furnished or obtainable for use in writing the division attack order.

Brown and I spent that night studying the maps, and preparing our attack order, not to mention undergoing a short bombing raid which the Boche sent over. By morning the order was written and mimeographed, and its salient features

transferred graphically to the maps. These were bundled and tagged ready for distribution. This part of my duty was very much like trying to solve a map problem. A certain area had been assigned, theoretically at least, to the 2d Division. In that area the divisional units had to be given their several missions. It was of the utmost importance that whatever action might be contemplated for him, no unit commander should be without assignment to a definite location at which he could be found later if needed. No human intelligence could possibly divine the order in which our units would arrive. There were no data available as to occupied villages, or as to the traffic regulations governing circulation in the back area, so vital to proper evacuation of the wounded. Many difficulties arose from the fact that only the American Staff visualized an American Division. Foreign staff officers thought in terms of their own divisions, which were about half the size of ours, and always failed to make the necessary allowances.

Shortly after dawn on the 17th, just twenty-four hours before the coming attack, we left Tallefontaine in my motor car to attempt to find the division, concentrate it, distribute the necessary orders, assure the supply of ammunition, rations, evacuation of the wounded, and to guarantee its assault at the prescribed hour. The artillery brigade was now in position near the Carrefour de Nemours. General Bowley knew the location of his own and adjacent artillery, but had been unable to effect any personal reconnaissance to his front. As to the remainder of the division, the whereabouts of not a single man was known to me.

The narrow forest roads are generally paved in the center, with the ordinary soil on either side. They are practically

tunnels through the dense timber. Whenever a truck or a wagon was forced off the paved roadway into the drainage ditch, that was the end of it. It blocked traffic until it was thrown over by manpower to the outside of the road. Weary drivers were constantly falling asleep, halting their teams, and causing the most heartbreaking delays.

Pushing against this stream, the first American troops met were part of the 23d Infantry commanded by Colonel Paul B. Malone. He was given his maps, told where to concentrate his regiment, and ordered to send selected officers in every direction to locate 2d Division units and inform them where they should concentrate and where division headquarters had been established. He was instructed to send an officer at once to the Carrefour de Nemours to represent the Division Commander until a General Staff officer could be found.

Different units began to arrive in the open edges of the forest by the middle of the forenoon, and only rain clouds screened them from the sight of Boche airplanes and balloons. All day they were arriving tired and worn out. A regiment was held up for two hours by a French major who demanded receipts for the transportation by trucks before they had arrived at destination, and which if given would have resulted in the troops being dumped out as soon as the receipt was signed. Oh, these frugal French!! No transaction can be had with them in which a pocket cash register is not a necessary part of the equipment on their side. All the arriving units told the same story of the weary night ride and the arbitrary debussment at unknown points, and of lack of information, and dispersion. They had no maps, no guides, they were not told where to go, and could only follow the in-

stinct of the American soldier and march toward the front, which they did.

The machine guns of the Marine Brigade had been dumped off near the old Château of Pierrefonds. The men had no transportation and no orders. When finally located and told the mission of the division, these men carried their guns by hand on the long march across fields and muddy roads, getting into position at the last moment. No one can understand exactly what this means unless he has tried to carry a machine gun twelve miles through a plowed field. With increasing frequency various elements of the division were met. As staff officers were found, the division began to regain a definite form.

Our attack order contemplated that the 3d Brigade should attack with both regiments (9th and 23d), and that the Marine Brigade would attack with the 5th Marines, the 6th being held in reserve. No change could be made in the attack order without creating indescribable confusion and possibly a situation that might lead to defeat. The assembly of the division had to be made to fit an order necessarily written when the location of all units except the artillery brigade was unknown. The 5th Marines, in order to attack, would have to make a forced night march; the 9th Infantry, which had been debussed far to the rear, would barely have time to arrive at the jump-off by the assigned hour. By afternoon the Military Police of the division began to arrive. They were assigned to the task of regulating traffic on the Soissons-Paris highway through the forest, with orders to facilitate by every possible means the progress of the ammunition and machine guns of

the division. To the fine work they did, much of the next day's success was due.

The entire day of the seventeenth was spent by every officer of the staff, and by others hastily attached, in a desperate effort to gather up remnants, searching for lost platoons and companies, and in locating ammunition. The delayed arrival of the machine guns gave me very great anxiety. Arriving men carried one belt of ammunition, and no more, but providentially a dump of rifle ammunition was found which had been placed in the forest for the 1st Division. It was easily worth its weight in gold to us.

Night came on, seven hours of darkness, before the zero hour. None of my units except the gunners were in place. It rained hard; the forest was plutonian in its darkness; the road, beyond words to describe; trucks, artillery, infantry columns, cavalry, wagons, caissons, mud, MUD, utter confusion. During the afternoon and evening and up to the hour of the attack, every man of ours toiled without ceasing with the single object of delivering the attack of the 2d Division at the appointed hour of 4:35 on the 18th. All realized that the task was almost superhuman, but that the honor not only of that division but of the American name was at stake. At 3 A. M., the 5th Marines and the 9th Infantry were forcing their way through the forest and the most careful computation indicated that they would probably arrive in time to attack. At 4 A. M. it was almost a certainty that they would be up with perhaps five minutes to spare. As a matter of fact, the regiments got to the point designated for the assault, at the double-time, and ran behind the artillery barrage. There

had been no time for reconnaissance by proper officers. There were only the maps showing the approximate position our front line should be in at the zero hour, with the broad red lines showing the lateral limits of our sector.

The famous 1st Moroccan Division of the French Army was to attack in the center; the American 1st Division, already a day in place, was to attack on its left; the American 2d Division, ours, on its right. This attack by three divisions was to push eastward toward the highway which ran from Soissons to Château-Thierry, and cut off the great salient which the Germans had made in the last days of May by their attack between Soissons and Rheims, which had been pushed as far south as the Marne, and which they were now trying to widen. If our attack was successful and reached near enough to the highway so that our artillery fire could overlap with that of the Allies firing from the east side of the salient, south of Rheims, then the Germans would have to retire from the Marne.

The Moroccans are the best shock and assault troops in France, reserved always for work requiring dash and desperate bravery, and were evidently in this fight not only for their own fine qualities, but to set the pace for the amusing but unprofessional Americans, of whom some French Staff officers are still apparently doubtful. The Moroccans are North African Moslems with white officers.

On the left of the 1st American Division was another French colonial division; while still another was on our right. Thus we had three French colonial divisions, the only French troops who wear khaki, and our own two American divisions. Off south of us, extending below the Marne, was

the Sixth French Army prepared to conform to our movement on the 18th, and to press the Germans on the Marne front. East of the salient and opposite to us were French and Americans troops pressing towards us to help pinch off the great salient. Actually the one Moroccan and the two American divisions were to deliver the main attack and all others were to conform to our movement.

Our men in the 2d Division had had no sleep for two nights; they were to attack over terrain devoid of water except what they carried, and had only their reserve rations. The attack began at the appointed hour of 4:35 A. M. It was out of my hands when they went "over the top," and there was nothing to do but pray for victory, and wait for news. I had told the division that we were side by side with the best shock troops in France, and that if we were left behind or faltered we were dishonored. The division in thirty-six hours had been transported from the Marne to the neighborhood of Soissons. Severed from the control of its responsible commander, it had been reformed, and under the most trying conditions, carrying such of its machine guns as it had been able to get to the front, it more than justified the confidence placed in it.

The day was clear, bright and hot, and its story is not a long one. By ten o'clock the division had advanced six kilometres into the German lines and had captured over fifty cannon and two thousand prisoners. During the initial stages of the attack the rear echelons had been gotten up; the medical contingents arriving were pushed forward, and established dressing stations at points indicated in the attack order. As the attack advanced the Division Headquarters was

moved to Verte Feuille Ferme, on the eastern edge of the forest, where the road to Soissons emerges from it. From here stretched eastward the great undulating plain that slopes upward to the heights crowned by the Soissons-Château-Thierry road. It was St. Privat reversed. The Germans were on the defensive and the victorious assault was being delivered by American Regulars. Both brigades were pushing steadily forward. In their rapid advance, the left of the division had passed the Moroccan division on our left and put it in echelon. By night we had three thousand prisoners, eleven batteries of German artillery, hundreds of machine guns, and dozens of minenwerfers; had pushed the enemy before us six miles, and were a mile ahead of the best shock troops in France, the fanatical Moslems from Morocco. But some of the best men America ever produced had watered with their blood those sunny slopes and wooded crests.

The losses were heavy but the effect for the Allied cause was worth it all, even if every member of the division from the commander to the last recruit had died that day. Nothing in all history is finer than the spirit with which those men went forward, tired, hungry and thirsty, and pushed the Germans back. At Gettysburg, when Pickett's charge was failing on the third of July, 1863, the high tide of the Confederacy broke and receded at a little stone wall on the heights, over which few men went. At the very spearhead of the charge was a dead Confederate Captain of whom it is said that on reaching the wall he stood on it for a moment in the withering Union fire, and turning waved his hat at his men and shouted; "Come on you —— Do you want to live forever?" That was the spirit in which the Marines,

the 9th and 23d Infantry, went toward the Soissons-Château-Thierry road this eighteenth of July, 1918.

At 10 P. M. I moved Division Headquarters forward to Le Beaurepaire Ferme, following the troops. It was an advanced dressing station and a very distressing scene. The congestion on the one country road prevented ambulances from getting to the front, and men had lain there in the yard of farm buildings all day, and were to continue to lie there twelve or fourteen hours longer. Water was unobtainable, the buildings were in ruins from shell fire, and the Boche still dropped an occasional bomb from his airplanes as they circled over. But from those wounded there was no word of complaint, nothing but patience in suffering. There were wounded Germans, Americans and dark-skinned Moroccans side by side on the ground, blood over everything, clothes cut away, some men dead, and a ceaseless stream of traffic still pouring to the front with ammunition and supplies for fighting. It was a hectic day for a new Division Commander, much disturbed by the fact that the distance ahead of the French troops on either side left our flanks in the air. No sleep, of course, and at 2 A. M. of the nineteenth an order to push on the attack that day.

The division had outrun its communications. There was no wire connection at all to the rear. The corps order was brought by a French officer who was very much surprised to find the division where it was. The attack order for the nineteenth was prepared and explained to the Commanding Officer 6th Marines, who was summoned to headquarters from his post in reserve. With his regiment was joined the 2d Engineers for the attack. They attacked promptly at day-

light and in a day's hard fight advanced our line to within a few hundred yards of, and commanding the Soissons-Château-Thierry road. Here the attack reached the limit beyond which it could not be supported by its artillery unless the artillery changed position. This was not considered advisable under existing conditions. The French Command therefore decided to relieve the 2d Division, the night of the nineteenth. It was thrust out ahead of its neighboring divisions like the long middle finger of a giant hand.

A French division was designated to relieve us and our troops were to march out to about where the attack of the eighteenth had begun. General Prioux came at 4 A. M. this morning and relieved me of the command and I came back to the little village of Viviers for headquarters. The 58th French Division accomplished the relief in very soldierly fashion.* Prior to the relief and during the afternoon of the

* *Editor's Note:*

General Berdoulat, who commanded the XX Corps d'Armee at the Battle of Soissons, writes as follows:

General Berdoulat — 7, Rue Sedillot (VII
June 29, 1925.

Major General J. G. Harbord,
%Radio Corporation of America,
233 Broadway,
New York.

My Dear General Harbord:

I read General Bullard's Memoirs, lately published in the *New York Herald Tribune,* with much interest but I was deeply grieved about the value placed by him upon the part taken by the 2nd Division under your command at the Battle of Soissons.

He did not bring out sufficiently the difficulties surmounted by you which delayed your arrival in the battle, with an incomplete armament, added to this your more than difficult situation at the opening of the battle in the thick forest of Villers-Cotterets.

It is quite a different thing to set out an attack in open field from that of

nineteenth it was a point of honor to see that every wounded man was taken in. The motor section of the supply train was advanced to Beaurepaire, and the wounded gathered up and removed to the rear. Not a man was left behind. The gallantry of the truck drivers who drove their trucks to any point and universally removed their gas masks to give them to the wounded is beyond praise of mine. Among the killed was Lieutenant John W. Overton, of Tennessee, the Yale champion long-distance runner.

For over an hour this morning, Brown and I stood by the roadside and watched the troops march back towards the Forêt de Retz. Battalions of only a couple of hundred men, companies of twenty-five or thirty, swinging by in the gray dawn, only a remnant, but a victorious remnant, thank God. No doubt in their minds as to their ability to whip the Germans. Their whole independent attitude, the very swagger of their march, the snatches of conversations we could hear as

attacking in the midst of a forest, exposed in the latter case to greater losses from the fact of the enemy machine guns.

The 1st Division which conducted itself most admirably too, had the great advantage of an open field in its attack and it had thus the support of all its guns.

When General Bullard terminated his short reference to the 2nd Division with these words: "In two days it was so reduced with fatigue, loss and scattering that it was relieved and withdrawn from the battle"; the word "scattering," certainly, exceeded his intention.

Your troops at the moment of their retirement were absolutely in no greater or lesser disorder than the rest of the troops (French or others) which were relieved after a very hard battle.

The relief by the 58th Division was made in the greatest possible order without a single difficulty.

For my own part, I shall always retain a deeply touched and grateful souvenir of the collaboration of the 2nd Division in that fine victory and most certainly of its brilliant chief, General Harbord.

Believe me your sincere friend,

Berdoulat."

they swung past, proclaimed them a victorious division. Many men went in to the battle as recruit replacements but all were veterans when they came out. As a feat of arms that of the 2d Division in the battle of these last two days is unsurpassed in the annals of our army. After forty days' bloody fighting at Vaux and Belleau, the division changed its zone of action from near Château-Thierry to near Soissons, and in two days, by its courage and devotion, drove an efficient and highly trained enemy over seven miles with losses of over sixty guns and three thousand prisoners. The United States Regular has again justified the proud boast that he has never yet failed to respond to every demand made upon him by his officers.

At Viviers, I found a nice French house with clean beds. I had sent back the truck with our plunder the night before. My orderly had some hot water for a shave, and water in my rubber tub for me. I had not had my clothes off since Tuesday morning, and it was Saturday, and I bathed, shaved and went to bed, and did some of the best sleeping of my life.

July 21, 1918.

Last night great news came of the Germans pushed back across the Marne and in retreat. My artillery brigade was detached and left on the line. I went to the headquarters of our new American 3d Corps, which is under General Bullard, and composed of the 1st and 2d Divisions, and was told that he had telegraphed General Pershing that both 1st and 2d had done well, but that the 2d had done exceptionally well. General Pershing was expected but I returned without

seeing him. Just at dinner time we received an order to move to Pierrefonds and as we were getting out the orders General Pershing came in. He greeted me with: "It appears I have to congratulate you every time I see you." I enjoyed his visit very much, and he left in half an hour sending his congratulations to the division.

We moved during the night to the village of Pierrefonds, once a favorite resort for tourists because of its fine old château, the ancient seat of the dukedom of that title and now a celebrated museum belonging to the Republic. It is at the edge of the famous forest of Compiègne. The German Crown Prince had his headquarters here in 1914 until after the Marne battle.

PART V

The Services of Supply—Second visit of Secretary Baker—The Armistice.

September 4, 1918.

DIARIES are forbidden to be kept near the front where they are likely to fall into hostile hands, as diaries kept by German soldiers are found to be one of the prolific sources of information obtained from prisoners of war. Every Boche seems to keep one. This diary, however, is not daily enough to come under the prohibition and thanks to the contingencies of service is not kept near enough to the "front,"—that goal of every American soldier's ambition,—to be likely to fall into German possession.

The last record made was in those splendid days of my brief command of the 2d Division which began July 15 and terminated July 28, but was long enough for my headquarters to be established in seven different places; long enough to have left the Château-Thierry-Bouresches,—Bois de la Brigade Marine,—region for that north of Villers-Cotterets; long enough to have participated in the stirring events of the eighteenth and nineteenth of July attacking from the west toward the Soissons-Château-Thierry road with the French 1st Morrocan Division and our own 1st Division A.E.F.; long enough, as I proudly believe, for the 2d Division, which previous to July 15 was nothing but a collection of separate units, to become a united division, with pride in its achievements as such. Previous to July 15, one heard of nothing but the 3d and 4th Brigade or the Artillery Brigade, but since

that date one hears of the fine 2d Division. If my brief reign did nothing more than that, it was worth while.

We were withdrawn on account of losses and fatigue on July 20. We went from the field to Viviers but orders took us that night to Pierrefonds, where we remained until the twenty-fourth. Pierrefonds is a little village with the splendid Château of Pierrefonds which, now the property of the Republic, is part of the great Compiègne properties. Both were crown property when there was a crown. Both are now surmounted by the Gallic rooster and disfigured by "R. F." plastered over them. The Château of Pierrefonds is one of the great monumental châteaux of France, unoccupied and unfurnished now, but kept under a caretaker and made a show. It was once the seat of the now extinct ducal family of the name, which, according to my slight knowledge of French, must mean Rock-founded or Rock-foundation. It took my mind off my troubles one morning during our stay in the village to visit the old castle. It was founded by Louis d'Orléans in the last days of the fourteenth century. The handsome and dissolute Louis may have brought here his Milanese bride, but his life seems to have been more identified with Blois and the Loire region, before it ended by his murder in the streets of Paris in 1407. Certainly the porcupine badge of his house is prominent in the mural decorations of the château, and his equestrian statue in armor stands at the principal entrance. The outer walls of the old château are a miracle of intricacies of defense: drawbridges, machicoulis, bastions, portcullis, and every device known to warfare of those days.

In the civil war of the Fronde, in which another Orléans

GROUP AT TOURS, SEPTEMBER, 1918

Left to right: Major General H. L. Rogers; Brigadier General John H. Rice; Brigadier General Edgar Russel; General Tasker H. Bliss; Brigadier General Edgar Jadwin; Brigadier General Johnson Hagood; Secretary of War Baker; Major General M. W. Ireland; Brigadier General J. D. Kean; Major General J. G. Harbord; Brigadier General Frank T. Hines; Brigadier General R. D. Walsh; Major General W. C. Langfitt

arrayed his dull mind against the keenness of the great Cardinal de Richelieu, Gaston d'Orléans was sent in exile to Blois and the Château of Pierrefonds was razed to the ground. Whether it remained a possession of the Orléans family, my history does not tell me, but probably not. The great Napoleon saw its possibilities and added it to the Compiègne property. The years went on and another Napoleon reigned in France, and started to rebuild Pierrefonds at expense later to be cited as one of the crimes of his reign, though, singularly enough, republican France is very proud of it to-day. The great music hall has a group of female figures at one end dressed in the costumes of antiquity. They are said to have the features and forms of the Empress Eugénie and some of her favorite maids of honor, the Empress herself being portrayed as Semiramis. In the days of 1914, the German Crown Prince is said to have occupied it as his headquarters for the brief space they were in this region. It is an inviting target for the German aviators, who bombed the village every night we were there, but have never dropped one on the château, though it would be as easy to hit as the Capitol or the Congressional Library, and no anti-aircraft prevent them from flying low. The restored interior is very beautiful in wood and stone carving, and is eloquent with the story of other days in the royal badges and arms that adorn it. Napoleon III intended it as a great national museum, and filled it with rare old armor, one of the finest collections in the world, which has since been removed to Paris.

Pierrefonds was so close to the front that there could be no training and indeed very little rest there for troops, so on

the twenty-third of July we were ordered to proceed by marching on the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth to the vicinity of Nanteuil-le-Houdain. I occupied a very pretty modern château with every comfort and convenience for three days, when at luncheon on the twenty-seventh the telephone rang and the message said the Commander in Chief desired me to proceed to G.H.Q. for conference at once. It was a five-hour motor trip, and I started with Fielding Robinson, my Marine A.D.C., in fifteen minutes.

It was a long and tedious journey, five hours in a motor car, and I have grown to dislike motor travel; perhaps fortunately, since my travel has been in expensive cars which I can never afford to buy or maintain after the war is over. Our way took us through Meaux, which I had last seen on May 31 when the 2d Division was hurrying from Normandie towards the apex of the German offensive then pushing towards Paris between Soissons and Rheims.

The scene was very different now with the Germans,—thanks very much to the Americans,—hurrying north instead of southwest. Business that on the first occasion was demoralized with people flying before the foe, the town being bombed every night, crowded with refugees, and retreating French troops of all kinds except cavalry, had again become normalized and was flowing in its accustomed channels. The scenes grew more and more familiar as we approached Chaumont, where I had spent so many months, and we finally arrived about 9 P. M.

All through the journey my mind was full of conjectures as to what could be the subject of the conference which I was called to attend. I narrowed it down to two things; either the

C. in C. wished to talk to me of the training of my division, or was ordering me down to G.H.Q. merely desiring in his kindness to give me a little rest and a visit. We drove out to the château in the Val des Escoliers where the Big Chief has lived this summer,—a beautiful place,—and I was told that the General wished to see me in his room.

With true Pershing directness he at once went to the point. He was dissatisfied with the administration of the Services of Supply by General Kernan; it was giving him more worry than anything else in the A.E.F.; it had been suggested by the Chief of Staff in Washington that the great canal-builder, General Goethals, come over in a coördinate capacity (note that it is "co" not "sub"-ordinate, a perfectly impossible situation from any military standpoint except that which might desire the failure of the expedition and incidentally of Pershing; or perhaps I ought to say "of Pershing" and not necessarily of the expedition). A divided control here in France would mean nothing but disaster. So, said the General, while he realized what it meant to me to lose my division, and while he disliked to do it more than anything he had done since in France, he had concluded that there was but one officer to whom he could turn in the emergency, that being myself. That he had thought of it for some weeks but had said nothing, but that recently the staff had been consulted, and they too agreed that *I* was the one man who could probably do it. That my reputation won in the field would raise the esprit of the S.O.S., that my long connection with the staff as its chief, and the liking which the Secretary of War had taken for me (that is what he said) and the confidence he had in me; all these things pointed me out as the man for the place.

Would I think it over and tell him my conclusion next morning??

There was much more in the conversation; much that pleased me; much that paid me for many an hour of hard work as Chief of Staff which I sometimes thought little appreciated at the time; much of interesting comment on some of our contemporaries here and in the War Department; much of hope for the future; and finally I told the General that there was no reason for me to defer decision longer; that I was his man and whatever my personal wishes they would go no farther than being willing to do anything he wished me to do in the way he wished it done; that my hopes had run in another direction; that in my wildest dreams I had never seen myself Commanding General of the Services of Supply; that as a Division Commander I felt that I had a good start, and had confidence enough in myself to believe that with a few months more with the division he would have been bound to give me command of a corps; but that I was glad to undertake anything he wished me to do. He said he knew I would answer just that way, but to sleep over it and see him in the morning. I knew it could not be answered any differently in the morning, but said all right.

Next morning, after some conversation with the Chief of Staff, General McAndrew, in which he talked in the same way the Commander in Chief had, we went into the General's office together and I answered his inquiry as to what I thought about it by saying again that I stood ready to do anything he thought best. So it was agreed that the order should at once be issued, and I should meet him in Tours on Monday morning to accompany him around the ports. I left after

luncheon Saturday and drove back to *my* fine 2d Division for the last time, with a heavy heart at losing it, and realizing to the fullest the sacrifice I believed I was making of my personal advancement.

I reached Droiselle, my little château, after midnight. Next morning I broke the news to the staff and made preparations for departure. The Commanding General X Armée Française sent over for distribution for gallantry in the battles of July 18 and 19, eight Crosses of the Legion of Honor; twelve Médailles Militaires; thirty Croix de Guerre. There was no time for me to attend to that award, which would have filled me with pride, and it was one of the duties I turned over to my successor, General John A. Lejeune, U.S.M.C., the senior Brigadier, a splendid man, who has since been made a Major General and been regularly assigned to command the division.

I had had an idea of strengthening the feeling of unity in the division by giving a weekly Sunday luncheon, when practicable, to the Brigadiers and Colonels, and the heads of the General Staff. The invitation for the week ending July 28 had been issued before I left for G.H.Q. to receive my sentence, and they all assembled at the château at the designated time. I had planned to leave after luncheon and the majority of them had not heard of my going until they came to the château. They were all there; the Marine Colonels with whom I had been so closely associated during nearly three stirring months; General Lejeune my successor in the Marine Brigade; Upton and Malone from the 9th and 23d Infantry; Ely, the new Brigade Commander of the 3d Brigade; Bowley, the Artillery Brigadier; Mitchell of

the Engineer Regiment; and the heads of my own General Staff Sections. Malone had brought the 23d Infantry band, which seemed a natural thing to have done. It was a sad hour for me but a proud one, for surely, if I can read human hearts at all, those men were sorry to see me go. The hour wore away, the motors drew up in front of the house, and I said good-by and rolled away to the strains of "The Twenty-Third Infantry March."

My little personal coterie followed me into exile. When I was promoted to be Major General, Norris Williams and Fielding Robinson, the Aides, both said they wished to go wherever I went; my Marine orderly Moore said he "hoped the General would take him." The French interpreter, M. Legasse, a very fine young Frenchman, said he wished to go with me; the cook, a French soldier loaned to the 4th Brigade Headquarters, the Marine mess-boy, John Stellin, and my Marine chauffeur, Sergeant Philip Knowles, each came up and applied to be taken along. When my assignment to the 2d Division came it made it easy, and I moved the whole crowd up from Brigade to Division Headquarters. Now that I was leaving the division, going back from the firing, fighting front, I had some misgivings as to whether their allegiance would carry that far, but it did. I asked the Aides to do as they wished and said I should have no feeling if they thought their interests lay in remaining with the troops, but they both answered "Where you go, I go." The others applied one at a time during the last morning, and so I said yes, and the whole retinue of retainers followed me to Tours. Perhaps some day I can again turn their faces to the front.

We remained all night in Paris and were on the road at

6 A. M. the twenty-ninth for Tours, the headquarters of the S.O.S., and which the censor permits one to mention; a nice city in old Touraine, once the favorite home of French Royalty. French kings from the tenth to the seventeenth century lived and loved in the beautiful valley of the Loire and the Indre. Our route lay through lovely Versailles, Rambouillet, Chartres, which gave its name to one of the last of the Orléans princes; Vendôme, which itself furnished titles to some left-handed Royalties in the days of the high-numbered Louises; Blois, the site of one of the celebrated châteaux of the Loire, where Henry of Guise was murdered and Henry III ground the face of the dying man beneath his heel.

At Tours I found the General had preceded me by an hour and was in conference with the staff and General Kernan. The latter was very loath to surrender his command. He went to Switzerland on some errand connected with prisoners of war, and I think felt that the days of command were over for him. I took over the command as soon as the conference was ended and left that night with General Pershing for a round of the principal ports and activities of the S.O.S.

We spent a week less one day in visiting the ports. In practically every place the Commander in Chief had the men assembled and made them an inspiring talk. The esprit of the S.O.S. has been rather low. All officers who fail at the front are sent back to be utilized in the myriad activities of the Services of Supply where something can be found for one of almost any profession or trade. This record of failure had had a depressing effect on the spirit of the important work of the S.O.S. In many ways it is a bad thing, but it seems

almost unavoidable. As the war goes on, more and more officers, especially of the untrained type, will prove unequal to the command of the big units with which we now make war. A battalion now is the size of a former regiment, and the latter with its 3700 men is larger than any of our brigadiers probably ever actually commanded between the days of '98 and those of '18. The brigade itself is about 8000 souls.

Many of these men, however, are equal to certain tasks in the S.O.S. Sometimes it is merely the physical strain to which they are unequal at the front; the loss of sleep, the thought of sending men forward in numbers to die at their orders, with the remainder of the strain, cause a collapse. Hallucinations arise as to what the Germans are doing or are going to do. Many lack the ability to handle men. In at least one case a regular colonel sent back for incompetence in handling his regiment in maneuvers has after some months been given another trial with a different regiment, has made good and won a star. In another case, one of the oldest Regular colonels sent back for incompetence has after some months been given another regiment, and has a second time been sent back as unequal to it. That probably ends his career in command; the experimental stage is over, and he is finally considered unfit.

In the month which I have now commanded the S.O.S., seven brigadier generals have been sent to me to dispose of in my command. The regular organization of the Services of Supply cannot be made to provide places for these men by removing men from posts suitable to such rank in order to make room for these failures with combatant troops with-

out seriously jeopardizing its own efficiency. They can hardly be sent home, for every one on landing would drop into a circle of sympathizing friends who would feel sure there had been some mistake or injustice. Each would become the center of a circle of soreheads and little backfires would start which in their accumulative effect would seriously embarrass the administration, and make enemies for General Pershing and the cause he is commanding.

In the case of National Guardsmen who hold merely the temporary commission as brigadiers, they can be discharged as such and return to civil life. That, however, is open to the objection just mentioned. They can be discharged and offered a lower grade where perhaps they can perform efficient service. That can be done in France without contact with their constituents at home or with the politicians who in some cases have put them where they have been found incompetent. With the Regular colonels holding temporary stars, they can be reduced to their Regular grade and kept in France.

The general method of handling them now, since I have taken over the S.O.S., is that the Regulars shall be dropped unless, as sometimes happens, I can find a place where they can be used in their grade of General Officer. If reduced, some stay under me in the S.O.S. and an occasional one is given a regiment and sent to the front to try it over in a lower responsibility than brigadier. The National Army men are brought in to me and "sized up." If there is a possibility of using them in their grade it is done. If not, the inspection results in the belief either that they would be of no use in any grade, or that they could better be used as majors, lieutenant colonels or colonels, and the offer is made to dis-

charge them and give them the grade thought appropriate, or to discharge them on return to the United States and let them explain why they are there, at the risk described above of creating backfires. It requires some tact to bring in a brigadier and convince him that he can do better work for his country as a major, but I have accomplished it so far,—with another candidate waiting for me on my return from this inspection trip. The Regulars have with one exception been reduced. One gets another regiment and goes forward at once. Another got drunk and is waiting trial. And so it goes. . . . It is war!!!

The personnel problem is the difficult one in the S.O.S. Many Regular Staff officers whose business it is to do this class of work get over here and are seized with the idea that they can command and begin to apply for service at the front. Two Regular quartermaster colonels, Slavens and Cheatham, both old line officers, are now in for transfer to the infantry. Others are unable to adapt themselves to new conditions here where their independence is not such as the permanent staff departments have hitherto been permitted to enjoy and they have to be shifted to where they can do no harm by their inadaptability. The special units such as stevedore regiments, labor battalions, different classes of engineers, forestry troops, railroad troops, water-ways (canal) troops, etc., have afforded opportunity to many men in the United States to be placed as officers in units for which they have no training. Ribbon-counter jumpers are found in stevedore regiments, who never saw a ship before the one which brought them over; lawyers appear in engineer units;

longshoremen in the forestry regiments; railroad men in labor battalions, etc., etc.

The colored stevedores are often cornfield darkies who never smelled salt water or knew that ships existed except in traditions of the old days of slavery when their Congo ancestors were shipped over in chains. These gentry land in a country where no color line is drawn and white women of their stratum of society are willing to associate with them,—and their letters as censored are full of their relations with white women,—a promising problem for the South after the war. Once in a while one gets too gay and miscalculates his opportunities and is hung after due trial by court-martial.

To unload ships and run railroads with that class of men calls for some optimism. For August our task was to take off 700,000 tons, and we took off 715,000. For each succeeding month we shall need to increase it 150,000 tons up to the conclusion of our present troop program next June. It matters not if our people at home build ships and send over men if we here are unable to unload the ships, and get the supplies to the men at the front. The S.O.S. is the neck of the bottle through which all men and supplies must pass. We do not manage French railroads,—yet,—and their methods are those of the early Victorian era in railroad management. We are bringing over thousands of railroad cars and hundreds of engines, but for the present all our efforts at the ports are limited by the number of cars available to get tonnage away from the ports so more can be unloaded, and the turn-around of our ships can be expedited.

The average round trip of a cargo ship is now seventy-two

days, much of which is, of course, due to the convoy system by which they wait until a certain number are ready before the convoy starts in either direction, and this in turn is limited by the number of destroyers available for the convoy duty. If we can cut one day off of the seventy-two, it means ten thousand tons additional supplies. Every nerve is strained, every method we know is tested to bring more rolling stock into use. Every side track in France seems to lodge empty cars which are more precious to us than jewel caskets.

The French railroads have no method of car reports, so that when a train leaves no one knows anything about it until it arrives at destination. If a broken car has to be set out of the train it may be loaded with diamonds but under their system it is accident that it is again heard of. They maintain no tracers, no system of car detectives such as are maintained by our railroad systems at home. Their whole railroad management is cramped and provincial with continual jealousy and bickering between local officials and the big central control in Paris. To all this penny-a-liner business, add the circumstance of war with a demand for cars unequaled since railroads were invented; the boneheadedness and inefficiency which allowed some thousands of cars to fall into German hands in the March and May advances from mere failure to run them back before the German advance, and you get a faint idea of one of the worries under which the C.G., S.O.S., is expected to smile and look pleasant. No wonder the Commander in Chief rallied to my rescue with his manly straightforward speeches. He was kind enough to say in them that to show his recognition of its importance he had selected "a solder who had commanded a

brigade and division with distinction," to command the S.O.S.

General Kernan left me a good organization in the staff, subject to the faint imputation that attaches to any of us because so many incompetents are sent back from the front to be used in the S.O.S. General Kernan has long been recognized in the service as having one of its best minds, but he has also been recognized as being a little indolent. He commanded the S.O.S. from his desk; never, so the Chief of Staff tells me, gave an order when absent from Tours; he made such trips of inspection as he took without a stenographer, and always in his motor car, which meant that he had always to travel in daytime, there being no facilities for sleeping in a motor car. He thus limited his radius of activity to motor-car trips. As a result, he made few trips of inspection, did no business on the ground in the way of corrective measures, and had never seen many of the varied activities of his immense command.

This Services of Supply is really the most stupendous industrial enterprise ever undertaken by the army; one of the most gigantic ever undertaken by any one. Certainly one which dwarfs the building of the Panama Canal, both in its difficulty, in the vast sums involved and in the tremendous potentialities of disaster if poorly done.

I ordered a special train the first day of my command so that I can travel at night taking with me such staff as I need, inspect in the daytime, and get around over the entire list of activities with reasonable frequency. I have a dining car with accommodations at one end for orderlies, chauffeurs, etc., and a dining room with accommodations for ten officers

at the other; and in the middle a room with four small tables at which the overflow from the officers' dining room can be handled, and at which the stenographer can work between meals. There is a coach for the enlisted men with a small baggage room at one end in which there are a telegraph instrument and a telephone exchange. Whenever we reach a station for as much as an hour, connection is at once made by telephone or telegraph, and I can talk to my headquarters or General Pershing's or reach either by telegraph. One Aide stays on the train during the day when we are in stations and it is his business to call up my Chief of Staff and ask if there is anything that requires my attention.

I always wire my itinerary to G.H.Q. the day we start, and Tours has it also, so I get messages the same as though at Tours. For example, to-day at Havre I had a telegram from the Chief of Staff that General McAndrew desired me to come to G.H.Q. for conference to-morrow. At the same time a telephone message from Tours said that Secretary of War Baker was landing in France on Saturday. I sent General McAndrew a message for reply at Rouen, where I was to be two hours later, asking if in view of the visit of the Secretary the conference was still desired, and received reply that it was. I can accordingly make my arrangements between here and Paris to change my schedule, which called for my return to Tours to-morrow morning.

Besides the coach referred to, there is the car which the Aides, myself and two others occupy, with a sitting room, etc. Then an ordinary sleeping car for such other officers as come along on trips. We take two motor cars along which are

promptly off the train on arrival, and give us independence of local transportation, and also a means of getting across country and meeting the train which we sometimes send on ahead.

I have made a trip each week since I have been at Tours, and am spending three and four days a week on the road. I believe I can already see results from such activity. The ability to give orders on the ground helps a great deal. For example, the personnel this trip besides myself and the two Aides, is General Rogers, General Russel, General Jadwin, Colonels McCaw and Wilgus, a stenographer, a Q.M. lieutenant in charge of the train, my French interpreter, a sergeant in charge of the men, a telegraph operator, telephone operator, two chauffeurs, and one orderly for me, besides the usual assortment of porters, cooks and waiters, old Pullman men from the colored battalions.

Rogers deals with Q.M. matters; Russel with the Signals; Jadwin with construction; McCaw with medical matters; Wilgus represents the railroad and transportation matters generally. We do a good deal of business right on the ground where business needs to be done. I think it is bound to give results.

It all means that I am getting a great acquaintance with France. Already I have visited all the great French ports and principal inland towns, and almost every branch of the far-reaching activities of the S.O.S. The car is comfortable; the cook is good; we are quite independent of local people for meals and transportation, and we do business!!!!!!!!!!!!

September 22, 1918.

With the pressing duties of the Services of Supply and three or four days each week spent in inspection trips I find less and less time to give to keeping up this somewhat desultory chronicle; however, the uneventful life of the S.O.S. compensates for that by giving me less and less to write about that would command the interest of a reader. That rain in the second week of September, combined with extraordinarily poor management of certain French railroads and consequent failure to give us needed freight cars, gave us a congestion of freight at the ports; that Base Section No 1 with 10,371 tons unloaded from ships on September 7 thought it had the lead for the high day's work until it developed that No. 2 with 10,957 tons on September 5 was ahead; that the car-erecting regiment of engineers working where Cardinal de Richelieu besieged a city and ruined a port, still ruined, "went over the top and smashed the Hindenburg line" with 551 cars erected in one week; that the French have failed to keep an oft-made promise to move an uncompleted ship now blocking the docks at one port; that there are but eight days' hay in France for our animals; are all facts vitally important to the American Expeditionary Forces, but they do not especially appeal to the one who wishes to hear of raids and attacks; of St. Mihiel salients; of Château-Thierry and Soissons.

On the day of his great advance at St. Mihiel I discovered it was also General Pershing's birthday, and sent him this telegram:

Congratulations on your birthday and your fine work thereon. Nearly three hundred years ago Oliver Cromwell on the 13th of

September went into battle quoting Psalms 68, now the Episcopal morning prayer for that date: "Let God arise and let his enemies be scattered; let them also that hate him. Like as the smoke vanishes, so shalt thou drive them away."

A few days later I had this one from him:

Major General Harbord, Tours. Many thanks for your birthday telegram. Your old division might well be termed the Ironsides, though I doubt whether they went to battle quoting Psalm 68. PERSHING.

One of the items which belongs on the credit side when I try to cast a balance on what I personally lost when I exchanged the command of the 2d Division for the Services of Supply, is the close association it has given me with Colonel Charles G. Dawes. His official activities are most of them under the S.O.S., so that I see and hear from him very frequently. He accompanied the C. in C. and myself during the week's tour of the ports which we made in August when I took over the command. Dawes is one of the finest characters I have ever known; generous, high-minded, straightforward, courageous and very able. Outspoken and apparently impulsive, he generally thinks things over in detail and then puts them out in the impulsive manner. The air of impulsiveness is no indication that his verbal output is not based upon due deliberation. He is a winning personality, very much of a special pleader, and master of the art of insidious approach.

Advocating something in which he is very much interested, he needs scarcely more encouragement than faint acquiescence

to begin talking about "your plan." He sinks his pride of authorship in his zeal for furthering his cause. Some good things I have done in the S.O.S. I have known nothing about until Dawes began to transfer their credit to me. He handles the Commander in Chief in the same ingratiating way. Just now he is sounding the trumpet over General Pershing's plans for coördinating Allied Supply matters in much the same way that tactical and strategical unity is had through the Foch command. Actually, the idea is his own. At least the first I ever knew of such a policy it was outlined by him in a letter to the C. in C. last April before I left G.H.Q. All summer he has argued that as the military commands were merged into one, so must all independent supply and transport matters be merged. It means a pooling of resources to win the war. Its possibilities for coördination and economy of material, tonnage and time, can hardly be overstated if carried out in whole-hearted acceptance of the plan by the several Allied commanders. General Pershing early approved the idea, which has lately resulted in a Military Board of Allied Supply, on which all the Allies are represented, Dawes being the U. S. representative. The presiding member is Colonel Charles Payot, of the French Army, a very able but difficult officer.

Dawes' genius for handling men never showed to better advantage than in the way he has kept his colleagues at peace on that Board. I observe that an income which enables one to entertain judiciously is no obstacle to harmony in such a case. In all his numerous negotiations with the French and British he has shown great skill, and has been successful;

GENERALS HARBORD AND DAWES
Paris, Sept., 1918

except, perhaps, in the one instance of trying to induce the French to move the unfinished hull of the S. S. *Paris* out of our way in the harbor of St. Nazaire. Payot's command of English is limited to two sentences, which he can use on appropriate occasions, being "I love you" and "Thank you very much." Dawes has a growing vocabulary in French,—growing worse in accent as it grows larger. His verbs appear in nothing but the infinitive, and his conversation sounds like a gallicized version of Weber and Fields; yet, under such difficulties, a warm friendship has sprung up between Dawes and Payot. They frequently dine together, hoisting *S. O. S.* signals for the English-speaking French waiter when the need for understanding one another becomes acute.

Dawes' original activities were the duties of General Purchasing Agent, intended to coördinate purchases between our several supply departments, but a year ago the threatened coal famine in France caused the General to charge him with the responsibility for getting a supply of coal from England to France. A little later the need for civilian labor led to his getting the problem of organizing a Labor Bureau; and over forty thousand civilian laborers at work to-day in the S.O.S. is the concrete result. In time the expansion of his Purchasing Board brought about the organization of a Board of Contracts and Adjustments, the name of which is indicative of its duties. To this was added a Technical Board to coördinate electrical power in the American Expeditionary Forces; a Bureau of Accounts; another of Reciprocal Supply. Some of these, after organization, were turned over to other departments to manage, but Dawes was the parent. Lately his Military

Board of Allied Supply has taken the major part of his time and been the subject of most of his conversations, official and personal.

I have a standing engagement to dine with him at the Ritz whenever I am in Paris, and generally we go later to the Olympic Vaudeville Theater over on the Boulevard, where they allow smoking. He has become one of the familiar figures of the hotel, owns the waiters and the orchestra. American money would do that, but Dawes' warm heart and genial ways have contributed as much as his liberality. His pride of unconventionality has made him "Exhibit A" at many dinners given at the Ritz by visiting Britishers of rank. He insists on a long cigar and a large cup of coffee served with his dinner. Lady Sarah Wilson, a daughter of a Duke of Marlborough, is "Mrs. Wilson" to him; the Countess of Pembroke, wife of Lieutenant Colonel the Earl of Pembroke, an Attaché of the Military Board of Allied Supply, whose family name is Herbert, is "Mrs. Pembroke." An acquaintance has sprung up between Dawes and the Grand Duke Alexander, brother-in-law of Nicholas II, who lives at the Ritz, and they frequently dine together. Alexander probably gets a thrill from his contact with Dawes' sparkling originality that life in Imperial Russia never gave him.

Certainly Charles G. Dawes is one of the most remarkable characters I have ever known. The C. in C. and our country have no more devoted and loyal servant than he, in the performance of a duty that in my judgment could not have been so well performed by any other living man. And the performance of that duty is essential to our ultimate success in the war. One strong bond between us is that we are willing to

read each other's official reports. "Greater love hath no man than this!"

A memory of days now fast vanishing in the rush of later brilliant feats of the American arms was mine on September 8 when I participated in the celebration at Meaux of the fourth anniversary of the Battle of the Marne. The Bishop of Meaux, Monsignor Marbeau, a venerable prelate of seventy-six years, sent me an invitation to be present, alluding in complimentary terms to the events of last June between Meaux and the German advance. No doubt he had his memory helped by friends of mine at G.H.Q., who thought it was a good thing for me and my relations with the French to be invited and to accept, and I was and I did. The invitation also included a luncheon by the Bishop after the formal ceremonies at the old cathedral,—one of the finest in France, —and visits to the battlefield in the afternoon.

It was thought an event of such importance that General Pershing was invited and, unable to attend because of certain little preliminaries connected with a party he was issuing invitations for at St. Mihiel, named General Wm. W. Harts, the commanding officer of the Paris District, as his representative.

I drove down from Paris with my personal staff, arriving just before the appointed hour of ten. A staff captain of the French service met our motor car in front of the Cathedral and conducted us to the Bishop's residence. There I met not only the venerable Bishop Marbeau, but the even older Bishop of Soissons, also the Bishop of Arras, and the Bishop of the Soudan and an assorted lot of smaller dignitaries of the Church. The Bishop of Meaux lined them up and indicated

the vehicles for the others, accepting my invitation that he go to the Cathedral in my car. I doubt if in all the ages a high prelate of the Roman Church ever before arrived at his own Cathedral in the olive-drab official motor car of an American officer attended by a couple of Aides, and ornamented by two white stars on a scarlet background on the windshield.

At the Cathedral there were many hundreds of people out and in. We stood on the high steps while the old Bishop marshaled his cortège for a dramatic entrance. There were, as said, hundreds of flags of different municipalities and organizations carried by men in uniform: one black pennant each for Metz and Strasbourg, the lost cities of Lorraine. The church inside was packed and with difficulty could the way be cleared for our imposing cortège to make its journey down the broad aisle. Arrived near the altar I was given a seat on the end with a vacancy by my side for Harts, who had not appeared and of whose intended attendance I had informed them. My seat was not on the end of the altar, as I seem to have said, but on the end of a row of visiting representatives of different kinds. The banners were in two rows, one on either side of the aisle leading from the altar, and whenever the audience rose, as it so frequently does in the Catholic service, the banners were brought to touch over the aisle; very solemn and striking. The Mass was low Mass, and did not occupy a great time. The collection (is there there any church that does not take up a collection whenever there is a chance?) was taken by two ladies each attended by a French officer. The sermon was by the Bishop of Arras, in French of course, and therefore somewhat soporific in its effects on me. Still no General Harts appeared.

Finally ended the service, we withdrew in much the same order as that in which we had entered, and near the door we met General Harts. He said he understood he was invited for twelve. He had with him a wreath about five feet in diameter with orders from General Pershing to deposit it in the Cathedral. It was pointed out to him that the Grande Tombe, where many lie buried not far from Meaux, was a more appropriate place, so he agreed. Meanwhile I asked him to ride with the Bishop and myself, which he did, putting the wreath on the top of my car where there is a place for baggage; and thus we set forth for the luncheon tendered by the Bishop.

There we found perhaps a hundred persons. A head table across the room and two other long ones extending down the sides of the room at right angles to the head table. There were places for both General Harts and me at the head table and we sat down. With Harts, at the church, had also arrived a representative of the American Ambassador. Just as we were seated at the table there were plainly to be observed the signs of something wrong in the arrangements. Our French friends looked embarrassed, *tout à fait bouleversés,* and it developed that General Harts and the Ambassador's Representative were invited to a different celebration and a different luncheon at that moment being pulled off in a distant part of the city in the Hôtel de Ville. The French civil authorities could not let the Church pull off a celebration on its own account. There was really only one set of flags, and probably many people felt that they ought to attend both parties, so they had them in different parts of the town at different hours. Our two Americans left vacant chairs and flew

for the rival official party, General Harts leaving his wreath on top of my automobile.

There were many speeches at our party; I could follow them in French. Some were graceful and good, others amateurish, as my own would have been if I had attempted one. One line lingers, that in which the Belgian Minister said "France is the Jeanne d'Arc of the nations." I also heard my Marine Brigade alluded to in very complimentary terms. They stood for forty days at the apex of the German push for Paris between Rheims and Soissons, which was directly in front of Meaux.

Luncheon over at last, we started for the round of visits to the graves which dot many fields on the round hills and little valleys of the great Marne Valley. Knowing the other party was in full blast, I sent an Aide to tell General Harts to have no uneasiness, that I would see that the wreath was properly placed, and would endeavor to not steal any of his prerogatives as representative, and told the Aide to stick to him and rejoin me in Paris that evening. So away we went, the old Bishop and I leading. There were a score of small cemeteries where we stopped and the venerable Bishop said a prayer and made a few remarks to the little group of people present at each. At the Grande Tombe I deposited the Pershing wreath. Later, the Mayor's procession, visiting the cemeteries in the reverse direction or in some way guaranteed to keep the two groups from colliding somewhere, reached there, my Aide said, and General Harts satisfied his conscience by picking up the wreath and turning it around.

The fertile fields of the valley are dotted with dozens of single graves of gallant men who lie buried where they fell.

In the cemeteries many are buried, and at the Grande Tombe a great row of graves tells the story of the Marne of 1914. It reminded me of the epitaph proposed for the collective grave of many British who fell on the Vimy Ridge:

> You come from England?
> And is she England still?
> Yes, thanks to you who died upon this hill!!!

An officer of our party was a Captain d'Urbal, son of the French general of that name, and whose brother fell that September afternoon on the Marne. He was buried in the little cemetery of Barcy: "Henri d'Urbal, Commandant 2e Zouaves, Septembre 7, 1914." A shell struck the cemetery wall and made a great hole in the ground, and in that shell hole lie buried Henri d'Urbal and his orderly, beside him in death as in life. I stood beside the brother while the Bishop said a little prayer for the repose of the soul of Major Henri d'Urbal, *mort au champ d'honneur.*

At Chambray the Bishop presented me to a very pretty French girl clad in widow's weeds, Madame José Roussel-Lepine, whose husband lies buried there, and who is the author of the reading matter in a little album of pictures which the old Bishop has had made of the Marne battle field, and of which he gave me an autographed copy. He spent nearly the whole afternoon making the round of graves, and everywhere the old prelate said patriotic words to the little boys and girls, enjoining them to grow up true to the France for which their brothers and fathers died, with a word of consolation to those still mourning those who lie there. Returning to Meaux, our last visit was to the cemetery of Meaux, where a long row

of graves, over which waved the little American rosettes, contains some of our own boys; men some of them of my own brigade who died of wounds in the American hospital maintained in Meaux during the fighting near Château-Thierry. The old Bishop said a special little service over those American graves, and we returned to his home, where he gave me the little album, and we said au revoir. The Bishop confided in me that he would rather ride with me than back in the car with the other Bishops. Standing near the ruined church of Barcy the poor old Bishop of Soissons told me he had two hundred such churches in his diocese.

The Marne valley is the Holy Land of French Arms, according to a French historian. The history of the river is nearly the military history of France since that day in 71 A. D. when the tribal chief surrendered to the Romans on the headwaters of the Marne near Langres. Every foot of the soil of the valley has been trod by marching men. Napoleon held that when the passes of the Argonne, "the Thermopylæ of France" were once forced, the valley of the Marne was the place for the last defense of Paris. He put his theory to the test in that last campaign of 1814 when endeavoring to stem the advance of the Austro-Prussian forces under Schwarzenburg and Blücher, he all but beat them by the attempt to cut their communications at St. Dizier, now an important station to the A.E.F. The enemy gathered at Châlons-sur-Marne to retreat but intercepted dispatches from Paris which told of plotting in the city. They pushed on and Napoleon called on the recreant Marmont to defend Paris and Marmont failed him: with Fontainebleau, Elba, The Hundred

ON THE VISIT OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR TO BLOIS, SEPT., 1918

General Harbord Secretary Baker Colonel Wainer

Days, Waterloo, St. Helena, and the Hôtel des Invalides in the train of his treason.

Meaux itself is the capital of the ancient Province of Brie, famous for cheeses; an ancient town which was important enough to have been burned by the Normans in 865. It was taken by the British in 1422, and again by the French in 1429, but it was not taken by any Germans in June, 1918.

For the last three days I have been busy with the Secretary of War and the Second Assistant, the keen-eyed John D. Ryan, president of the Anaconda Copper Company, and now handling the airplane situation in America.

We visited the two principal ports we use in France and the Secretary expressed himself as being much pleased and satisfied with what he saw. He made a speech to the colored stevedores at one place. He is thoroughly at home on his feet and makes a very graceful speech without preparation.

Yesterday we laid out a day for him near the headquarters of the S.O.S. He visited the German prison camp and saw 8000 prisoners. He was impressed with the salvage plant where we monthly reclaim four millions of dollars' worth of damaged and abandoned property. Later the party came to my house, where I had invited the heads of staff departments to a little buffet luncheon to meet the Secretary's company. In the afternoon we motored up the lovely valley of the Loire, rich in its memories of royalty, past the Château of Amboise, once the home of the Cardinal d'Amboise, and many members of the House of Guise. At Blois, where Henry III spurned with his spurred heel the face of the dying Henry of Guise, the old château, then the home of royalty, still stands, and not

far from it the enterprising Americans have established a human salvage plant. Here come the misfits from the combat organizations tried out and failed at the front; here the sick and the wounded from the hospitals to be reclassified and sent to duty that they can perform. Officers of all grades from brigadier general down come here for a sizing-up, some to find duty in a different unit from that in which they failed, others to stay permanently away from combatent troops, confessed failures.

All officers that come are put before a board, with any papers that come with them. These are studied, investigation made into their past history, inquiry made as to their education and attainments, and generally every effort made to properly place them in the duty for which they are best fitted. The men are handled similarly but with more mechanical routine. They enter at a long barracks with a row of decks at each of which sits a sergeant, himself a reclassified man. Their names are taken, they move to the next desk with a card, give up a few facts of their life history, have some additions made to the card, move on, get an advance of pay, pick out their baggage from a pile in a lettered stall, turn in their excess clothing to be salvaged, give up unauthorized articles, suddenly arrive at a bathroom, get a bath, are issued some clothing, a toilet set of a razor, soap, etc., a mess kit, and finally arrive at the barber shop where a haircut and a shave awaits them. I have probably omitted some of the progressive steps, but the above are the principal ones. The Secretary was much pleased.

We assembled the five or six hundred men waiting re-

classification, nearly all of them wearing wound chevrons, many of them crosses, and here and there a man with several wound chevrons. The Secretary made them a most moving and patriotic little talk and we motored back to Tours at the "end of a perfect day," I to my quarters and the Secretary and party to their train, but not without a visit to the old Cathedral of Tours. I would soon get the cathedral habit if I traveled much with Secretary Baker. It is only when I travel with him that I seem to have time to visit them. Some day, though???????

Things are old in France!!! The charm of age which is all right for forests and châteaux, but bad for people, is over everything. Dining recently with the Beaumont family, the Count spoke of his family as not belonging here, as though one should say as I do that I was born in Illinois but lived in Kansas. He added that "We came here in the fourteenth century." Again at Le Mortier, which is old Touraine French for "pond," I asked about the pond, and was shown one. Madame Maulme remarked that there was another "but we had to have it filled up because one of the children was drowned there." It developed though that the child was drowned one hundred fifty years ago, and trees larger than the New Haven elms are growing over that recently-filled pond.

October 20, 1918.

Between the twenty-second of September and the fourth of October represents the longest continuous period since I assumed command of the Services of Supply that I have

stayed at my station without a trip of inspection, and at that I took one day of motor-car travel in that period. When I sent the Secretary of War on his way, September 22, he went to G.H.Q., and almost immediately the Commander in Chief telegraphed that he wished to use his train and asked if I could let the Secretary have mine, which of course I could and did, and he kept it until he left France.

On October 4 I received a message by telephone to come to Paris and accompany him to his port of embarkation for home. I went up by motor car, a four and a half hours' journey, which I despise. When I motor I desire to look at the scenery and to go slowly enough to feel safe. As it turns out, I get no chance to enjoy beautiful France, and am always imagining how it would feel to try to break off with my nose one of the splendid old trees which so generally line both sides of French highways. Also, I realize that the war is giving me expensive habits, for except in war I can never afford to ride in as expensive a car as that which the Government gives me, and when the war is over I shall never travel inside another Locomobile until the next war,—unless they get to using them for hearses.

The journey to Paris from here is not disagreeable except for length. One runs through Vendôme, Chartres, Châteaudun, Rambouillet, Versailles and in to Paris via the Bois de Boulogne. On this occasion I left at 2 P. M. and arrived at 73 rue de Varenne at 6:30. We left Paris at 10:00 P. M. and ran for the coast. I had a two hours' talk with Assistant Secretary of War John D. Ryan, the official in charge of airplane business and aëronautics generally, a captain of industry, head of the Anaconda Copper Company, a self-made

Western man. He is a strong man and to me very attractive. He has some ideas about some of the men we necessarily have in high places over here.

The train did not arrive at destination until nearly ten the next morning and I had another conversation with the Secretary of War, who left France very enthusiastic over what he had seen. It is a fine thing to have him come over. The atmosphere here cannot be duplicated at home; the accomplishments cannot be presented by cablegram; and the bigness of things is not understood except when seen. There is a danger, however, if one once visiting France does not renew his visits from time to time. One never realizes the changes that take place in one's absence unless he revisits; our visitors are well informed when they return and are deferred to as experts on the situation here and are apt so to consider themselves. This constitutes a real danger when their knowledge gets out of date and they do business having in mind a situation as they knew it but which may have entirely changed. So the keen little Secretary must come again and often.

When I left here to accompany the Secretary to the seashore, I had arranged for a small journey in an airplane. There is an aviation instruction center about seventy miles east of here, and a small one where observers are instructed here at Tours. One who has not been up in an airplane is always being told that he ought to try it; bright young aviators smile in a patronizing way when one meets them; and it really seems to be part of an officer's education to go up at least once. When one is near the front and airplanes friendly and hostile are circling overhead it might be useful to have a faint idea of

what their pilots and observers are really able to see. So for a long time I have had an idea of trying it once.

My old friend Colonel Whitehead is the local officer in charge of the Air Service when the chief is away, and he had offered several times to arrange a trip for me. Having Whitehead near carries me back nearly twenty years to the days when he and I were lieutenants and aides on the staff of General S. M. Whiteside in sunny Santiago de Cuba, and brings a flood of memories of events that have crowded the intervening years. He offered to have a good pilot fly me over to the school seventy miles east of here in a de Haviland-4 with Liberty motor, and bring me back the same day. I agreed and we set the time finally for the day of October 4, which happened to be the day the Secretary called for me to accompany him. When I returned from that trip I took up the matter again, and it was arranged for the 9th of October.

The attitude of my Aides was characteristic. Fielding Robinson heard of it and asked if he could go too in another plane, and I approved. When the morning came, we had, or I had, said nothing to any one else about the intended flight. We started just after breakfast, having to go about ten minutes by motor car to the aviation field for the start. I said to the Aide who was to remain here: "Well, Williams, don't you want to go along and see us off?" He drew himself up very formally, and replied: "Sir, I do not approve of this trip at all, and prefer to have nothing to do with it."

The other Aide and myself drove out to the field where the two pilots were waiting for us. We were given a suit each of flying clothes, a single-piece garment of canvas, fur-lined, and very snug and warm; a cap fur-lined, and buckling

under the chin; and goggles. Then a small sketching board with a map showing the intended route was given each of us, and we climbed in, and after a preliminary warm-up of the Liberty motor, we began bumping over the ground for a start, having been strapped into the seat, and asked several times if we were comfortable and all right. The bumping suddenly ceased and I found myself looking at the ground from above instead of from the level. The seat seemed to be tilted back which meant that our nose was pointed upwards and we were climbing. The Loire and Cher come together near Tours, the field where we started being on the north side of the Loire a little distance above Tours, and where the two rivers are perhaps a mile apart.

I was conscious that we were climbing and suddenly the Loire came in sight below us; the plane tilted up on one side at an angle that seemed to me about forty-five degrees but may have been between five and ten, which meant that we had come to the valley at right angles to it, and were turning and squaring away for a flight up the river for a few miles before turning to fly across country nearly due east. I found myself leaning hard toward the uphill side of the plane, trying instinctively to balance it, which they say all beginners do. The noise of the propeller is very deafening; the exhaust from twelve cylinders makes a great noise, and the rush of the wind through a plane going at one hundred twenty miles an hour, two miles a minute, is very noticeable, though one sits with his head behind a tiny windshield called a cowl.

We had been cautioned not to let the map board get up above the edge of the body where the wind would strike it; in fact, it had been tied in so it would not go overboard in case

we did raise it. My pilot, Colonel Kilner, who sat in front of me in his driving seat, at a distance of perhaps six feet, was as distant for purposes of communication as though he had been in Paris. There was a telephone with mouthpiece just in front of me by which I could have called him, but for some reason I felt it would be sinful to bother the man and that he ought to be allowed to keep his mind on his work. He had my prayers for his continued good health and steady head and I did not try to telephone him.

We had flown perhaps ten minutes when he held out his left arm and motioned to the rear. I looked and there but a few yards off was the other plane with the Aide and Colonel Fitzgerald in it. It did not seem to be moving at all. The planes were each moving at about two miles a minute and as one gazed out past the other plane he was looking into clear air and there being nothing by which the eye measured its motion it appeared to be poised in air motionless as the great seagulls one sometimes sees in the harbor. The Aide bowed and smiled and I did likewise. We were in easy conversational distance but for the roar of the propellers and the wind. The height was an average of 4000 feet for the flight. The country spread out below like a moving panorama. The two rivers and the railroad first attracted one's attention, and the beautiful white French roads radiated in all directions beneath us. The map enabled me to identify villages, forests and towns, as well as streams. Lovely Chenonceaux almost astride the Cher, one of the most beautiful dwellings ever fashioned by the art of man, in a most exquisite setting of vinelands sloping to the river's edge,—a site too lovely to be left long without an occupant,—the best of the *plus excellents*

bâtiments de France, with its towers, turrets, and gables, caught the eye while Tours was still just behind us. It has no stain of murder on its walls, almost the only great château of France of which that can be said, but stands as it has stood for centuries a memory of the love and luxury of women.

Once a Roman villa stood on the site, followed by a rough feudal castle transformed in the fifteenth century by the bourgeois Bohier and his wife Catherine Briconnet into a dream of grace and beauty, worthy of the long line of chatelaines that were to follow. Women ruled there even before the day of Diane de Poitiers to whom it came as a royal gift from Henry II and with whose name the château has ever since been associated. The pretext of the gift consisted in the valuable services to the State rendered by her husband the Grand Seneschal of Normandy, services which it took Henry II to discover, and which were not discovered until long after the arrival at court of Diane in the pure black and white of modest widowhood, with a face that never grew old, pale and untroubled, with waving bands of "raven hair above a brow of brilliant white . . . that has outshone the painted countenances of all other beauties at the Court by the use of no other drugs than indifference and cold water."

Hither in her time came Mary Stuart, a girl queen; Lorraine, Guise and Montmorency; Catholic and Huguenot; and now four centuries later it lies in the path of American airplanes flying eastward across the swiftly flowing Cher, and is owned by Menier, the proprietor of the *Chocolat Menier* advertised on every village wall in France.

Our flight took us eastward from the Cher valley leaving St. Aignan to our left. In a few minutes our great supply

depot of Gièvres came into sight and the great air assembling plant at Romorantin. Half an hour from the time we lifted in air at the field near Tours we were circling above the fields of Issoudun. We went beyond to get a glimpse of Montierchaume, where we are building an immense supply depot, and then again tilted alarmingly up on one side and toward Issoudun, where a few moments later we began "doing a left spiral" to get down quickly and safely. Down we dropped, barely missing the tops of the buildings it seemed to me, and then we leveled out parallel to the ground and pretty soon began to bump and then stopped.

The crowd of local aviators came around, among them Colonel Hiram Bingham, a Yale professor and explorer now commanding the Issoudun School; I dismounted from the plane, was greeted, and offered a cigarette, and then changed clothes and drove away some miles in a motor car to make an inspection.

We returned for luncheon with the hospitable aviators and were handed at the table an "Extra" of *Plane News,* gotten out in honor of our flight, which carried across its front page in rather too emphatic letters:—

MAJOR GENERAL HARBORD ON "FLYING" VISIT TO 3rd A.I.C.
Commanding General S.O.S. in record flight from Hdqrs.
Is piloted by Col. W. G. Kilner in Liberty Plane to World's Finest Air Post.
Lieut. Col. Bingham receives Chief.
First time in Military History man of such high rank risks long cross-country flight, etc. etc.

After a very substantial luncheon served by Red Cross American women, we inspected the aviation field and shops, and a little later rose in the air for the flight home. There was a little wind and Colonel Kilner warned me that it might seem "a bit bumpy," and it did. We flew at about the same height but did not follow the same straightaway course, so that with the opposing wind and a little longer journey it took us an hour. At three-thirty we were back, had thanked the pilots, talked the trip over, and were at the office and at work.

This past week I have been to Dijon, Chaumont, Lyon, Marseilles and Aix-les-Bains. I had an hour with the Commander in Chief at his advanced G.H.Q., and generally put in a useful week in spite of rain and chill, and long delays on the railroad.

Aix-les-Bains is the center of a leave area for the A.E.F. and I went there to see how "our boys" are being looked after. Aix is a very fashionable watering place in peacetime, in old Savoy not far from the Swiss border and in very plain sight of the Alps. There is an immense Casino which in its day rivaled Monte Carlo, and is now echoing to the voices of Yanks and Y. M. C. A. girls and to the shuffle of their dancing feet. The Y. M. C. A. to get the Casino has to take over the lease and the list of employees, including the Grand Croupier, or boss gambler, to whom they still pay francs 500 monthly, and have nothing for him to do. The bath establishments are very good. An old Roman arch said to have been built by Pompey still stands in a little square. The medicinal baths were known in Roman times. The city stands near Lake Bourget, a body of water fifteen miles by

three and said to be the largest lake in France. Across the Lake is Hautecombe Abbey, the ancient burial place of the House of Savoy, for though Savoy has belonged to France for centuries, it is the cradle of the reigning family of Italy, and the old Abbey is still owned by them. Not far from Aix lives the American Duchesse de Choiseul in an old château once the property of the House of Savoy. She has fed and entertained our soldiers by the hundreds this year, and they feel perfectly free to drop in there fifty at a time and announce that they have come for luncheon, and they always get it. She is a Kentucky woman now in middle age, and I suspect her money is propping the tottering fortunes of an ancient ducal house, though they say the Duc de Choiseul has money also, and his mother was an American woman.

On Sunday before the Tuesday we were at Aix I inspected a salvage plant at Bourg, and was told that no one ever visited Bourg without visiting l'Église de Brou. It was raining, but the car is a limousine and the distance short, so we went. It is one of the purest specimens of Gothic architecture in France, built by Marguerite of Austria in memory of her husband Philibert le Beau. I suppose Phil was a duke of Savoy, but I do not seem to recall him. The façade of the church is beautifully carved in stone, as is also the interior. The traceries are delicate enough to be in metal and one wonders at the time and skill it took to carve them in solid stone. The twined "P M" of Philibert and Marguerite occurs hundreds of times both in and out of the church, in many combinations of entwinings, wreaths and cyphers. In the church, across the division between nave and choir, runs

a jube, a stone bridge, over which the devout Marguerite could pass to a little *oratoire* and worship unseen by the common people, a view to the altar being cut obliquely from the little *oratoire* through which she could fix her eyes on the sacred emblems. She had a little fireplace in the *oratoire,* which she certainly needed if she worshiped in the wintertime. In the choir are the tombs of Philibert le Beau, of Margaret of Bourbon, his mother, and of Marguerite of Austria, his wife.

The carvings in both wood and stone are exquisite. The church was sited by the Bourbon Princess who died followed at no distant date by her son, and the church was built by the widowed Duchess Marguerite. Over the altar the windows are of stained glass showing the genealogy of Marguerite. The tomb of Philibert and his wife show them each in recumbent posture dressed in regal robes. At his feet sits a lion, an angel on one side guards his casque and gauntlets and one on the opposite side protects his sword and spurs. Below is another figure of him as he lay in death stripped of regal finery and equal in death with the poorest of his subjects. Similarly above the fair Marguerite's tomb, for she was fair if rightly pictured by the sculptor, she lies in regal splendor, while below with streaming hair and dead face the straight simple lines of her shroud proclaim the leveling of death.

Philibert le Beau and fair Marguerite have long since solved the great mystery but their entwined "P M" is still the ornament of a shrine to which in other days people came by thousands. The revolution which destroyed so many of the

fairest monuments of France left this because the people of Bourg filled it with hay and grain. It had connected with it a monastery in which a school continued to be maintained until a few years ago, when the politicians separated State and Church in a Catholic land, and it has now become a state monument, no longer a church, the guide said, when he advised us to keep our caps on, and studiously kept his own head covered. "P M" has a rival in "R F"

October 27, 1918.

This has been a very interesting week for me. I left last Monday night on an inspection trip, stopping over Tuesday in Paris to attend to some business and to visit some near-by construction where we have a coffee-roasting mill which roasts a million and a half rations of coffee each twenty-four hours and grinds them also; an aviation depot, and a point where we transfer thousands of tons from canal boats to railroad cars. That night General Dawes and I dined with the Big Chief at Foyot's, a restaurant near the Luxembourg, where we have often dined when in Paris. Going over in the motor, the Chief told us of his pleasure in a cablegram that day received to the effect that the President had conferred on him the Distinguished Service Medal and that General Bliss was to present it in the President's name. He said he valued it above the Grande Croix, Légion d' Honneur; more than the Order of Leopold, etc., from Belgium, or the Grand Commander of the Bath which he received from England.

Next day I visited the city where Jeanne d'Arc met her death that May day in 1430 when the English under the Duke

of Bedford burned her at the stake in the market place. Rouen has many interesting things but its principal interest will always center around the death of the Maid. The little open square, which was a market place 488 years ago, is still an open square, though the arrangement of the buildings has slightly changed and a butcher shop has been built in on one side so that the tablet marking the place where the funeral pyre was erected is now on the sidewalk close to the edge of a shop instead of on a corner of the square. Near by is the building that inside preserves a stone well curb and a bit of wall which are all that is left of the small room in which the eighteen-year-old girl who had generaled the armies of France so well was a prisoner through the long months of her trial.

As Mark Twain has pointed out in his "Joan of Arc," hers is the only historical character of whom the record rests on sworn testimony preserved in documentary form. Not only was the record of her trial kept, but twenty-five years afterward at the so-called Rehabilitation of Jeanne d'Arc it was again made the subject of official inquiry. Every incident of her public life covering the details from when, as a girl, she braved the Governor of Vaucouleur, to the meeting with the Dauphin at Chinon,—the ruins of which I saw to-day above the swift-flowing Vienne River,—the raising of the siege of Orléans; the coronation at Rheims; the final capture at Compiègne, was brought out in her trial in the effort of the recreant French clergy, particularly the villainous Bishop of Beauvais, to prove her a sorceress or witch. A court of sixty persons, principally priests learned in the law of the times, and presumably representing the Almighty, sat in the case, the precedings of which were carefully kept and are

still available. She was finally sentenced to perpetual imprisonment, and signed an agreement in which among other things she promised to not again appear in male attire. The story goes that her woman's clothing was stolen by the sentry and male clothing substituted for it, and she had no recourse but to wear the forbidden garb of man. The truth is probably that they sincerely believed she was a sorceress; the French churchmen did, and the English agreed, and with the additional incentive of ridding themselves of a skilled and dangerous enemy burned the poor girl alive, and threw her ashes into the Seine.

This last fact has interfered with the modern desire of the Church to canonize her, for canonization, according to what I have been told, requires that the remains of the person to be canonized must exist and their whereabouts be known. Twenty-five years afterward, the English challenging the right of the French King Charles VII to a throne held through the assistance of a witch duly convicted and executed, the King and Church united in a review of the facts in the case, resulting in the Rehabilitation of Jeanne d'Arc. Thus twice the record rests on sworn testimony, for the Rehabilitation came while the principal witnesses, many of them, to the wondrous deeds of the Maid, were still living. We think burning the Maid alive for witchcraft is a horrible thing, and it is, but we must view it with a certain amount of charity. It was done in 1431, sixty years before America was discovered. Over two hundred years later we were doing the same sort of thing ourselves in enlightened New England at Salem, and we were there in search of religious liberty, and printing had been invented, and the Great Reformation had

taken place. It was not Catholics that did the burning in Massachusetts.

Rouen has a beautiful old cathedral. In it rests the heart, the brave heart, of English Richard, King of England and Duke of Normandy, known in our histories as Richard the Lion-Hearted. Not far from Tours, in an old Abbey, his body lies; his intestines were buried at Poitiers; pretty badly scattered, Dick, old boy!!!!!!!! In the same cathedral at Rouen lies also Rollo the first Duke of Normandy, the bold Norseman who led his sea-rovers down from the North and entering the Seine landed and conquered what we know as Normandy, where they soon became French, as some of their later descendants became British. Another interesting thing in that old Rouen Cathedral is a tablet to Robert Chevalier de la Salle, a native of the city, who was ennobled by his King for exploring the basin of the Mississippi River, and for carrying into unknown regions "the Christian religion and the French name." Still another who lies sleeping in the old church, perhaps uneasily (who knows?) is John, Duke of Bedford, who commanded the British at Rouen when Jeanne d'Arc was burned.

Next day I was at Caen, where two churches of several are shown particularly to tourists. One was built by William the Conqueror, and the other by his Queen Mathilda; they built them to expiate the sin of marrying within the prohibited degrees of consanguinity. They were cousins and the wrath of the Church had to be appeased. Each lies buried in the church he built. I did not visit the resting place of Mathilda, but my duty taking me near to the other I entered and gazed on the last resting place of William I

of England, seventh Duke of Normandy in descent from Rollo. A tablet in the floor of the great choir says in substance, in Latin:

> Here lies William the Conqueror, of Normandy,
> Duke, and of England, King. Died 1087.

No doubt the French of William's time and perhaps later generations thought the honors went that way and that it was greater to be a Norman duke than an English king.

To-day being Sunday I did not go to the office in the afternoon but rode out to visit the Abbey of Fontevrault and the Château of Azay-le-Rideau. In the eleventh century Robert d'Arbrissel, a churchman, became so noted for his preaching that the Pope asked him to preach a Crusade. He did it with such success that he soon acquired a Coxey's Army of about 5000 men, women and children, and started across France. Crowds must live and eat and this crowd soon got out of hand, and instead of carrying them on to the Holy Land as had been desired, he decided to settle with them in the fertile valley of the Loire and the Vienne. He established Fontevrault. His project prospered and grew permanent. He drew up rules for its government and featured for the first time in France, or possibly in Europe, the principle of the superiority of woman. His motive died with him or at any rate cannot be ascertained at this distance, but he founded the Abbey of Fontevrault, the prosperity of which varied through the centuries with the strength and intelligence of a long line of Lady Abbesses. The Angevin kings of England and later kings of France gave it their patronage

and many princesses of the royal house entered its cloisters. It was near to Chinon, the loved home of the early English kings and later of French royalty. Its great interest for Americans lies in the interest and protection afforded it by the Plantagenet kings of England, as Counts of Anjou and Touraine. They loved the valley of the Loire and their history was sketched at near-by Chinon. The old Abbey flourished through the centuries until royalty went out. At one time 2400 noble women inhabited its cloisters. To-day the utilitarian French have transferred here their penitentiary and reform schools. The arcades are filled with bales of wool to be made into blankets for French soldiers. We were a little later than the rules allow visitors to be received, but M. Legasse told the guard that we came from some distance, and who we were. The old guard looked up and down street, fingered his keyring, looked at that, looked at us, and then, with an air of the corps commander who throws in his last reserves, said: "It is my responsibility. I will do it," and so we were admitted.

The four sides of the great inner square are occupied by buildings of different centuries, and built under the rule of different abbesses. We walked through on a second-story level to where a door opened on the square court below, and looked across the court to where facing us could be seen the oft-repeated monogram "L. B." marking the time of the Abbess Louise de Bourbon. On another side was the winged "L L" of Louise Langeais. It was principally the old chapel of the early English kings that I was interested in seeing, and some four statues of the Plantagenets that are there. The church has been completely dismantled as such, no altar,

no choir stalls, no adornments remain. As a matter of fact, it has been used on several occasions since the war began to confine spies while awaiting trial.

In one alcove inclosed by an iron grating, lie, feet toward you, four statues, life size, three of them stone, the other wood. They represent Henry II of England; Eleanor of Aquitaine, his wife; Richard Cœur de Lion, their son, whose heart lies in the Cathedral of Rouen; and the fourth one, of wood, Isabel d'Angoulême, the Queen of John Lackland, also a son of Henry and Eleanor and brother of Richard, and the King John from whom the Barons wrested the Magna Charta. Isabel of Angoulême was a wicked girl, according to the history of the time. She was betrothed to Hugues de Lusignan, and on the day of her betrothal was carried off by the English King John, who divorced his wife Avice of Gloucester to marry the French Isabel. She bore him the prince who became Henry III of England, and at the death of John returned to France and married her old lover Lusignan. The first three statues are of good-sized people, but the little wooden wicked Isabel is about five feet one, scant.

In another part of the old church are the remains of a crypt or the masonry which sealed it. The books say that there were buried in this church the four Plantagenets whose statues are here and two others, and that at the Revolution the French opened the tomb and scattered the bones to the winds. They forgot that the Plantagenets built the great dykes of the Loire which still protect its valley from the yearly floods, and the great hospital at Angers, and that Henry II supported ten thousand poor people a day from his own supplies. Our old guide says, however, that the bodies were not dis-

turbed, that a portion of the near-by wall was hastily torn down and the crypt sealed by some adherents of the old régime, and that the bodies are still there. He indicated details of the ruined masonry that seemed to bear out his story and pointed out where in recent years the plaster has been scraped off the walls and revealed below the names of those buried there, which correspond to the four statues, and two more, Jeanne d'Angleterre, the Queen of Sicily, and her son, Count Raymond of Toulouse. Their statues were destroyed by the Revolution at any rate. After the Revolution the four surviving statues moldered and accumulated dust until 1817 when the British Regent asked for them. The local prefect refused to give them up. Thirty years later Louis Philippe consented to surrender them, and they got as far as Paris on their way to England when Louis Philippe ceased to be King of the French. Eventually they were reclaimed and brought back to where I saw them to-day. The last Abbess of Fontevrault, according to the story, was Julie Sophie, the daughter of the Duc d'Antin, who after near thirty years as Abbess was driven out by the Revolution, and died on a bed of straw in Paris. Poor Julie Sophie! ! ! ! ! !

Two of the Loire châteaux are supposed to be of the purest early French Renaissance architecture, untouched by Italian influences. One is Chenonceaux over which I flew to Issoudun the other day, and the other is Azay-le-Rideau. Azay-le-Rideau lies about halfway between Tours and Fontevrault Abbey, so we stopped there on our way to Fontevrault. It is impossible to describe the charm with which these old châteaux are located at the sweep of a river, the turn of a forest, or the crown of a lovely wooded hill. Azay-le-Rideau

is as beautiful a dwelling place as could well be imagined. One drives into the little village, turns down la rue du Château, and halts at the iron gate which closes the entrance to the grounds, which leads down through a straight avenue of trees, giving a great effect of distance. Through the trees one gets a glimpse of turrets and crested towers, and perhaps a gleam of water. The avenue ends with another iron gate, and an open courtyard is crossed to a bridge guarded by two sculptured lions. Beneath the bridge flow the waters of the Indre that turn again beneath the windows of the château and are bordered by trees.

There are winding walks, and carved stone galleries, with curved stone steps, suggested the Parthenon where we were told that all of its lines were curves. The old château walls are covered with carved panels; the stories are separated by ornamental bands; and the windows are framed in sculpture. One hears the sound of rushing waters and finds by a little chapel hidden in the trees a small waterfall. The old guardian took us through the deserted rooms; the château is government property now. The staircase is wonderful in solid stone carving. In one or two rooms a bit of old tapestry has been allowed by a generous republic to remain on the walls as a reminder of what once was. The scene depicted on the tapestry was the conversion of Constantine with the Cross appearing in the sky and *In hoc signo vinces;* and on another the coronation of Constantine and the founding of Constantinople; of timely interest now with Turkey lying on its back with its feet up in the air. A few pictures remain on the walls of the many which but a few years ago gathered there the most complete collection in existence, it is said, of

portraits of those who made the history of France in the days of the old kings.

What a flood of memories of the loves, lives and luxury of royalty in the valley of the Loire! The autumn colors, the red and gold of dying leaves; the time-stained carven stone balconies and the sound of rushing waters!! Alas, that so much that is charming in France is side by side with the trivialities of petty politics and tarnished by corruption and sordidness. *Château du Souvenir, adieu!*

November 3, 1918.

This week has been a whirl of disintegrating Austria-Hungary; of Turkey howling for peace; of the gathering of many diplomats and near-diplomats, among them our only Colonel House in Paris; further retrograde movement of the Boche; and much talk of peace. The big civilians who on various pretexts are winning the war in Paris have already begun to think that peace is sure enough to justify us in ceasing our European purchases, just the effect, of course, that the Boche hoped his peace offensive would have. Miss Margaret Wilson, daughter of the President, princess of the royal house of Wilson, traveling incognito, not desiring to be known, it is said, is arriving to-day at Bordeaux. The S.O.S. unloaded 919,488 tons of freight from ships during October, and are going to handle a million this month. Freight must still continue to come even while Colonel House is pussy-footing around Versailles measuring up with Lloyd George, Clemenceau and the balance of the busy brainy boys.

To-day after luncheon I visited Chenonceaux, the rival up the Cher of fair Azay-le-Rideau which so charmed me last Sunday. Chenonceaux is now used as a Red Cross Hospital by the French though occupied in part by its owner, Menier of the *Chocolat Menier.* It is an hour from Tours and stands astride the Cher. It was originally built on the site of a Roman villa, which in turn gave way to a feudal castle and a mill. Bohier and his wife Catherine Briconnet built it in the fifteenth century. It had a lovely park surrounded by a moat filled by connection with the Cher. The château itself stood on and over the edge of the river. In time a bridge across the Cher was built from the back of the château. After Catherine de Medici became Regent of France at the death of Henry II she chased out Diana of Poitiers, the favorite to whom Henry II had given the lovely old place, and with a passion for building she erected a long gallery over the bridge; or, in other words, built a rear wing to the château which extended clear across the river. It has the width of an ordinary stone arched bridge, and the wing is two stories high. The flowing river below doubtless settled many little problems which French sanitary engineering seems still to leave unsettled in less favored residences.

The place as it now stands is most attractive. A little detached tower covered with crimson ivy is the last relic of the most ancient preceding château. The grounds are beautiful. The Italian garden of Diane de Poiters gives a splendid view of the château. Everywhere there is the monogram of Henry II, whose wife was Catherine and whose love was Diane, and whose monogram leaves one guessing whether his "H" is entwined with "C" or "D." Clever Henry! ! People are still

guessing even as guessed the two gay girls, and no one will ever know.

Alternating with Henry's monogram constantly occurs the entwined triple crescent of Diane, named for the Goddess of the Moon. One needs little imagination to conjure up the afternoon procession of fair women and gallant gentlemen with whom the beautiful gardens were once thronged. Memories of Diane, of Catherine, of Mary Queen of Scots who lived here for some happy months with her young husband Francis II; of Charles IX and the wild night of St. Bartholomew; of the poor weakling, Henry III, the last Valois King of France; of the de Rohans, the Montmorencies; of Louise of Lorraine, the gentle wife of Henry III, who lived here eleven years as a widow; of fair and frail Marguerite of Valois; of Henry IV and his mistress, Gabrielle d'Estrées; of Mazarin and Richelieu, crafty princes of the Church; Vendôme, the ugliest owner of Chenonceaux:

> Could any spot on earth
> Show to his eye an image of the pangs
> Which it hath witnessed, render back an echo
> Of the sad steps by which it hath been trod . . .

Fair Chenonceaux was built for love and luxury. With Azay-le-Rideau it is the loveliest of the châteaux of the Loire, and is redolent with the history of the old days in a France that we shall never know.

November 15, 1918.

The whole world knows the principal events of the last week. A week ago to-day the Germans were given seventy-

two hours in which to decide if they would accept the terms of the armistice; William II seemed firm on his throne; the Crown Prince was still commanding in the field; Rupprecht of Bavaria still headed a group of armies: Augustus or-whatever-his-name-was of Saxony still held his throne, as did Württemberg, Ferdinand of Bulgaria, he of Oldenburg and Mecklenburg-Schwerin; and people all over the world, among them myself, were doubting if the Germans would accept an armistice so completely humiliating. We said that, disciplined as they were, the German people would not allow a government to survive which bound them to such terms; in other words, no government would accept terms which meant its own overthrow.

To-day all the monarchs named above are fugitives. The Crown Prince may or not be dead, assassinated by his own men; the Crown Prince of Bavaria is hiding in the Spanish Legation in Brussels, his King has abdicated. Carl of Austria has abdicated. The German Empire is apparently gone. Austria-Hungary is dissolving. Bclshevism is spreading. The Armistice has been signed and PEACE is with us.

Last Sunday afternoon I drove out to the ruins of Chinon, the ancient château of the Counts of Anjou, and the Angevin kings of England. It was a Roman villa in days before the Christian Era, and in the tenth century a château was built on the site by a Count of Blois. It figured in the eternal wars between Anjou and Blois, and saw the rise to power of the ancestors of our early English kings. Henry I of England married his son William to a daughter of the House of Anjou. This boy, a promising prince, set sail for France but while

THE AMERICAN PROVISIONAL REGIMENT IN THE GREAT VICTORY PARADE OF JULY 14TH, 1919

Made up of two companies from each Division of the A.E.F. then remaining in Europe, marching down the Champs-Élysées from the Arc de Triomphe toward the Place de la Concorde.

crossing the Channel was lost at sea; giving theme to the verses one knew in boyhood of "He Never Smiled Again":

> The Bark that held the Prince went down;
> The sweeping waves rolled on;
> But what was England's glorious crown,
> To him that wept a son.

On the death of this princeling, William the Aetheling, Henry married his daughter Matilda to Geoffrey Plantagenet. Matilda was the widow of the German Emperor. She bore Plantagenet a son who became Henry II of England and the first of the Plantagenet kings whose line survived through the early Edwards, the Yorks and Lancasters, with the Wars of the Roses, until the last Plantagenet, Richard III, fell on Bosworth Field.

All the earlier Plantagenets loved Chinon. They were a sturdy lot, those kings named after the flaxen broom corn which grows in Maine and Anjou. They built the dikes of the Loire which still protect its valley. The Crusader, Richard Cœur de Lion, and John, of Magna Charta fame, were sons of Henry II, the principal builder of Chinon in its prime. Later it fell into French possession and became the home of French royalties. Charles VII was wasting his time there playing with little dogs and listening to the flattery of courtiers while the British held practically everything in France north of the Loire, when Jeanne d'Arc heard the voices in the woods of Domremy, and came riding to Chinon to offer her services to the uncrowned king.

Chinon has been a ruin for nearly two hundred years, but one still sees the walls of the room where Jeanne was re-

ceived by the Dauphin, as she always styled Charles until she had him crowned at Rheims. He was in the midst of a group of young men with one of them wearing the royal insignia and in the place royalty should have occupied, when the Maid was brought in. She passed the youth in the royal place and went straightway and knelt before Charles, whom she had never seen. The tower where the girl slept while at Chinon is still intact; but the chapel where she prayed is but a spot, the walls having long since disappeared.

In the rooms next to where she saw the Dauphin are window seats looking out over the fairest stretch of plain and woodland ever seen by king, with the silver of the sparkling Vienne flowing at the foot of the hill hundreds of feet below. The view is superb. Chinon sits like a crown on a wooded hill with vistas in both directions of the swift-flowing Vienne. Parts of the old Roman wall on one side are still visible. Several towers stand intact but Chinon as a whole is a ruin, a memory and a monument to the fleeting nature of earthly glories.

Monday, by the middle of the forenoon, we had news that the Armistice had been signed on our own terms. Those terms were such that Germany would be in no position to resume hostilities evén should she desire at its termination, so we all knew that Peace had come. Little groups gathered here and there. The news was telephoned by our H.Q. to the French Regional Commander and the Prefect, who rejoiced but withheld official action until the notice should come from their own people in Paris. Meanwhile our fine Marine Band of the 11th Regiment was playing patriotic airs in the

barrack square in front of my office. I gave orders that as soon as the news came officially and the bells began to ring and the guns to fire, the band should play "La Marseillaise" and "The Star-Spangled Banner" in front of the house of the French General and the Prefect, and then march from one end of the Rue Nationale (ancient Rue Royale) to the other and back playing the liveliest and cheeriest airs in its repertoire.

Peace meant so much in the way of a reversal of our plans and troop and tonnage program, and in ignorance of the exact terms of the armistice I decided to go to Paris and from there arrange to see the Commander in Chief on Wednesday, it being impossible to learn his whereabouts on Monday. So with my two Aides and French interpreter I started by motor car to Paris, sending my special car by a late train in order to have it for the visit to General Pershing two days later.

We realized that we were to be in Paris on one of the world's greatest historic days, and Lieutenant Legasse, particularly, being French, was eager to get there. We rolled along at a good speed until I told the Sergeant to not exceed forty miles an hour. At Château Renault there were preparations for a celebration; at Vendôme the crowds were gathering and flags beginning to swing out along the streets; crowds began waving hands at us and shouting "Vive l'Amérique"; at a big British aviation establishment between Vendôme and Châteaudun, a battalion of perhaps a thousand Britishers was marching into town carrying an effigy of Wilhelm II, and faggots to burn him, headed by a band, and apparently under the influence of other stimulant than mere Victory; at Chartres the streets

were filling and flags were more numerous; and at Rambouillet the celebration was "on" in full fling, bands playing, horns blowing, children and men shouting, flags flying.

It was not all joy, for in one little village a little company of perhaps fifty or sixty was assembled and marching towards the little cemetery with a big formal wreath of flowers being carried at the head of the column—the homage of victory to the dead; their own dear dead!!

It was dark when we reached Versailles and more so when we ran in through the Bois de Boulogne. Every suburban car traveling toward Paris was crowded with people; everybody that had a motor car and could borrow any "essence" was apparently headed for the city. I had an engagement to dine with General Dawes and go to the theater, so after a brief clean up at 73, rue de Varenne, went directly to the Ritz. I had dined many times at the Ritz during the past eighteen months, sometimes with a dining room almost empty, as during the air-raid days, but to-night it was crowded with more life and light than ever before; there were women in evening dress, and an occasional civilian also, but uniforms for both women and men were the prevailing dress.

Early in the day the Mayor of Paris had issued the following proclamation:

INHABITANTS OF PARIS!!

VICTORY! Triumphant victory! On all fronts the defeated enemy has laid down his arms. Blood will now cease to flow.

Let Paris throw off the noble reserve for which it has been admired by the whole world.

Let us give free course to our joy and enthusiasm, and hold back our tears.

To show our infinite gratitude to our magnificent soldiers and their incomparable leaders, let us decorate all our houses with the French colors and those of our dear Allies.

Our dead may rest in peace. The sublime sacrifice they have made of their lives to the future of the race and the salvation of France will not be in vain.

For them, as for us, "the day of glory has arrived!"

Vive la République!

Vive la France immortelle!

For the Municipal Council,
Adrien Mithouard, President;
Chausse, Chassaigne-Guyon, Adolphe Cherioux,
Henri-Fousselle,
Vice-Presidents;
Georges Pointel, LeCorbeiller, Lemarchand, Fiancette,
Secretaires.
Andre Gent, Syndic.

While this appeal was being drawn up, the magnificent news was flashed by telephone to the Prefects throughout France by M. Pams, Minister of the Interior, with the following orders:—

Put out flags immediately. Illuminate all public buildings this evening. Have all bells ring out in full peal and arrange with the military authorities to have guns fired, in order that the people may know of the signing of the armistice.

And as we drove in, Paris was "throwing off her noble reserve" all right. The day of glory ("Le jour de gloire est arrivé") of the "Marseillaise" had arrived.

All Paris had given itself up to the delirious joy; all Paris except, perhaps, some thousands of women weeping at home for husbands, fathers and sons whose lives were given that Paris might on this day rejoice in freedom. A thousand church bells had pealed out at eleven o'clock in the morning, and twelve hundred guns had thundered news of victory.

What happened during the day I can only judge by descriptions given me. They say it was a perfect delirium of joy!! Windows opened everywhere at the first peal of the bells and guns, and people listened to the music a few seconds in ectasy before rushing down to mingle in the swelling throng in the streets. The streets became avenues of color; flags waved from every apartment in the city, and Paris, sad for over four years, was transformed in an instant. Schools closed and pupils joined in joy. Munitions factories closed down and workers swarmed towards the center of the capital. Shops shut up and offices ceased work. Florists' shops were taken by storm. Flowers were showered on every officer or soldier that passed; a form of tribute that was still paid as we drove into the city under lights that have not been so bright before for many months. It was a great manifestation of the Soul of Paris that words cannot reproduce. Taxicabs, trucks, vans and even field artillery pieces that have been on exhibition in the Place de la Concorde to help the Fourth Loan were seized and joined the processions, with scores of laughing, cheering Parisians clinging to them and singing "La Marseillaise," the Lorraine March and other French airs.

Hundreds of thousands of excited people were on the streets. Groups of two or three hundred would form companies, French and American and British soldiers being arm in arm with

each other or with French girls; soldiers of every color and colony, marching together with French, British and American flags and an occasional Italian flag at their head. Yank and Aussie, Italian, Portuguese, Polo, Czecho-Slovak, British, Hindoo, Anamite, poilu, black, white, red, yellow and brown, arm in arm they paraded up and down avenues and boulevards; tam o'shanters of the Chasseurs Alpins, Italian cocked hats, overseas caps, helmets, hats and bareheads, the four corners of the round earth; all glad that the war is ended. Nearly everybody in the city was kissed by some one else. As one paper put it, to remain unkissed of any one, man, woman or child, the Allied soldier, whatever his badges or color, had to descend to a cellar and hide. I myself am one of the few unkissed survivors.

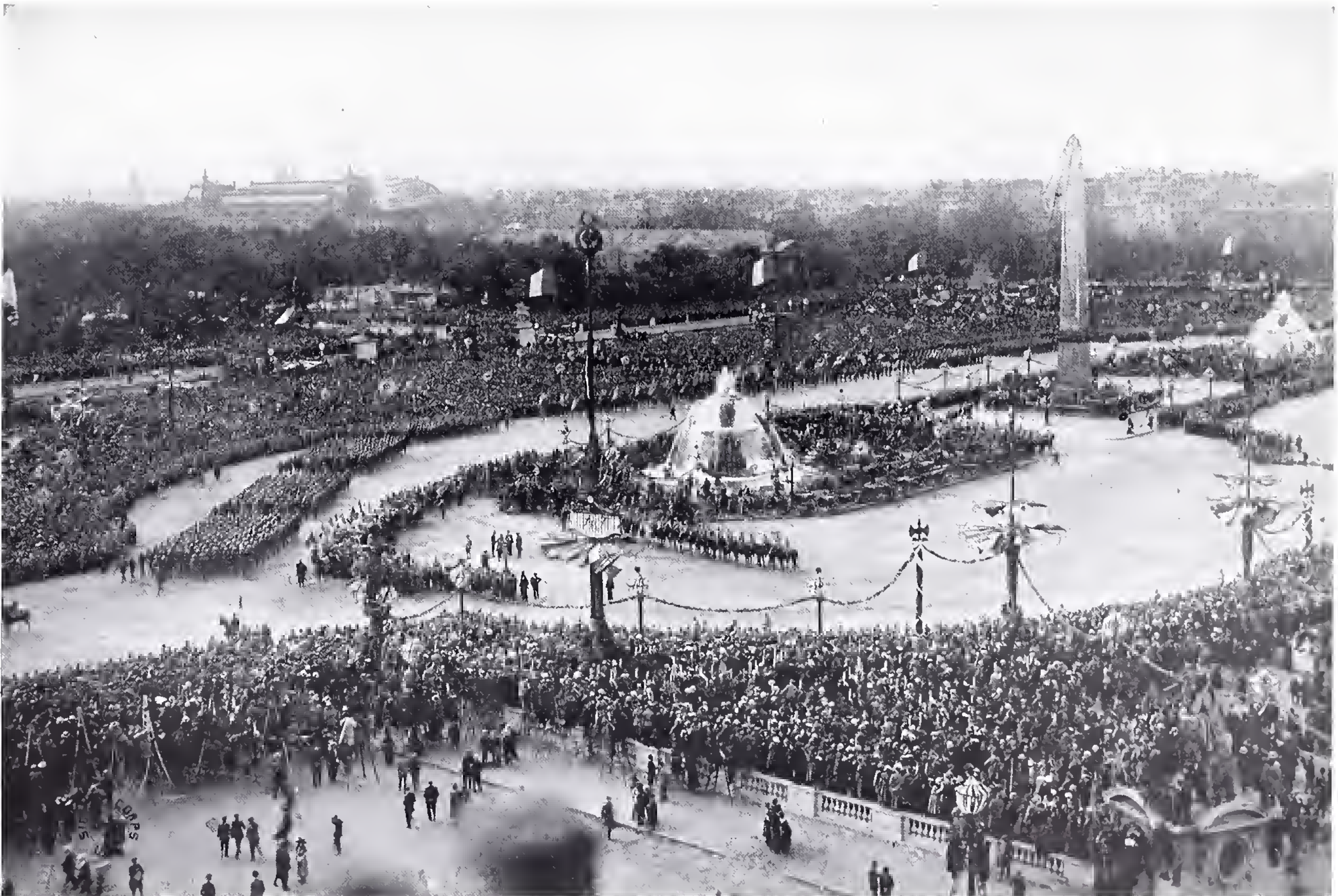
Much of the mass centered around the craped statues of Strasbourg and Lille in the Place de la Concorde; so many years in mourning, and now redeemed and banked in flowers and ablaze with flags in honor of their deliverance. The crowd swept around the big obelisk in the center of the Place. Italian airplanes flew overhead dropping flowers. People would pick them up, and then turn towards the sky and blow kisses at the aviators thousands or hundreds of feet above.

Improvised and uninvited orators climbed on the German guns on the Place de la Concorde and lectured the passing crowds on Peace and Armistice. The boulevards were almost impassable with the throngs. Flags waved, trumpets blew, bugles blared, and always one could hear the "Marseillaise." Seeing the Paris crowd one thought of other days when that crowd was less agreeable to look upon,—the days of Robespierre and the Revolution; the Commune in '70, and the

various mobs that have made and unmade kings and emperors.

From many buildings luminous pictures were shown of Foch, Clemenceau, Wilson, Lloyd George, Pershing and other Allied leaders. Great singers appeared in the balconies. The Place de l'Opéra held thousands upon thousands of people while a great singer led in the "Marseillaise" from an upper balcony of the great Opéra. Restaurants and cafés, for four years closed early, had permission to keep open until eleven. Tables were all full and late comers could get no places in well known establishments. The city was given over to unrestrained rejoicing. Nor were our own countrymen missing from the demonstrations. American soldiers and French poilus dragged German guns from the Place de la Concorde and pulled them along the boulevards, sometimes with a French soldier astride the gun, to the great delight of the multitudes. Red Cross workers smothered the statue of Jeanne d'Arc with flowers, and here for the hundred-thousandth time the "Marseillaise" was sung. Three hundred Americans in the Café de la Paix, not all of them drunk, nearly stormed the place with the din of "Hail, Hail, the Gang's all Here" following it with the well known inquiry as to "What the Hell do we Care?"

General Dawes had engaged a box at the Folies Bergères to see *Zig Zag,* it being the sixth time he had seen it and the second time for me, but we did not regret it. It is a fine clean show, and at least two of the principal scenes offered great opportunity for the British who had just finished winning the war to let people know about it. There is a splendid scene entitled "Scotland Forever" which carried our British friends, particularly the Australians and Canadians, quite off



AMERICAN PROVISIONAL REGIMENT, VICTORY PARADE, JULY 14TH, 1919, CROSSING THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE

their feet,—quite! The scene shows the crags and braes of bonnie Scotland; drums and pipes are heard in the distance. The chorus in groups of eight and ten clad in the several plaids of old Scotland, Stuart, MacLeod, McCaw, Campbell, Cameron, perhaps the Bonnie Dundee, came marching in followed by some veteran pipers from British regiments who marched across the stage playing, with a drum corps accompaniment; meanwhile Miss Shirley Kellog, the star of the evening, a very attractive American actress, sang "Scotland Forever." The ancient flag of Scotland, the golden standard with the Red Lion of William the Lion, himself, came in and the plaided chorus danced Highland dances around it. Meantime thirty or forty Britishers with flags in hand and jags out of hand, climbed to the stage and joined in the chorus. French flags and Old Glory found their way there also, and patriotic songs were sung, followed by the several National Anthems, at which we all stood to attention and felt thrilled by the hundreds of flags that were in sight everywhere.

Again, when little Daphne Pollard, who used to play in the Lilliputians in Manila days and who is an Australian herself, came out, the Australians who had just won the war again climbed on the stage and as much as publicly admitted that they were guilty, meanwhile singing uproariously and discordantly and jamming campaign hats down over little Daphne's fair hair or fair wig, and trying to dance with her. Again and again did it happen, during the evening, all in good humor, and all in honor of victory over the Boche. The last act brings the chorus on in groups of eight by Allied nations, beginning with Italy, each in appropriate garb carrying its own flag, and each wildly cheered by its own partisan

countrymen in the audience. The house was absolutely packed with people. Each set of flags bore names, as Ypres and Mons for the British. When ours came in with "St. Mihiel" and "The Argonne," the Americans, until then fairly quiet during the evening, raised the roof with their cheers. I may have raised the corner of a shingle myself. It was a never-to-be-forgotten evening.

The *Zig-Zag* was over about eleven. Next evening we went to see it again, this time with General Pershing and the Boyds, the General shrinking back unseen behind the high partitions between the stage boxes, but enjoying it as much as any of us. It was less boisterous that evening; the rejoicers were tired, and, after all, there can be but one evening of The Day the Great War Ended.

After the show General Dawes and I came out on the streets and tried to drive about a little without much success. Paris was still a seething mass of people of all the world but Germany, shouting in all tongues but German and for all countries but Allemagne! ! ! Joy and pathos, sublime and ridiculous, traveled together that night. Camions and omnibuses crowded the streets. Billie Mitchell next day told me twenty-two people climbed on and over his motor car and rode with him for blocks. Hundreds of midinettes on the rue de la Paix, hanging out of Worth's and Paquin's windows, pelted people with flowers. Half the German guns seemed gone from the Place de la Concorde, and soldiers, children and girls were still riding them down the boulevards, dropping off here and there, but climbing on again undaunted. Meanwhile much "Marseillaise," MUCH!!!!!

An American soldier and a French poilu drove up street in a dogcart, the American short a sleeve, and Frenchy minus a cap. The Yankee was waving the Tricolor, while the poilu was swinging a big British flag. Sometimes the crowd lifted them off and carried them along on their shoulders, but if they had changed transportation they didn't seem to know it.

Two American soldiers were heard talking it over. One had an empty right sleeve, the other had but one leg. They were talking of the "wonderful day." The boy of the empty sleeve said: "Well, after all, this is worth losing an arm for." His companion replied: "Well, I don't mind leaving my leg over here so long as I can take the rest of my body home."

When the last notes of the singers on the balcony of the Grand Opera died away, a French bugler blew the *berloque*, the "All Clear" signal so many times sounded at the end of airplane raids,—raids that now come again no more.

The last official bulletin of the Yanks was as follows:

AMERICAN COMMUNIQUÉ

Monday Morning.

In accordance with the terms of the armistice, hostilities on the fronts of the American armies were suspended at eleven o'clock this morning.

THE END

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